GARCILASO



J. Breckenridge Ellis

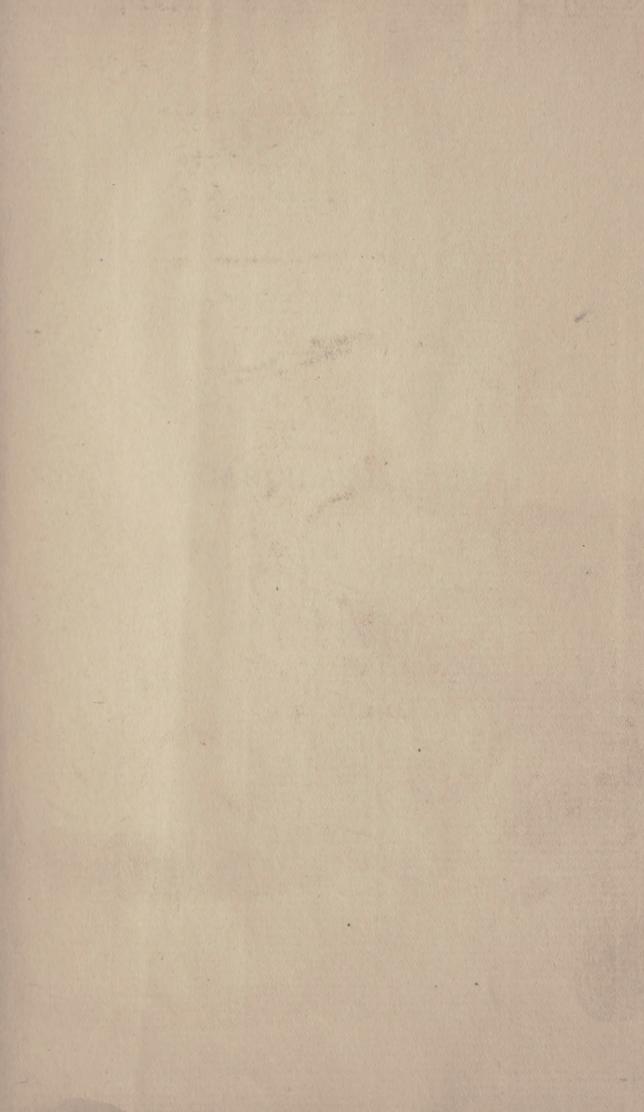


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GARCILASO

BY

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

AUTHOR OF

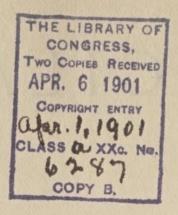
"THE DREAD AND FEAR OF KINGS"



CHICAGO

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1901



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DEDICATION

Love her riches all has hidden
In a deep and secret cave.
Who can enter there unhidden?—
Can by force, though strong and brave,
Enter, barriers overridden?

In its mouth a stone is rolled

That no fierce, proud force may move;

But a password, rightly told,

Opens up that depth of love,—

All the gems that love may hold.

When I speak each magic word

(There are two), then, swift as springs
Into heaven the soaring bird,

'Joys are scattered from love's wings,—
Sweetest melody is heard.

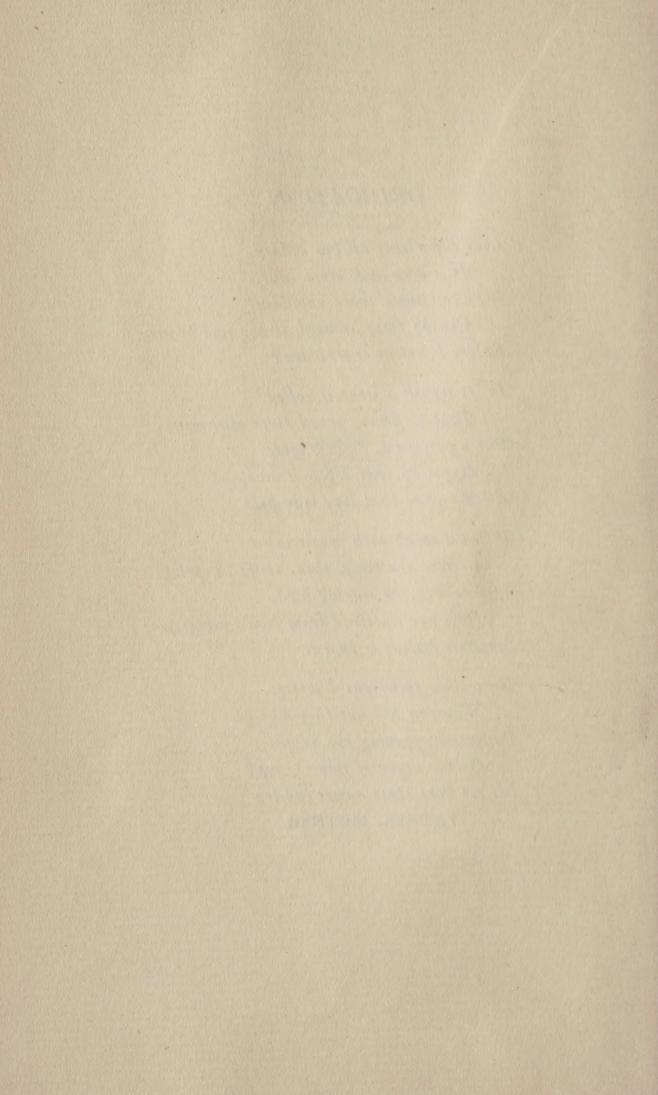
Here those talismans I write.

Who can tell but they may be Passwords, opening the bright

Golden depth of fame to me?

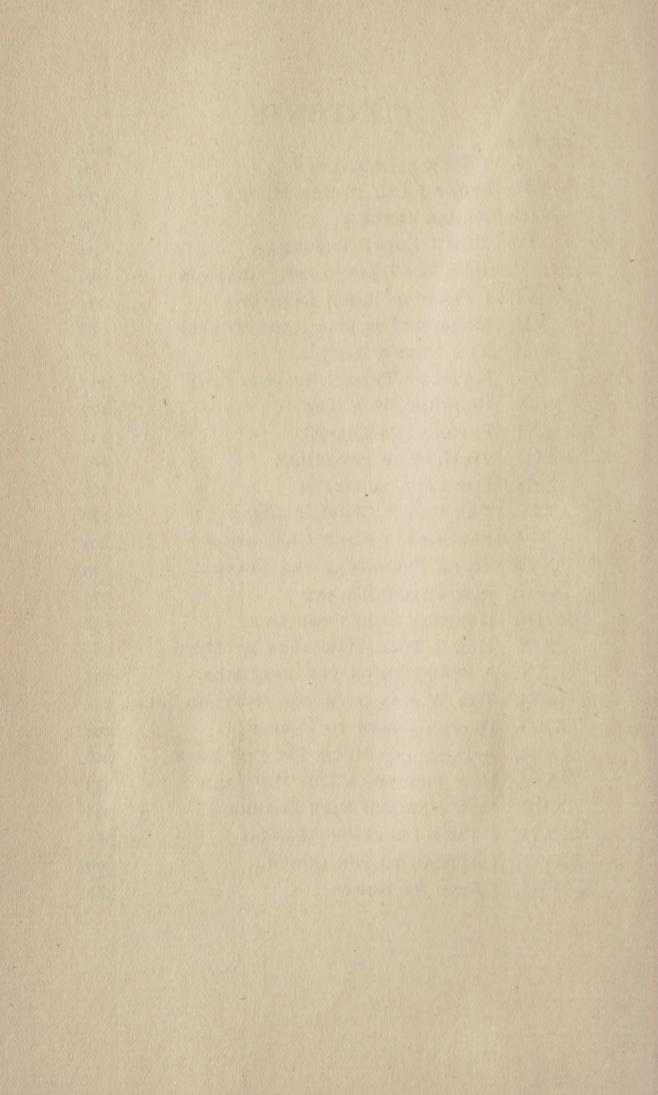
Let me here those names indite:

FATHER, MOTHER.



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CHAPTER I

I SEEK A LADY-LOVE

Not long ago chance took me to a bookseller's in Cordova, where I lighted upon a book pretending to give an account of the distinguished men of my nation. Expecting at least a column in regard to my career (if not a page), I turned to "Garcilaso de la Vega, Lord of Bartras." My surprise was great to find that the article was taken up wholly with my son, dealing not so much with his heroic exploits as with certain verses which he had composed (in defiance of my wishes). This surprise gave way to a lively indignation when I discovered that there was not another Garcilaso between the covers of that meager and partial work. Thanks be to my patron saint (St. James of Compostella)! the perpetuity of my fame doth not rest upon the pen of Karl Reuchlin, such being the barbarous name of this ignorant German compiler. For I myself have written my autobiography in six voluminous tomes, carrying my life down to its fiftieth year; I hope to add yet another volume to the six; and when these shall be printed (for which purpose I have made provision in my will), the world will find that there was another de Vega besides the youth who composed "Con un manso ruido de agua corriente y clara." The present narrative is merely an episode in my life, and I shall go straight to the story, which is one of love and war, without so much as a word about my parents. Nothing could have compelled me to do this had I not treated of them extensively in my autobiography; for mine is one of the highest families of Spain. Nor should I have so much as mentioned my son—since he doth not appear upon the scene, these stirring events having taken place before my marriage-were it not for fear the reader of a future day might mistake me for him. For if I have one quality of which I am more proud than another, it is my modesty; and scorning to sprinkle my pages with the pronoun Garcilaso will often speak of himself as if he were another.

It was a clear, bright evening in June, and the year was 1491. Leaving Herbert Klein in my tent, I sought the pavilions occupied by the ladies of Queen Isabella. What a sight was that !-- a city of silk, extending as far as the eye could see, occupied by the chivalry and the beauty of Spain. City after city, fortress after fortress, we had torn from the heretical arms of the Moors; and now Ferdinand the Catholic had sat down before Granada, never to depart (so he declared) till its surrender. It was an enchanting scene—the tents placed in regular rows, with broad clean streets, meeting at right angles; the flutter of banners, pendants, and ensigns; the gleam of renowned shields as they stood outside the tent-entrances; the colors of the tents, which vied with the rainbow in their diverse hues. Along the streets rode brave knights in gorgeous costumes, each seeking to outdo the other in luxurious extravagance. Garcilaso was attired as befitted the Lord of Bartras; he was inferior to none in his magnificence. And yet, methinks, he was the only cavalier in all that host whose heart was heavy. He looked beyond the tents, across the Vega, blackened by repeated devastations, and he saw the red towers of the Alhambra glowing like pillars of fire against the snows of the Sierra Nevada. Since the king had resolved to starve the city into surrender, since there were no more Moors to meet in gentle combat, what glory was there for the cavalier?

He reached the tent where the Lady Margaret with her maids awaited him. She saw at once that his heart was sad; and bidding her maids withdraw to the other side of the apartment, she pressed him to be seated. "Why, Garcias, is thy brow so sad?" she asked. "Thy face is the face of one who thinks upon long years ill spent."

"Nay, Margaret; well were the years spent that bought me such a friend as thou art. See, I come to thee as in the old days—I am ever coming to get comfort, or to press my burdens upon thee."

"Ever come," she answered, right gently.

"I cannot remember that thou art no longer a child!" continued Garcilaso. "I seem to be a page in the castle of the duke, and thou a maid of honor; thou and I both orphans, and so thrown together by misfortune and by favor. And when I am with thee, I forget that we are grown, and troubles vanish; thou art ever as a sister."

The Lady Margaret did not reply.

"And yet I am of the royal guard," he continued, "and thou a lady of the queen. And still I come to thee as if I were that simple page of years ago. Oh, Margaret, my heart is heavy."

"I would I had happiness to give thee," she said.

He wondered at her tone, for it sounded as if she had no happiness to spare. But why should she not have been happy? She had beauty and wealth. She spoke, and he forgot his thought:

"What has happened?"

"The queen gives a tournament next month," he answered. "Since all combats with the Moors are over, and our spears rust and our horses forget the battle-cry, discontent begins to find its way into the hearts of the knights. And so the tournament, where many a brave vaunt will be made, I doubt it not. And it grieves me because I cannot take part in the lists."

"Not take a part!" echoed the lady. "Why not?"

"I made a vow, alas, dear lady; I stand pledged to heaven!"

"Tell me this vow, Garcias, and wherefore it was made."

"It was when we besieged Velez Melaga. Thou hast heard the story—how the king was dining in his tent when he saw a part of his army retreating before the Moors; how he sprang to horse, defended only by his cuirass; how he rallied his men, and was himself surrounded by the enemy, who were about to cut him down."

"Yea," cried Margaret; "and how one Garcias Laso rushed to his rescue and saved his life."

"The Marquis of Cadiz was with me," Garcilaso interposed; for though praise was dear to his heart, he did not begrudge it to others. "Well, when I saw that the king could not draw his sword—for it clove to the scabbard which dangled from his saddle-bow—I vowed to St. James, and swore that if I were permitted to reach the king in time to save his life that I would keep my vow. And so the vow must be kept."

"And what, Garcias, is thy vow?"

"My vow is this, that never will I fight for the colors of a lady who hath not my love." "And is it so hard for thee to love, Garcias?"

"I have never loved, fair Margaret. Therefore is my heart heavy. Methinks there is not a hidalgo in Spain who hath not his lady-love, save Garcilaso. And yet I have one hope, that within this month I may meet a most beauteous maiden, who may teach me the way of love."

"Think it not, my friend," said the lady, with a strange smile of daring. "For having known such a maiden from childhood without feeling this love, how can a month teach thee what the years have despaired of teaching?"

"Dear Margaret, take not that tone," cried Garcilaso, in despair, "for when thou speakest so, and with that laugh, I never understand thee. But how canst thou laugh? For I may not fight in the tournament, since I love no one."

"Not even me!" cried Margaret.

"Nay, dear sister; thou knowest my meaning. Thou hast my warm love, but it is not that love for which a cavalier fights."

"And thou wouldst not fight for my colors?" she persisted, with that teasing smile that seems to make sport of its object.

Garcilaso rose with haughty dignity and said,

"Since it is thy pleasure to make merry with my sad case—"

But the Lady Margaret, rising also, interrupted with these words: "Garcias, there is a maiden in my company, the fairest, I think, that the sun ever spied in this kingdom. Next week attend the banquet of the Duke Medina Sidonia; I will be there, and with me this fair lady. I know thy tastes—thou hast often told me what kind of maid would suit thine eye—such a one that is in every point and circumstance different from me. I believe thou wilt be suited with Petonilla. Come and see."

"Now heaven and St. James grant that it may be so!" cried the Lord of Bartras; and after thanking her for her sweet interest, he bade her adieu.

CHAPTER II

WHAT I DID TO THE MOOR

I returned to my tent somewhat lighter of heart than when I left it. Herbert Klein still sat upon the carpet (it was of rich design) reading a poem writ by an Italian who had died just one hundred and seventy years ago. It irked me to see him give all his energies to the perusal of what was never true, when life lay all about him full of truth and a much more solid interest.

"Ay, read, read, read," said I, impatiently. "And are thine eyes better for nothing than to glue them upon paper? Pity," said I, "that the sky is not writ all over with legends, that thou mightest look up and see that there is a sun shining upon a lovely world!"

I thought my taunt would stir his blood, but he only smiled, nor laid down his Dante. Truly he was of a marvelous phlegmatic disposition, that German. A Spaniard would have reached for his sword at my tone of voice. But Herbert Klein read on. I sat down with as much clatter as my armor would make, and coughed, and drummed upon the seat with my fingers. He budged not. "Look thou, Herbert," said I, at length; "I saved thy life; give me a few of its moments!"

He looked up slowly, his eyes still full of the printed letters, so that they saw me not.

"A murrain upon this new invention," said I. "As if there were not enough of books in the monasteries, but they must needs be multiplied as the seed of Abraham, and scattered in castle and den! An evil day when that old fool Gutenberg (of thine own nation, Herbert) invented the way to spread words, so that when the first book is published, others spring from it, as one case of a contagious disease infects a camp. It is but scarce twenty years ago," said I, "that mine eye beheld the first printed book in this country. Thinkest thou our parents were any the worse without this plague? They writ their books in blood; they read in maiden's eyes, and in the signs of heaven."

I know not how long I might have gone on in this strain had not the German been roused at last to speech. "Laso," he said, "what thinkest thou of this; Dante hath put one of the popes in his hell! Let me read it to thee."

"Read it not," said I. "Did I save thy life to read me to death? Yet, but for me thou wouldst ere this have graced an auto da fé. Thou stupid German, to think thou couldst befriend a Jew, and a poor Jew, one notorious for lack of wealth! How well I remember that scene! We were strangers then. Thou didst defy the familiar of the Holy Office. 'I know not where lieth the Jew,' saidst thou; 'an I did,' saidst thou, 'I would not give him up!" I saw thou wast a stranger to this land, and did not know the law-how one who hides a Jew is held as a heretic. I pitied thee. I took thy part: ferreted out the Jew from under thy baggage, gave him up to the Inquisition, saved thy life, and have not yet received thy thanks!"

"I cannot thank thee for saving my life," said this thankless Herbert, "because thou broughtest an old Jew to the torture, and doubtless to death."

[&]quot;He was a Jew," said I.

[&]quot;He was a human being," said the German.

[&]quot;Yea, there is hope for him," said I.

"Only last week a hundred of the rascals were tortured into becoming right good Catholics. The good queen wept for joy on receiving the tidings. Perhaps thine old renegade was amongst the converts. May St. James of Compostella," said I, "and the Most Blessed Virgin grant that all Jews may either be converted or swept, every Jew of them, from the face of the earth! But, Herbert, what thinkest thou? I am like to meet a maiden with whom I can fall in love."

"Ay," said this knight of books; "it is the danger that is common to all men."

"But, Herbert, this is no vague, unexpected danger; for the Lady Margaret hath filled my heart with blissful anticipations. I am to meet her next week. Hark to her name—Petonilla! Doth it not sound like the soft dropping of rain on a summer's afternoon? Petonilla! Hearest thou not the breath of a night-breeze laden with the perfume of rose-leaves?"

"Nay," said Herbert; "I hear but an Italian sound. Wilt give thine heart to an Italian?"

"She is no Italian," I cried. "In her veins floweth the proudest blood of Old Castile."

"Said the Lady Margaret Guzman so?"

"No one hath said so. But, by St. James, it shall be so! I grant thee Petonilla is an Italian name; but it was given in playful sport when she was a babe. Would Margaret speak me an Italian?"

"This Petonilla is an Italian," said Herbert, stolidly. "It is I who tell thee so."

"Signor Don Herbert Klein de Metz," said I, rising to my full height and grasping my sword, "if thou sayest Petonilla is an Italian, thou liest in thy throat." And saying so, I threw my gantlet at his feet.

Herbert looked up from where he sat, with the book turned down upon his knee, and he smiled his German smile, and said, lightly, "Signor Don Garcias Laso de la Vega, Lord of Bartras, and the rest of it, if there be more, as thou didst once save my life, I now save thine, by not accepting thy challenge." He took up the gantlet, rose, and presented it to me with a low bow, and still with that good-natured smile which my generosity could not resist. He had not the spirit of a cavalier—he was no Spaniard; and yet he had many fair qualities.

We shook hands, and I forgave him then and there.

"Laso," said the German, still smiling, "this is the second time I have refused to fight with thee. Something tells me that one day we will meet in combat."

"If that day ever cometh," said I, "may the Blessed Virgin have mercy upon thee!"

"Amen," said he; "and God also!" That was a strange man, Herbert the German; I doubt if he knew half the time the meaning of his own words.

Now upon that night I could not sleep, but fared forth alone, upon my horse, to muse upon Petonilla, and to pray that she might be such a one as I could love. It was not my night to keep the watch, and riding through the deep trench that surrounded the oblong city of silk, I pressed on across the burnt space that lay between the camp and Granada. It was a scene such as spoke fondly to a heart full of romantic cravings. The lights in the tents made beautiful colored blurs upon the vast curtain of darkness. And it was there, thought I, it was there that Petonilla lay. May the saints send her sweet

dreams, thought I. And even as I thought, I heard a movement among the groves and gardens that nestled against the lofty walls of Granada. Presently I heard the tramp of horses coming with lightning speed. It was intensely dark; nothing was to be seen but the lights in the towers of Granada, and the colored illuminations of King Ferdinand's encampment. The Moors-they were coming, they were rushing down upon that sleeping city of tents. I wheeled about, and spurred back to give the warning. But my horse was frightened by the sudden tumult and veered aside. Almost instantly I was in their very midst. They took me for one of their own number, and rushed like a storm past me, their fleet Arab horses raising a cloud of dust about me. With screams of bravado they charged about the deep trenches, and the royal guard rushed forth. It was a ruse to attract attention to the farther end of the camp. For I saw a gigantic Moor plunge into the trench, and emerge at the very border of the royal pavilions. By his gigantic stature and unparalleled audacity I knew it was Yarfe the Moor. The camp was now in the wildest turmoil, and everywhere lights sprang into being. By this sudden illumination I saw Yarfe rise in his stirrups and cast his lance at the very edge of the queen's pavilion. I urged my horse with spur and voice, but he refused to attempt the trench, for it was here almost impassable. I vowed to St. James that if he would enable me to cross that gulf and come at the heretic, I would make a pilgrimage to his shrine. But neither spur nor vow moved that obstinate and rearing horse one step nearer my desire. The figures of knights and ladies flitted from place to place, the former seeking their armor, the latter imploring protection. The sight of Yarfe, who with insolent daring had paused to see how far his lance would fare, aroused a terrible apprehension that all the Moors were at his back. Then at last he wheeled about, for the royal guard were charging down upon him. And even as his steed spurned the ground, he reached from his saddle and seized a maiden and lifted her before him as if she had been a feather. I saw it all. One cry he gave of "Allah Akbar!" then leaped into the ravine, and thundered up the bank near me.

Now had the opportunity for glory come to Garcilaso.

As the Arab steed emerged from the gloom of the fortifications, I gave my horse such a blow that he reared almost erect, and had nigh fallen over upon my body. But even as he stood so and seemed to tremble for his balance, I drew the bit with all my might (and in those days my strength was not a little) and brought him square across the path of the sacrilegious Moor. The Arab steed crouched back, the bloody foam flying from his nostrils. I seized his bridle rein.

"Now by St. James of Compostella," cried I, "not thus shall Yarfe escape his enemy!"

"Infidel dog!" roared the giant. "We will see from whom cometh more power, from thy saint or from mine only true God." He made a pass at me, quick as the flash of steel in the hand of a Christian. But my own St. James won, for I struck his sword high in the air, and broke my own upon his helmet.

"Allah Akbar!" he cried. "Sure, this is Garcilaso, who saved the king's life." (For it was known everywhere, and you cannot find a

history of the Granadine Wars which doth not set forth the circumstance.) "None other could have done that deed!"

"I am Garcilaso, to thy cost!"

"Sayest so? Nay, the play is but begun. Couch thy lance. Let us have a gentle joust." So saying, he wheeled his horse in a semicircle and sped away like the wind, then turned again and paused facing me. I couched my lance as he did his spear, while still he held the insensible maiden across his breast as for a shield. Far away the Christians were driving the Moors before them, but as it chanced, we two were unperceived save by my brave old captain, Hernando Perez del Pulgar, he of the "Exploits." That doughty warrior had crossed the trench, and seeing us drawn up for a joust, stayed his horse to witness a gentle encounter.

"Art ready?" cried Yarfe.

"Nay," cried Garcilaso; "an thou be a true knight of chivalry, lay down the maiden and meet me breast to breast."

"By Allah, I forgot I held the feather in mine arm," cried Yarfe (so strong was he).

Then he placed her softly upon the ground, not leaving his saddle to do it, and we spurred our horses, and at each other with lightning speed. As we came close together, his great size made a shadow of doubt cross my mind. But the next moment I saw a light in the sky, and a horseman on a milk-white steed bearing a banner on which the Holy Cross glowed in silver light. I saw as plainly as now I see this page before me—I saw that apparition of St. James smile. I know not if Yarfe saw it; I know not if his horse saw. But if not, why did that Arab steed stumble just as I was about to make my thrust, and to receive that giant's thrust as well? If thou art a right true Catholic, thou knowest I saw that aerial Saint Knight; and heaven forbid that ever these pages should be conned by a heretic!

Down went that haughty Moor, down in the dust. And such was the weight of his armor (in which alone he trusted), and such the speed of his horse, that any but he must have been stunned by the fall. But up sprang Cavalier Yarfe the Moor, and bravely spoke he, though bereft of lance, spear, and sword. "Dismount,

Sir Knight, and take thy fill of vengeance. For though I have but my naked hands, I will do as I may against thy lance."

"Nay, up," said Garcilaso; "up, upon thy good steed, and recover thy spear. For never hath the arm of Garcilaso de la Vega smitten an unhorsed foe."

"My spear broke as it struck the ground," he said. "I am unarmed, save by the courage of my soul."

"Then that shall save thee," said Garcilaso. "Mount thy steed and go thy way to Granada; only with me leave thy broken spear and the maiden."

"Brave Garcilaso, generous cavalier," said he as he mounted, "may we meet some day equally matched!" He bent low from his saddle in a profound obeisance, then raised his haughty head and thundered away to the gates of Granada.

"By the blood of St. Januarius," said my old captain, Hernando Pulgar, cantering up, "I thought to see a play of arms, but thou hast wrought as a right gentle knight. Come, see we to the maiden!"

"Nay, Signor Captain," said I; "have not I won the right to see to her alone? I pray thee, good sir, hamper me not." With which Garcilaso rode straight toward the motionless form of the rescued maiden.

CHAPTER III

RIDING DOUBLE

As I bent over the prostrate maiden whom I had rescued from captivity, she raised herself upon her elbow, for she had recovered from her swoon. Great bonfires had been built upon the Vega; squires and pages rode here and there with flaming torches; so that, all in all, I had a tolerable light upon her face, which was fair to behold. "Korah, good Korah," she murmured, straining her eyes upon my visor.

"Nay, maiden," said Garcilaso; "my heart dies that I wear not that name, to hear thee call me 'good' and in such a tone. But mayhap," said he, "the time will yet come when 'Garcilaso' will fall from thy lips with as sweet a voice."

Then she sought to rise, and he aided her; it was a pleasure. "Thou art my deliverer," said she. "Surely I may call thee 'good."

"But how the tone hath altered!" complained the cavalier. "Alas! And I would wear the

name of Korah forever, didst thou but speak me softly all that eternity."

"The night is wild," said the lady. "We are alone in the midst of a great waste. Brave Signor Knight, take me back to my tent."

"Ladies are wishes," said Garcilaso; "knights are feet that obey. Here is my horse. Let me set thee thereon, and I will mount before." So I took her in my two hands and swung her upon the horse, then leaped lightly in the saddle, for all the weight of mine armor. Then up rode my captain, Hernando Pulgar, saying, "Laso, I will give the lady my horse, and have my squire lead her back to her home. Where there is double, there is trouble," said Pulgar in his gruff voice. He was a man of iron and blood-shed, and cared for no woman.

"I know not," said Garcilaso, haughtily, "if there be trouble where there is double; but all trouble is welcome that I may undertake in the name of this lady."

"The name of this lady!" said Pulgar, coldly. "Dost thou pretend to know that name?"

For a moment I was silent. And even as my ignorance on this matter chilled my tongue, and

rage boiled in my heart, the lady bowed her head close to mine ear and deigned to whisper. It was like a breath of angels' song, such as I have lost on waking from a dream. "Petonilla," she breathed, softly; "Petonilla Fontane."

"Yea, her name is known to me," I said, boldly. "This is the fair lady Señorita Petonilla Fontane, the dear friend of Lady Margaret Guzman. Suffer us to go in peace, my Lord Captain."

"If ye desire peace"—thus said that rugged warrior—"set the Lady Fontane upon my beast; and thou, Laso, come with me, for I have a matter to drop into thine ear."

"It shall be as the lady wisheth," said Garcilaso. "Señorita Fontane, wilt ride alone, or in my protection? Thy wish shall be done, if it taketh my last breath to blow thee happiness."

Petonilla spoke in tones right clear and beautiful: "With thee, Don Garcilaso." At that he made off at a smart pace, and he could feel her hand rest lightly upon his shoulder. And Hernando Perez del Pulgar sat gloomily upon his jennet, shaking his grizzled head. Garcilaso skirted the yawning chasm that bounded

that side of the encampment, that he might conduct her by an easy path. They met few knights, and those they met thought not strange, since a knight before, a lady behind, was seen every day in those good old days.

As they drew near a rousing bonfire, he turned and studied her face, and said, "I only needed the light to know Petonilla.

"And why?" she asked; "for we never met."

"We never met," answered Garcilaso, "but my dear friend the Lady Margaret (with whom I was reared from infancy) hath spoken of thee."

"And what said my lady, Sir Knight?"

"That Petonilla is the fairest maiden the sun ever looked upon in Spain. I cannot swear as to the sun," said Garcilaso, "but I can swear to mine own eyes. But lady, did Margaret ne'er mention Garcilaso de la Vega to thee?"

"She spoke me the name but this evening."

"What said she of me, I pray thee tell?"

"Of thy bravery she told me, as how thou didst save the life of King Ferdinand."

"And thou canst add to that," said Garcilaso, "how I conquered Yarfe the Moor."

(And little thought he as he rode on, her hand

ever upon his shoulder, that one Karl Reuchlin would compose a dictionary of biography and leave out Garcilaso de la Vega in favor of his son!) "But what else said Margaret?"

"That thou art haughty and proud, and despise those who are beneath thee in fortune and honor."

"She said most true, Petonilla."

"My lord, that ought not to be. Art thou better than the lowly, or than those who seek the paths of peace?"

"That is a strange question, lady! Thou knowest that it is a mean spirit that looketh not to arms for honor and pleasure. All men cannot be knights, because many have a love of gain or a fear of war. But he who dedicates his life to God and the ladies must hold in contempt a meaner life-purpose. But because I am proud, and because I am haughty, so much more is the worth of my devotion which I tender to thee."

"Thou tenderest to me thy devotion, Garcilaso?"

"I do. I would wear thy colors."

"Alas!" said the lady, with almost a groan.

"Why 'alas,' fair lady?"

"What wilt thou do for me, Garcilaso?"

"All that a true knight may. What is thy command?"

She did not answer readily. At last she spoke. "Thou heardst me name a name to-night that I would keep secret."

"The name 'Korah'?" he said, to aid her, for her sweet voice failed.

"That name. Promise me, Sir Knight, to tell no one that such a name escaped me."

"I promise. But Petonilla, tell me this; doth he wear thy colors?"

"Alas, my lord, Korah is but a simple, kind old man. I may not tell thee more. But this I may tell thee: no man weareth colors of mine."

We had reached the tent. Some time before, we had been met by varlets from the establishment of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, Henrique Guzman, and they had attended us. Now Margaret Guzman stood at the opening with her ladies. I lifted Petonilla to the ground—and "How can I reward thee?" said she.

"In two ways. Give me this scarf from

about thy neck, that I may wear it at the tournament."

She gave. I kissed it respectfully and placed it in my bosom.

"And grant, Petonilla, that at the duke's banquet I may eat from thy plate." She hesitated, for no higher honor could a lady render to her knight. Perhaps she knew not if I merited such a favor; or she may have fancied I would take her love for granted, if she said me yea. And then, doubtless, the recollection of what I had done for her overcame her scruples; for she bowed her lovely face (over which the blushes spread like the leaves of peonies opening to the breeze). I stayed not to converse with Margaret, for the night was far spent, and I knew Petonilla was wearied with her adventure. And my heart could not have borne the voice of any other woman that night. So I left, and giving my horse to one of my varlets, I trod the street, sunk in profound thought. For I was in love. Ah, St. James! how my heart burned with rapture. The face, the voice of Petonilla, the memory of her touch upon my shoulder, the graceful form, the fire in her dark eyes-I told them over Never such had I seen before, never such had I dreamed of. Ah, heaven! how my heart danced that night with new, sweet thoughts, such as I had never felt. And as I fared forth, I met a Dominican, a familiar of the Holy Office, doubtless seeking clews to vile heretics. And seeing him, and remembering how by his vows he could never hope to wed, my heart was wrung, and I crowded my gold into his hands. I know not how long it was before I reached my tent, for my soul had been caught up in the air, where there is no time.

Herbert Klein had not retired, but with lamp beside him read steadily in a volume I had never seen before. He made as if to conceal it when I entered, then thought better of his intention, and looked not up.

I poured forth the tale of Petonilla, I painted her charms, and how her breath had kissed my cheek at parting, and how the earth seemed to swim when I walked. Not a word said the German.

"Thou sittest there as a stone," I cried, at length. "I doubt if thou didst stir when all the camp was in turmoil!"

"Not I," said Herbert, slowly. "I sent forth a page to see what was happening. I was told that Yarfe the Moor had cast his lance against the queen's pavilion, with a wicked taunt written upon a billet and fastened to the infidel's weapon. Why should I go forth? What was one Moor?"

"What was one Moor? Enough to carry away into captivity the gem of Andalusia! Had not I been in the Vega, Petonilla would now be in Granada. But why do I speak to thee? Thou must see Petonilla to understand the charm that enwraps her."

"I have seen Petonilla," he answered, gravely.

"Thou! And livest unmoved? Thou hast seen her, and without love?"

"She is not the first maiden I have seen."

"Now, by St. James!" I cried, "if thou sayest there is another her equal, thou shalt meet me in combat, though my dearest friend."

"I believe," he answered, "I believe with all my soul, Garcias, that in the world there is not her equal!"

I was amazed at his words. I looked at him keenly. "Then," I cried, "where is thy heart? For when I described how I saved her from dis-

honor, not an extra wave of the eyelash didst thou vouchsafe!"

He resumed his reading. Now, in truth, I think Herbert even then thought most excellently well of Petonilla. But such was his peculiar disposition (being a German) that he could feel nothing strongly. He had no fire in his being, and could therefore not warm himself with his own passions. I know not what would have become of him had I not taken a liking to him. But I watched over him, and stood between him and other Spaniards.

At last I said, "What book is that thou thoughtest first to hide away?"

He looked me straight in the eye, and answered in his coldest tone, "The Bible."

"The Bible!" I cried, starting up. "Now who hath tempted thee to do this wicked thing, Herbert? Put it from thee! For from that book has sprung all the mischief of heresy. What wouldst thou with it? Thou art no true Catholic to read such!"

"None is better Catholic than I," he answered, sluggishly. "None is better book than the Bible!"

I gazed at him in fear at his audacity (or stupidity, I know not which it was), and what I might have said was interrupted by the entrance of a half-wakened varlet.

"Good master Sir Garcilaso," said he, "Don Hernando del Pulgar awaits thee without." With an ill grace I attended my captain, who stood in deep shadow.

"Enter, my Lord Captain," said Garcilaso.

"Nay," he answered, in his stern, gruff voice. "But heed me, Garcias; heed me, Garcilaso, Lord of Bartras. Shun the maiden Fontane!"

"And why should I shun her?" cried Garcilaso, hotly. "And what is it to thee, my Lord Captain—what is it to thee with whom I may mate?"

"Speakest thus to me, Garcias?" he said, with sudden tenderness. "Speakest thus to thy handkerchief chief?" For it was this Pulgar who put his handkerchief upon his lance when our banner had been captured by the Moors, and it was I who led the men behind that lance to victory. And even Karl Reuchlin records this fact (naming me not).

"Thy pardon, my Lord Captain," said Gar-

cilaso. "No cavalier is braver than thou, and none so ready to declare it as I. But in affairs of love let each brave knight be his own confessor."

"Hear me, Garcias, for it is for thy welfare," said the grizzled chief, so well known as "El de las Hazanas." "Hear me, comrade; beware of Petonilla. For if my suspicions are correct, she is a Jewess!"

"Never! never!" cried Garcilaso, overcome with fury. "Let no one dare maintain it, not even thou, Don Hernando! Have compassion upon me, my Lord Captain, have pity upon me, and say not that which will urge me to defy thee!"

"Poor youth," said Pulgar (for in comparison I was young), "think on what I have said!" And he strode rapidly away. Think on it? On what else could I think. But over and over I said: "It is false! It is a caitiff lie!" I cried it after him, but he did not once turn about. At last I went back to my apartment. Herbert had put away his Bible. Doubtless my remonstrance had touched his conscience, and he thought well that it was more fitting to learn

from a priest, whose business such instruction is, than to venture alone into the mysteries of the Holy Word. As for me, rather would I plunge unaided into the ranks of the enemy than do what he had dared to do. For in the former case I could only receive physical wounds, whereas, what perils to my faith I must encounter, being alone with the Bible uncurtailed and unaltered by the Blessed Pope. He was preparing to retire. We shared the same bed.

"Herbert," said I, suddenly, "rememberest thou that heretical Jew whom thou soughtest to hide from the Inquisition?"

"Yea," said he; "and whom thou didst find in my baggage, and didst give over to fiendish tortures!"

"Be it so," I returned. "Pray heaven his Jewish superstition be tortured out of his soul by this time, if he be alive to tell the tale! But Herbert, what was the name of that Jew?"

"Korah," said the German, gruffly.

"I thought so," I murmured. "Herbert, thou hast seen Petonilla?"

"Yea," said he, with a cavernous yawn. For

a moment my blood boiled to see her acquaintance acknowledged with such little ceremony. But I reflected upon Herbert's limitations, and only said, "Wouldst take her to be of the same race?"

"What! one of the Jews!" exclaimed Herbert—and I was astonished to perceive that his voice could express such lively emotion. "Never!" he cried. "It is false! She is no Jewess!"

"So said I," I cried, grasping his hand.
"Yea, it is false! Let us to sleep, good
Herbert."

CHAPTER IV

HOW I LOVED PETONILLA

Now upon the morning when I awoke, my first thought was, "What is this happiness that has come upon me?" Then I remembered that I loved Petonilla. But my caitiff memory could not be content, but spurred me with-"Ay, but what was the sorrow that weighed upon thy breast?" Then I remembered how Pulgar believed Petonilla to be a Jewess. I arose, and was as one numbed while my varlets bathed, dressed, and perfumed me. I was silent all through the hour of breakfast, which liked Herbert well, as he had no grace of conversation, no sprightly turn of wit. As soon as it was proper, I repaired to the tent of Margaret, from the mere force of habit. She received me as she always did, like a true friend.

"What now, Garcilaso?" she said; "for well I know thou never comest hither unless in trouble."

"Was that in bitterness?" I asked, prepared to be displeased, for I was sore ruffled.

"In bitterness? Nay, what care I? But often I wonder to whom thou givest thy smiles. For, by Our Lady of Castile, I never see thee but a complaint is poised on thy tongue."

Perceiving that she spoke me gently, I unbent. "Truly, fair Margaret, thou readest me rightly."

"And that," said she, "were small credit, seeing that I can tell you one letter from another. But hast thou not been able to fall in love since yester eve?"

"Alas, dear friend, there quivers the sword!"

"What! And so thou moanest for love one day and sighest to be quit of it the next?"

"Not so. How can I tell thee my cause when thou art so full of swelling words? I pray thee, lady, say all thou wouldst say at a time, that I may begin."

"That I may not do, Garcias. How can I tell what I would say till thy wit lights the way. The path is dark before me. But at the flashes of thy wisdom I behold ever new beauties which I must cry forth."

"But tell me, Margaret," said Garcilaso, softly, "have I indeed a gentle wit?"

"Yea, Garcias, a gentle wit, truly; it will never harm any one—of that take comfort."

He mused upon her words, for it was as if she had a hidden meaning. But presently he spoke. "This is the case: I do love Petonilla, ah, yes; ah, St. James! I do know what this love is that knights fight and die for. Margaret, for that sweet lady I would pour forth every drop of my blood. She is so fair, ah, yes, she is so gracious, so pure, so noble! As to her face, it wears a look before which evil thoughts are dispersed. I never saw such a face. Heaven hath writ her blessing upon that brow."

"She is right fair," said Margaret.

"Is she not, good Margaret! Thou sayest she is right fair. Thou art a true lady. As to her voice, I know not to what it may be compared, unless to the flow of waters."

"That were too cold," said my lady.

"A night-breeze, then," said Garcilaso, fondly. "A warm night-breeze, laden with the breath of the flower-gardens of Seville. Look," said he, drawing forth the silk scarf; "knowest what I hold? A talisman to fame and happiness. Thou shouldst have seen this bright red

scarf nestle against the satin of her dark and oval cheeks. This scarf was warm with her neck; it is permeated with the perfume of her breath; it is covered by my kisses. Margaret, I shall wear this at the tournament, and defy all good knights. I shall fight for Petonilla. But, Margaret, listen; thou knowest this Petonilla—thou knowest whence she cometh. A true knight may not question the character of his lady-love. He may not breathe a doubt, nor suffer a doubt. But thou, my friend, wouldst warn me of danger."

"Danger, Garcias? Explain!"

"How may I speak more plainly? Margaret, thou knowest Petonilla."

"Garcias," said she, quietly enough, but with eyes of steel, "thou hast said; no true knight doubteth his lady-love."

He was silent and confused. Suddenly she said, "Doth Petonilla love thee?"

"How can I say? We have but met and parted. But, Margaret, I would now broach another subject, entirely different. Understand me, it is in no wise connected with that of Petonilla."

"The more different, the more it will please me," said Margaret, simply. "Never was a person more weary of a topic than I of Petonilla."

"Then I will pleasure thee. So no more of the Lady Fontane. I would speak of the Jews."

"Truly," said Margaret, "what could be more unlike than Petonilla and a Jew?"

"It is known to thee, Margaret, that in the past ten years during which the modern Inquisition hath been at work, it hath happily dispatched many thousands of these wretches."

"I know it well, Garcias; also that the familiars and spies of the Holy Office are ever keen upon the scent for fresh victims."

"Margaret, dost thou not hate the Jews?"

"Am not I a good Catholic?" she cried.

"Yea; but so also is Herbert Klein, yet he hateth them not. Wouldst hold a Jew for a friend?"

"Rather would I die," said she, boldly, "than so debase myself!" Then was his heart light as touching Petonilla. Then was he sure Petonilla was no Jewess. Then went he forth with a blithe and merry heart, and a song upon his lips, a song of Old Castile.

How passed that day? What matter? It was long ago. But well I remember with what rapture I dreamed my golden daydream in the sun. I could not bear for any one to speak to I paced the street that skirted Petonilla's tent. And when the queen rode forth, attended by her ladies, did not I see Margaret Guzman and Petonilla Fontane side by side, on palfreys splendidly bedecked? I drew my horse aside, and as with one voice we cried: "The queen! Castile for the queen!" it was upon Petonilla, the queen of my heart, that my eyes glowed. She saw me, and a right fair blush was my reward. Margaret watched us both; and methought her head drooped and her face was pale. Poor lady, thought I, thou pinest because thou lovest no one who hath given his heart to thee as I have given mine to that angel of light (thus I styled Petonilla). Ah, Margaret, though many knights have fallen at thy feet, and even fought for thy colors, and even died for them, yet for none of these hast thou felt love. So thou hast told me with thine own true lips. Poor Margaret! And doth my rapturous love for Petonilla pain thee as a glimpse of verdant meadows to a prisoner behind his bars? I hastened home to put the thought into verse, for I felt a poem welling up within me.

Herbert Klein sat with a letter in his hand, and said he, "I have news here as touching the greatest man I ever saw."

I gave him small heed, for he was a dreamer. I made my pen, and began to write, but methought the ideas in my mind (and they were very pretty) had much ado to clothe themselves in words. It was as if they lay cozily abed, and would not up and dress themselves for company. So I threw down the pen with "A murrain upon the gay science!" and then I said, "The greatest man, Herbert? Is it of the king?"

Herbert laughed. "Not Ferdinand," said he. "Perchance thou hast seen few great men," said Garcilaso, who, in truth, hath small sympathy with laughter. For why should a man utter uncouth and meaningless sounds that shock polite ears, because he hath what he is pleased to call "a sense of humor." Thank heaven! Garcilaso is not pestered by any such a sense (if it be not nonsense), and he hath seen few things to laugh at in this world.

"Thou forgettest," said Herbert, "that I have traveled the world over."

"I remember thou hast boasted as much, Herbert; but is that a sign thou knowest a great man when thou seest one? To every state God hath given manifold excellences; and it argues little for a traveler's sagacity that he must hunt in foreign lands for perfections" (thus said Garcilaso). "But name me a few of thy great men, Herbert."

"Ariosto Ludovico of Reggio," said Herbert, "is one; and though but seventeen, I read a most marvelous poem by this Ariosto. Another is Niccolo Machiavelli, scarce twenty-two, but a most consummate politician. Greater than these, Jerome Savonarola, the preacher of the convent San Marco, in Florence. Thou shouldst hear Fra Savonarola. Thou shouldst hear how he lays his cudgels about the ears of the priests."

"The priests!" I cried, in horror.

"Yea, verily. Not only so, but he is not afraid to denounce the acts of the popes. He cries out that we need a great reformation in the church, that the clergy are rotten, the monas-

teries pools of iniquity, and the confessional a cloak to diabolical wiles."

"What saith the Blessed Pope to this fanatic?" I demanded.

"The Pope applauds him," replied the German.

"Then that puts another face on the matter." I hastened to add. "I admit a reformation is needed. Such doings as we see every day, Herbert—mind, I speak as a loyal Catholic! But thou knowest the love affairs of even our great Cardinal Mendoza. And few of the priests—I grieve to say it—suffer their Cardinal to outdo them in religion or love. And, alas, the Dominicans, who were once so poor and frugal in their living—see how they wax in luxuries and power! I am not blind, Herbert; I know the world hath run to a wicked day. But for all that, it is the only world we have."

"True enough, Laso. And I would I could tell thee some of the brilliant witticisms that have been uttered upon the times by a certain young man who calleth himself Erasmus. But I know thou dost not enjoy jokes."

"Not I," said Garcilaso, with quiet dignity.

"Jokes never maintained a government, paid honor to a sovereign, nor yielded fealty to God. Every jest is one step downward from civilization. So spare me thy jokes; leave them to the base-born. But from whom is thy letter?"

"It is from a certain merchant of Seville. His name—"

"Nay, what care I for this merchant's name?" Garcilaso interposed, haughtily. "May his name perish with his mean business! Time was when our fathers lived upon the booty of their enemies. Now we pay a price for what once was stripped from brave foes."

"Yet his name may one day be known," said the German, stolidly; "and I never knew word or argument of mine to deflect him one degree from the course he had set out upon, "for he is a restless body, and goeth from place to place, and may so even get himself into fame. His name, it is Americus Vespucius, this merchant; and he writeth of the greatest man I ever saw."

"Now to the point," said Garcilaso.

"Hast heard of the old man," said Herbert,
who for years hath dragged after the royal
court, seeking interviews with the sovereigns,

making his living by drawing maps and charts, and who hath even taken part in the wars against the Moors? His name is Christopher Columbus."

"I have never heard of him," said Garcilaso.
"In what is he so great?"

"In this, that he dreameth of a passage across the unknown sea, that he hath made bold to sue the king for ships to take him into that region of dragons and witches into which no man hath ever ventured, and that he proveth by the clearest logic that beyond that dead waste lieth the unknown shore of India."

"It is passing fearsome," said Garcilaso, after a pause. "But will the king give his ships for this wicked purpose (for if God had intended that ocean to be traveled, would it not have been traveled before this day)?"

"The king hesitateth," said Herbert. "But the queen holdeth forth hopes. Now is not the mind of Columbus great to harbor such a dream?"

"It is true," said Garcilaso; "for when did a great dream come to a small mind? But, Herbert, by the same token I also am great; for I had a dream this day as wonderful as the vagary of this Columbus."

"And what didst dream, Garcias?"

"I dreamed that Petonilla was my bride," said Garcilaso in a voice of softness.

Then up started the German, and he muttered some words I could not hear. I stared at him, for his face was moved. "How now, Herbert? And what aileth thee?"

"Some one cometh," said the German, in his usual phlegmatic manner. And sure enough, Hernando Perez del Pulgar entered. At the sight of my Lord Captain quick displeasure leaped up within me.

"My Lord," said I; "my Lord Captain, hear the words that I but spoke the German knight!"

"I heard them," said the crusty warrior.

"Then hear them again," cried Garcilaso. "It is my dream to make Petonilla my bride."

"Many a man," said Pulgar, severely, "yea, many a good knight hath dreamed his fate, then gone forth blithely to meet it. But by the Holy Virgin and by the blood of Januarius" (thus he spoke), "Petonilla shall never marry thee!"

"I swear to thee," cried Garcilaso, "I swear

to thee by the bones of all the blessed saints, I swear that if she will marry me, she may!"

"Wouldst marry a Jewess?"

"As soon would I wed with a beggar," retorted Garcilaso, haughtily. "What, a Jewess! I marry a vile heretic? Thou hast heaped insult upon insult. Petonilla is no Jewess, but thou art a base knight! Thou shalt cross swords with me before to-morrow's sun."

"So be it," said Pulgar. "We will fight together. But remember, rash fool" (it was thus he addressed Garcilaso de la Vega, the Lord of Bartras), "that my only object in preventing thy marriage with the cream-faced lady is because I love thee."

I drew my sword in a wild fury. "A murrain on thy love!" I roared. "Defend thyself."
But he folded his arms.

"Hearken, young Garcilaso," said he. "I have an enterprise on foot for this very night. Put up thy sword and listen. Thou knowest how Yarfe the Moor did cast his lance against the good queen's tent, and tied thereto was a message which no true Spaniard deigns to repeat. This deed must be avenged. This

night I shall go with fifteen brave cavaliers—we shall surprise and take one of the gates, and we shall do a deed that will make a noise! Yet all this must be kept secret, since the king forbids us to make such adventures. But after it is accomplished, he cannot in heart punish us. Thus will we avenge the honor of the queen, whom God and the Holy Virgin protect!"

"Don Hernando," said I, "I will make one of the fifteen."

"I have refused a hundred offers," said Pulgar.

"Then," said Herbert, in his slow way, "I will not pain thee by making thee refuse me."

"I have refused a hundred," said Pulgar, no more noticing him than he had been a fly; "but I choose thee, Garcilaso, for thou art bold, and I love thee."

"I thank thee," said Garcilaso, stiffly. "And after the adventure, thou wilt meet me in fight?"

"That will I, with swords," said he. "And if I do not effectually put the thought of marrying out of thy head, may my own head fall!"

Pulgar stalked away. "Now heaven defend

me," said Herbert, "from this love which leads to a falling of heads! But, Laso, wouldst hear this news about Columbus?"

"Herbert Klein," I answered, with dignity, "I have more serious matters for my meditation." And he knew from my tone that he could venture no more.

CHAPTER V

HOW WE DASHED INTO GRANADA

As the night grew late, I ordered my fleetest steed caparisoned, then sent all my varlets to bed. Herbert Klein had long since retired. I sat, encased in complete armor, waiting the signal from Hernando Pulgar. I knew not upon what enterprise I was about to embark, but I was sure from the past record of my captain-he of the "Exploits"-that it would be one of audacity and danger. The fact that it was to be kept secret, and that only fifteen cavaliers were to accompany him, liked me well. I was in a mood for perils. My love for Petonilla could find no fitter expression than in a wild battle-charge; and my anger against Pulgar (who called Petonilla "cream-faced lady") demanded a similar expression. Let blood flow; ay, let lances be splintered! And after the exploit, let Pulgar (though my captain) meet me in honorable duel. St. James be with me (thus thought I), St. James and my lady! A low call

reached my ears from without. It was the son of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a right valiant knight; and with him was Rodrigo Juan Ponce de Leon, a cousin of the Marquis of Cadiz. I . went out in the gloom, and saw their helmeted forms loom above me in the saddles. "Follow," whispered young Ponce de Leon. I leaped upon my horse, and after them at a slow pace, that we might not arouse attention by rapid hoofbeats. We passed through the guard, who had been propitiated by our captain, we crossed the fortified line, and found ourselves in the open Vega. Shadowy horsemen rode up to us. There was Pulgar at their head; also I discovered the two renowned brothers, Gonsalvo de Cordova-known in after years throughout the world as "The Great Captain"—and Alonso Fernandez de Cordova, that mighty and puissant Lord of Aguilar. But why name the rest? This is not their story, but the story of Garcilaso. Search their names in history; but let this be enough to show the excellency of our company.

As by a common impulse we brought the heads of our horses close to the horse on which

the captain sat, so that we formed a ghostly circle about him. Thus we awaited orders. "Brave cavaliers," said Pulgar, speaking no louder than he need, "the reason of this expedition is known to thee—we would avenge the insult to our good queen, we would pay back our debt to Yarfe the Moor."

"St. James with us!" murmured the knights.

"We shall ride softly to the second postern gate, that openeth upon the Darro," pursued Pulgar. "There be a guard on foot, which we must disperse. The gate must be forced. Then, look you. While ye keep that gate, I shall dash alone into the heart of Granada, seek the great mosque, and fasten upon its door this tablet." He held up some object, which, of course, we could not discern.

"What is the tablet?" inquired Ponce de Leon.

"It beareth but two words," said our grim captain—"AVE MARIA."

There was a murmur of fierce and holy joy among us. We would have shouted, had we not feared to rouse the enemy. That the name of our Blessed Lady, the Holy Virgin, should

be attached to their impious mosque—that in the very center of that heathenish city an Ave Maria should be lodged—this caused our hearts to leap with rapture. Ah, how the Moors would rave when they discovered that pure legend in their midst!

Pulgar continued: "Remember, I go alone to do this—alone in the midst of thousands and thousands of the foe. When done, I shall hasten back to the postern gate. Keep it for me, brave knights; for when I return, if the Moors have driven you back, and have closed the gate—woe is me!"

"Never," cried Garcilaso de la Vega, "never shall I leave that postern gate without thee, my Lord Captain. For either will I bear thee thence or there yield up the ghost! I swear it by St. James and by my lady." And the other knights all swore the same oath, by St. James of Compostella (whose name be blessed!) and their lady-loves.

"But after that," said Garcilaso, when they had made an end of swearing, "and after we have brought thee safe out of the lion's maw" (thus he spoke), "thou shalt meet me in duel,

because thou hast reproached the lady of my heart!"

"I shall meet thee, poor youth," said the old warrior, and all the knights bare him witness; "I shall meet thee with the sword, and prove that what I said as touching thy lady-love is true."

"And I shall disprove it with thy life," cried Garcilaso hotly.

Then we rode softly across the great plain, and came to the Darro, and nigh the walls of Granada. The second postern gate was ill attended, for it had been long since the Spaniards had made an attack upon the city. The commands of Ferdinand were known to the Moors, how we should no longer risk our lives in partial encounters, and they never dreamed that those orders would be disobeyed. We rode into the foot-guard, who were terrified and not yet well awake, and who never woke (for we slew them every one), and thus we found ourselves in Granada, almost in a twinkling. We had met no resistance worthy of a knight, and I would scorn to name how many wretches we hewed down, so easily was it done. Hernando Pulgar, staying neither for word nor sign, galloped through the sleeping city, bearing his tablet; and in the midnight darkness we saw the sparks thrown back by his horse's hoofs.

"Allah! Allah Akbar!" came the cry as the Moorish cavaliers, awakened by the thundering hoofs, looked from their doors and windows. The cries of the dying foot-guard, also, had not been in vain. Forms flitted in shadows, lights sprang forth, the city awoke. The trained bands gathered at their posts, the knights donned their suits of mail and called for their horses. We drew up in silent form before the postern gate, like unto a fence of iron, for our horses were protected by shining plates of metal. And shine they did, and sparkle and gleam did our helmets, as ruddy fires leaped up and cried alarm in the street. Before us was a castle-wall, cut with narrow openings, and now through these a volley of arrows were sped. And well we knew that the Moors scorned not to dip their arrow-tips in rank poison; and well we knew that so much as a scratch from those hurtling weapons meant death. And "Pray heaven send Pulgar soon again," whispered Enriquez, the Adelantado of Andalusia.

Now by my side sat a brave young horseman, a dear cavalier, named Bertran de Cerda, and he was none other than the son of the first wife of the Duke Medina Celi. And "St. James with us!" I heard him whisper to himself, "and the love of Margaret give me valor."

Scarce had he spoke those words when an arrow struck his horse fair in the head. The beast reared with a frightful scream, and Bertran was unhorsed. But up rose he, and stood beside me, while his horse quivered in the last agonies.

"Good my lord," said Garcilaso, "be not dismayed, for when we ride hence, thou shalt ride behind me!"

He thanked me warmly, for he was young.

Then said Garcilaso, "My Lord Bertran, thou hast named Margaret thy lady-love. An it be Margaret Guzman, no lady is dearer to me, save my own true love."

"It is Margaret Guzman," said he. "I thank thee for the gracious word, Don Garcilaso de la Vega."

"Margaret and I were reared together from early childhood," said Garcilaso (who made no more of the swarming arrows than they had been gnats); "and tell me, as to a brother, loveth she as thou lovest?"

"Alas, Don Garcilaso," said the young Bertran, "she loveth me not; but I do not despair; the time may yet come when she will love me with her soul." (And in truth he had longer to wait for that time than Margaret, seeing that he was at least five years younger than she, but this I did not say.)

"God bless thy lady, Margaret," said Garcilaso.

"Thanks to thee. And thy lady-love?"

"Petonilla," said Garcilaso, softly.

"God bless thy lady, Petonilla," said he.

Having thus exchanged the names of our lady-loves (a right knightly courtesy), we faced the enemy, and indeed the time had come.

The arrows had ceased their idle play upon us. And why? Because a body of Moorish nobles had come to charge upon us. They formed at the head of the street which ran along the grim wall. With cries of vengeance, and appeals to Mohamet and their God (who is not our God), they couched their lances. We did the same, and wheeled abreast to receive them.

As they started at us with furious pace, we dashed toward them-all except Bertran, who, being unhorsed, was fain to stand with his back against the wall and wait the issue. We came together with a terrific shock; not a lance but was splintered. Four of the Moors were thrown upon the ground; not one of the Christians was unhorsed. The other Moors dashed away to make a second charge. Some of our company wheeled to meet them, while others leaped to the ground and dispatched the prostrate infidels. No mercy was shown. In the mean time a great body of Moorish soldiers had paused at the head of the street. Seeing we were equally matched, they showed a right true chivalry in holding off. As only eleven of the Moorish knights remained, three of our horsemen drew back, that the gentle play might be finished equally. Then, eleven to eleven, we charged, this time with poised spear. As for Garcilaso, he had withdrawn to give fair play. Young Bertran stood beside him.

We watched the sport, he with his gantlet upon my horse's mane. When he saw five of the Moors rolled into the dust, and others of our men draw out of the fray, said he, "My Lord of Bartras, give me, I pray thee, thy horse, and let me make one against the six who remain. Thou knowest how I was unhorsed at the very beginning. Grant that I may take a tilt for the honor of Margaret.'

I could not say him nay. Then out rode young Bertran with five others to oppose the six sable knights. This time the conflict was with swords. As foe rushed upon foe, each valiant arm sought to plunge its blade into a vulnerable spot. Sparks flew upward as swords clashed upon iron and steel. My Lord Ponce thrust his antagonist fairly through the bars of his visor, and so put out his light. The Lord of Aguilar did the same to his Moor. Gonsalvo unhorsed his foe, and slew him by thrusting his sword (it was a terrific show of strength) clean through his linked suit of mail. For the first time two Christians were unhorsed. One was instantly dispatched. The other (it was young Bertran) leaped to his feet, with his sword uninjured. His foe, disdaining to ride him down, alighted, and so at him. Their blades were broken. They clasped each other in their arms and swayed back and forth. Of all the Moorish knights, but two were alive-he who wrestled with Bertran and the one who had dispatched the Christian. We thirteen Spanish nobles stood in grim silence looking upon that duel. A great throng of Moors also respectfully gazed thereon. Among them I saw Yarfe the Moor. Back and forth swayed Bertran and his dusky enemy. Silent, almost breathless, stood we. My good horse had come to me as soon as Bertran fell. He stood beside me, his eyes bloodshot, his nostrils dilated with the scent of battle. I was too much engaged to mount. Ah, heaven, thought I, send succor to brave young Bertran! And I looked up, and thought to see the apparition of St. James upon his milkwhite steed, hovering above Granada; but I saw it not. Then burst a cry from our knights, "He is down!" Yes, Bertran had fallen! The Moor paused an instant as if he would fain have spared his foe.

"Margaret!" cried Bertran; "Margaret, and our lady, Queen Isabella!"

"A ransom!" I cried, in an agony.

The Moor looked at me thoughtfully.

Then out thundered Yarfe the Moor, "Thy

ransom perish with thee! Vengeance! And may Granada fall before a Moor takes ransom again for an infidel dog!" Then Bertran was thrust through and through, and thus he died.

This was an end of that gentle encounter. Scarce had the life-blood of Bertran de Cerda bathed the blade of the heathen, when the Moors poured down upon us, with yells and heretical cries peculiar to their accursed religion. Scarce had I time to mount, when I was in the midst of a seething vortex. Ah, heaven! Ah, St. James! What a turmoil was that! We were overwhelmed, we were suffocated—it was as if a great sea-wave had washed over our bodies. The Moors streamed between us, they forced us from that postern gate, they beat us back and back until we were far up the street. We became separated. Ponce de Leon abode near me, and the young Guzman, cousin of Margaret, and son of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. We three made great havoc; our arms became weary with the blows we dealt. But the sweeping of that stream of Moorish cavalry, how could three withstand? Yet, thank God, we strewed our path with corpses!

As for Garcilaso, it would ill become him to relate what he achieved that night. But all the while he was looking for Yarfe the Moor. Let him not number the heads he cleaved from ungodly shoulders, let him not boast of how he snatched naked swords from heretics, when his own sword was shivered, or blunted with mighty hacking. And all the while, "Petonilla," cried he, "Petonilla"—that dear name was cried forth from a frenzied heart, a heart frantic for vengeance for poor Bertran. Ah, how many heard that lady's name that night, and hearing it, heard never word again!

At last we three set our horses side by side under the protection of an overhanging wall, and said Juan Ponce de Leon, as he panted like one spent with hard running, "How shall we gain the postern gate, and how draw our comrades to our side? Behold, they fight from one end of the street to the other, though but thirteen of us."

"Let us," said young Guzman, "cry in chorus, and it may be we can raise such a din it will be heard above this fearsome turmoil. Let us cry, 'Our Vow!'" "So all together we

shouted forth with a hearty will, 'Our vow! Our vow!' '' Whereat, our comrades began to force their way toward the gate, since it was our vow to die there, or rescue Pulgar. As we wedged ourselves forward, a great cry arose behind us. Looking back, I saw Hernando Pulgar dashing toward us, the foam flying from his horse. And there opposing him was a company of brave Moors. Pulgar leaped his steed fair into their midst, and struck from right to left, as was his fashion, a sword in either hand. We three wheeled about, and made for to be his bodyguard. But we were not quick enough. A venomous and cowardly thrust from below brought his horse upon his knees, and our brave captain was unhorsed.

"St. James for Castile!" he thundered, dealing blows with marvelous rapidity. Then Yarfe, upon a gigantic steed, such as befitted his own gigantic proportions, cried to his friends, "Make way!" They formed a line, and the giant prepared to ride down my Lord Captain. And sure, Pulgar was in such a strait that he could do nothing. And seeing that in his arm was no power to deliver himself, he turned his face

upward and whispered an Ave Maria. Yarfe drew back his coal-black steed upon his haunches, then drove home his spurs, and held aloft his spear. The great horse bounded forward, and struck fire from the stones as he shot down upon the grizzled warrior.

But Yarfe had not reckoned upon Garcilaso, who once snatched his maiden prey from him, and was now about to deliver from him the heroic Pulgar. For Garcilaso had plunged toward Pulgar even as Yarfe at the other end of the street was striking his spurs into his rearing steed. Among the heathen plunged Garcilaso, with de Leon and de Medina Sidonia to guard his rear. So intent were the Moors on watching Yarfe's advance that they thought not to guard their supposed victim. With a blow of my sword I laid low the Moor nearest to Pulgar, and "Up, my Captain," cried I, "up behind me!" Quick as the stroke of a Christian he was upon my horse, and away we sped toward the postern, while my two comrades defended us. Yea, and Pulgar and I were both forced to deal out blows before we reached the gate. Here was a wild struggle, for the Christians had much

ado to hold the gate. But seeing us approach, they gave a wild yell, and took fiercer heart; and so, in some manner, as out of a hideous dream, we got us out of that beleaguered city. When the postern gate was closed after us, and strongly fortified (as you may be sure), and seeing that no Moors came after us, I turned around to my mate, Pulgar, who must needs ride behind me still, and I said, "My Lord Captain, art thou of the same opinion that where there is double there is trouble?"

He said never a word. We rode on till the Christian camp was near to view. And then said I, "My Lord Captain, if it please thee, we will dismount and fight for the honor of Petonilla."

CHAPTER VI

I FIGHT MY LORD CAPTAIN

I leaped to the ground, and Pulgar descended more slowly—not from fear, but from the stiffness that many years accumulate upon us. "By my good sword," cried young Ponce de Leon, "ye two shall not fight, if word of mine may avail!"

"We will fight," said I, "unless my Lord Captain retracteth his words as touching my Lady Fontane."

"I retract nothing," said the hardy Pulgar.
We faced each other in the darkness, surrounded by the vast solitude of the barren plain.

"My Lord Captain," said Ponce, appealing to my antagonist, "wilt thou fight the young cavalier after that he hath saved thy life, and borne thee from the Moors on his own good steed?"

"Indeed," said Pulgar, "and this duel is not to my taste. I want not his life, nor to yield up mine own. But it is for him to refuse the combat."

"To the death," cried I, "for Petonilla!"

"Yet hold," said de Leon; "Garcilaso, dost know that as ye twain escaped ahorse my Lord Pulgar did save thee from a Moorish stroke that might well have put out thy light? I saw how he did thrust out his arm, thou unlooking, and receive the blow meant for thy vitals upon his own arm."

"Since this be true," said I, coldly, "and if Lord Pulgar would escape duel on the grounds that he saved my life—"

"Never, never!" cried the old warrior. "On no other grounds would I evade combat save upon the ground of thy love. An thou lovest me not enough to take advice from me, thou art not my friend!"

"By heaven!" said I, "my love is strong enough for no man that it can bear advice upon my personal affairs!"

"Garcilaso hath the advantage," persisted de Leon; "for in this gloom he can see better than an old man. If he be a true knight, he will not fight upon such unequal terms."

"Now by my beard," cried Pulgar, in a fury, who saith mine eyes cannot pierce a stone wall

as far as another's? As to my being old, by heaven! never before was Hernando Perez del Pulgar reproached therewith."

"Have done with thy meddling, Ponce de Leon," cried the other knights, who had a mind to witness our engagement.

"And yet one moment," cried that cavalier.

"It may well be that Pulgar may fall. Let him tell us how he wrought in Granada, else we may never hear of it."

"Few words," said the old captain. "I rode straight to the great mosque; I knelt before its door, and dedicated it to our Blessed Virgin. Then I nailed the AVE MARIA upon the portal, leaped upon my horse, spurred through the gathering throng, was unhorsed, was picked up by Garcilaso—am here to repay his kindness."

"Few words and a great deed," said I. "Come, let us begin."

"I am ready," said my Lord Captain.

Surely it was a singular encounter, the young knight fighting for his dear lady, the grizzled chief defending himself because he had accused that dear lady of being a Jewess. It was drawing toward morning, but the darkness had not begun to lift. We faced each other, two shadowy forms, surrounded by eleven shadowy horsemen. Being completely encased in noble armor, our features were not to be distinguished. Indeed, scarce anything was to be seen but the blades of our swords. In certain positions these showed as faint lines of white, moving as it were of their own accord, as they had been alive. As they shot forward and struck upon metal and recoiled, they appeared as flashes of pale light, and the sparks they threw up were like globules of melted iron, red as a dawning. Our visors were protected with narrow iron bars, and it was my endeavor to thrust my blade through two of these, and so at his head. But so dark was the night, skill became chance.

One thing I wondered at; I received few blows from Pulgar, and these fell lightly upon me. The fame of his fearsome armstroke was throughout Spain, and I knew he dealt me none of these blows. My rage boiled. "A truce to thy mercy," I cried. "I give my best, I will take no less. Strike for thy life, and for thy honor."

And I beset him so desperately that I smote his sword from his hand. It clanked at his feet, and I paused for him to lift it up. He did so without a word; but no sooner had we begun our play once more, when I discovered how oddly came his blows, how wild, how misdirected. Haughty anger rushed throughout my veins at being thus trifled with. I set upon him with redoubled vigor, crying, "Thou wilt find that Garcilaso is worthy of thy best play!"

And then my sword with a quick forward blow found what it had sought, an opening somewhere, and it went blithely through, nor this time smote on helmet or breastplate. When I drew it forth, the warm blood ran down upon my hand. And Pulgar fell. I rushed upon him, and set my foot upon his prostrate form. "Yield!" cried I.

"Never!" returned my Lord Captain.
"Make an end of me, I pray thee."

But it was as if my heart had turned to the heart of a woman. "Retract thy words as touching Petonilla," I cried, "and live."

"Never," said he; "I believe I spake truth." Yet would I give him one more chance. "At

least confess thou hast not fought me with all thy might."

"But I have," said he; "I did what I could."

I stood looking down upon the motionless form. I took my foot away, as remembering how often he had led me to victory. The cavaliers who surrounded us spake never a word, thinking they heard the voice of their leader for the last time. What could I do? To spare him was to prove false to my lady-love. And yet I temporized.

"My dear Lord Captain," said I (for I no longer hated him, but loved him with a wild yearning), thou canst not speak falsely to any man. But do I not know the valor of thine arm? Yet throughout this duel thy blows have been but feather-weights, and even they fell amiss. How can it be that thou didst what thou couldst?"

"Garcias, I fought thee with my left arm."

"And why, oh Pulgar, hast thou shown me this despite? Were Garcilaso not worthy thy prowess?"

"Garcias," said he, right softly, "my right arm was sore wounded, and my right hand can-

not grasp a sword. For when the Moor would have plunged his spear into thy vitals—thou heardst young Ponce de Leon say it—I sought to stay the blow, for thou wast not looking upon that side. I had no time to even raise my sword. But as the spear-point came at thee, I threw mine arm in its course, and right well I know that my right arm is broken, and for thee."

Then upon his knees fell Garcilaso, upon his knees beside his fallen captain. And he removed visor and helmet from the fallen one, and put his mailed arm about his chief, and would have spoken, but his sobs would not give his words a way. And when he found that speech was not in his power, Garcilaso removed his own visor, and did kiss his captain upon either cheek. And yet, and yet—what to do? For the honor of Petonilla remained unvindicated. "Where did I thrust thee?" asked Garcilaso, when he could.

"In the right thigh," said Pulgar; "it is no great matter."

"My lord," said Garcias, "upon my knees
I beg thee (for I no longer command), take back,
take back thy words concerning Petonilla."

"Garcias," said he, quietly, "in the name of the blessed saints, and by the blood of St. Januarius, I cannot, for I believe them true. Oh, Garcias, beware, beware of that maiden, for she is not of the true faith, but of the heresy of the Jews!"

I rose, not in fury, but in despair. "Knights-banneret," said I, "and knights-bachelor, is there a way to save this brave man? He hath accused my lady of—of—no matter" (for they had not heard the low words of my captain). "No matter," said I, "of what he accuseth her, but his words do her wrong. Yet he will not retract. And must I slay him to prove her honor?"

"Hear my counsel," said Juan Ponce de Leon, after a long pause. "In less than a month is the great tournament."

"Ah," said I, quickly, "but the queen no longer permits bloody encounters. Each lance is tipped with a wooden edge."

"Wait, I am not done," said de Leon.

"Besides," spoke young Guzman, "Lord Pulgar's wounds would scarce be healed in that time."

"Will ye not let me speak?" cried de Leon, angrily.

"In heaven's name," said I, for I was unnerved, "speak till thy tongue stiffen, an it pleasure thee!"

"This I would suggest," said de Leon, veiling his fury. "If by that time our captain doth not hand thee the written proofs of his words, written proofs against thy lady, then meet me in the tournament. And, as I live," cried de Leon, "the wooden edge of my lance will have an iron edge beneath it!"

"How now?" cried Garcilaso. "The queen—"

"Tush!" cried de Leon; "accidents happen, and lives are spent in the most playful tournaments. It will be an accident that our lances forgot to get them wooden edges, and that our swords forgot to procure them blunted blades. I will fight for Lord Pulgar."

"I accept thy offer," said our captain; "and the more readily because well I know that by that time I shall have the proofs. I swear to thee, Garcias Laso, that I shall deliver to thee a letter, writ by thy lady's own fair hand, admitting all or worse. I pray thee, Garcias, accept de Leon's proffered aid in this matter."

"'Tis agreed," said I. "And the blood of Ponce de Leon be upon his own rash head! As for thee, my Lord Captain, my heart leaps with joy that I may spare thy life." Then, with the help of two good knights, we got him safe upon a horse and led him gently to his own home, where his varlets (for he had no wife) dressed his wounds. Then I to my own tent, right glad that I had saved the honor of my lady, and feeling assured that no proof of her imperfection would ever be brought to me. And I smiled a grim smile as I thought how I would meet that Ponce de Leon in combat, and have his life; for from of old the Ponces and the Guzmans had lived in deadly feud. The morning was about to break upon an ungrateful world. Come, dear sun, thought I, and shine for Petonilla; awake, sweet birds, and sing for Petonilla. And may the mint in which this day's hours are soon to be coined stamp each round golden hour with the sign of heaven's benediction upon Petonilla!"

CHAPTER VII

MARGARET IS IN A RARE TEMPER

King Ferdinand sent for us to attend the audience. We went, twelve of us, for Pulgar lay low with his wounds. Who had not heard of our mighty deed in Granada? The king looked from face to face to see what knights had disobeyed him by meeting the Moors in battle. He knew two Christians had been sacrificed for the honor of his queen, and he could ill afford to lose them. But when he saw the face of Garcilaso, who once did save his life, and that of the Guzman and the Ponce, and the bold front of Gonsalvo de Cordova and his brother, the Lord of Aguilar, our king stayed the hard words that would, mayhap, have fallen to the lot of less puissant and noble knights. With that exquisite tact which distinguished our sovereign, he expressed pride in our achievement, grief for our fallen brothers, displeasure at our disobedience, and joy in our daring. So evenly did he mix these contrary emotions that

he scarce let us perceive we were being reprimanded for our act. Thus by his polished wiles we received censure with a good grace, and no pride hurt. In truth, no man (unless Cardinal Mendoza) ever knew just what emotion moved the heart of Ferdinand the Catholic, and least of all by his words. So we went forth, not knowing if he were glad or sorry, but knowing right well that we must not venture such a hazard again.

Then Garcilaso to the tent of my Lady Margaret. "Garcias," said she, as he took her hand, "I have heard of thine exploit. Thou art an unkind friend!"

"How so?" said Garcilaso, making for to draw back his hand, but he thought she clung to it, and so let it be.

"Thou didst adventure thy life in Granada," she complained; "thou mightest well have fallen under an infidel stroke. Yet thou didst not come to pay me thine adieus."

"It was a secret," said Garcilaso, surprised at her tone. "And if I had died, wouldst thou have thought the less of me for that?"

"If thou hadst died!" said she, clinging yet

to his hand; "ah, Garcias, little dost thou know—" And then she paused; and then she said, "What name didst cry in battle?"

"What name? What name but Petonilla?" said Garcilaso, more and more bewildered. "Sure, my lady, thinkest I am no true knight?"

Then did she change—I cannot tell how; but it seemed that she grew cold and pale and proud. Her hand slipped from his, and she drew back. "Happy is the one," said she, "who expecteth little of his friends!"

"Nay, sweet lady, take not that tone. I know thy thought. And were I to venture to enter into thine intimate heart, I could bring thee some comfort. I know thou hast never loved," said Garcilaso, "and therefore knowest not the emotions that thrill my soul at the thought of Petonilla."

"Garcias, Garcias," said she, "that friend wears the longest whom we wear the least!"

Garcilaso could only stare at her and wonder if she meant aught. In truth they seemed mere words with no relevancy. At last he spoke: "Some one hath displeasured thee to-day. A maiden hath lost thy bracelet, or thy falcon

hath wandered afield. But let me tell thee what will be sweet to thee. Didst know young Bertran de Cerda?"

"Nay, I knew him not. What is he to me?"

"He is this to thee," cried Garcilaso, stung by her indifferent tone; "he died in Granada, even before mine eyes, with thy name upon his lips."

"My name?"

"Yea, for he did love thee. "Margaret," said he, and died."

"Bertran de Cerda," repeated Margaret, slowly. "Methinks I have seen the knight—ah, yes, it was in Salamanca—nay, Barcelona—nay, I know not if ever I looked upon his face. How strange is this!"

"Not so, fair lady; thy face is one to light romantic fuel into the blaze of love."

"How darest thou use such words to me?" cried she, her eyes burning with wrath. "Speak not of love to me, or of my face. Let my face be to thee as the face of a stranger!"

"By heaven," cried Garcilaso, so amazed he gave himself no time to become angry, "Margaret, thou art mad! I but spoke of another's

love for thee. Thou knowest I love Petonilla. Thou knowest I am but thy friend. Margaret, I did not pretend love for thee. Think not so ill of Garcilaso."

"It were ill, indeed," cried she, her cheeks like roses. "I understand thee not, Don Garcilaso."

"Then we are equally unhorsed," said Garcilaso (he drew his figure from the tournament). "I pray thee, let me tell thee how thy lover, Bertran, did fight, calling forth thy name."

"Call him not my lover," she cried. "Speak no more of him, I pray!"

"Thy heart is hard and cold," cried the knight. "Thou scornest the fairest knight that ever fell for his lady-love. But I will speak of him; ah, and thou shalt hear, my Lady Margaret!"

"I will hear never a word," said she; and she turned her back fairly upon the cavalier. Then did he step toward her and grasp her arm, while his voice trembled with generous passion. "My Lady Margaret de Medina Sidonia, thou shalt hear, I swear it, thou shalt hear of this brave Bertran. He told me of his love for thee; he

said thou didst not love him, but he could wait for that happiness. Handsome he was, and flush with early manhood, and the pride of battle. Gallant was he, and when danger drew aside like a coy damsel, he wooed it for his bride. When unhorsed, he fought afoot, crying thy name, with that of our fair queen. And so he died, loving thee. Yea, so died gallant young Bertran, with thine image filling his soul. Yea, this haughty face came to him all softened by his love; this cold and scornful brow was to him soft as the feather of a dream."

"Well he died, thinking so," said Margaret, almost in a whisper.

"Margaret, Margaret, I can well remember when thy countenance appeared even so to me."

"But that," said she, "was before thou didst meet with Petonilla. Go thy way, Signor Cavalier, and leave the haughty face and the cold and scornful brow of Margaret. Go thy way, and come not so soon again. By our Lady, sir, but we meet too often."

"Now thou art angered," said Garcilaso, who, being a man, could forbear from taking offense. "Margaret, I forgive thee thy hard words. I know thou wilt be sorry when I am gone for what thou hast spoken me."

"Nay, by the crucifix!" cried she, hotly; for she had a rare temper when there was least occasion.

"Margaret," said I, seeking words to soften her, "dear Margaret, thou art unreasonable; thou shouldst govern thyself better. Come, tell me that thou hast spoken amiss."

"Go to Petonilla," said she. Finding her in this mood, entirely impervious to reason or advice, Garcilaso, without any anger or resentment, left the tent, and did in truth wander by Petonilla's pavilion. Now, as he drew near, he beheld a miserable old hag, clothed in tatters, and most unseemly from a scant attention to her cleanliness. This wretch stopped at the opening of the pavilion, and raising her shrill voice (fit for no gentle ears to hear) she cried out, "Bread, bread to a poor old woman who hath not a bite to eat in the world!"

I would have stridden forward to drive her from the place, but a lady-in-waiting appeared at the doorway and said, sharply enough, "Excuse us, old woman, for God's sake!" With a scowl, the miserable beggar was about to pass on, when another voice sounded from the pavilion. "Abide!" cried this voice; it was the voice of Petonilla. Then Señorita Fontane appeared.

"Bread," said the hag, "for I perish."

"Thou shalt have bread," said Petonilla. "But why dost lean so heavily upon the stick?"

"Alas, lady, I am crippled with disease and long tramping, and never a soul have I to provide for me. And all this day, wherever I have gone, I have heard but the words, 'Excuse us, for God's sake.'"

"And is it so, poor soul?" said Petonilla, coming out of her pavilion; yea, her dainty feet even treading in the dust of the street! "It may be," said she, "that thou wilt find mine arm better than the stick." And thereupon she did put her gracious arm about that wretched form.

"For God's sake," cried Garcilaso, drawing nigh, "do not this thing, my lady, for it ill becometh thee. But if thou wouldst dispense thy charity, send a wench to take the hag within. Let not thine arm, my lady, close about this vile wanderer, for she is but a beggar."

Petonilla turned and looked upon me, gently. "Charity?" said she. "Charity is not the giving of bread, but of love. Come, poor old woman, lean upon me."

"By my faith," cried Garcilaso, in great heat, "this shall not be, for it were a shame to thee, my dear lady; it were beneath thy station."

"My station!" she repeated, still without anger. "My station is not above the lowest child of God. Did not the dear Savior eat with publicans and sinners?"

"Yea; but so do not his representatives, the blessed popes, the high cardinals, or even the poorest priests."

"What!" said she; "is the servant greater than the master?" And she took the beggar within, and both were lost from my view. I went home, both glad and sorry. Glad, for she had spoken of the Blessed Savior, therefore I knew she was not a Jewess; yet sorry that she could so forget her dignity as to touch a ragged and dust-begrimed old hag, and speak to

her as to an equal. Such things ought not to be. Yet it was a defect on the side of kindness, and I knew very well that when she became my wife I could coax her to a truer nobility of mien. Now it so chanced that a beggar met me upon the way, a gaunt old man (an impostor, doubtless), and I drove him away with scant ceremony, yet cast a coin after him, and left him groveling for it in the dust; and I reached my tent with a lighter heart.

"Herbert," said I to the German (for he was always at home), "I desire thee to go to the banquet with me which cometh now shortly. Shake not thy head, but listen with such mind as thou hast."

I thought to stir him up, but he only looked at me with a slow calmness, and in my heart I believe he thought himself the better of us twain! "Herbert, there is to be a most fair lady at that banquet, and I desire thee to meet her."

"I know, I know," said he, hastily; "but I wonder thou desirest me to meet her again!"

"What meanest?" said I, amazed."

"Why shouldst thou wish me to meet Peton-

illa?" said the German, with a keen look, such as I did not think he could assume.

"Thou meet Petonilla?" I cried. "What care I an thou meet her a thousand times? What is Petonilla to thee? Thy wits are slow to-day, Herbert!"

"Then spur them up a bit," said he.

"I wish thee to meet the Lady Margaret," said I.

"Oh!" remarked Herbert, ungraciously.

"Herbert, Margaret loveth no man. I would thou couldst move her to love, for she is desolate and lonely, and a bit shrewish for lack of a lover. And though thou art a German, and slow in thy way, why, even so is she peculiar and unlike others. Her wit is not so nimble but that thou canst catch it easily. Ye would be well mated. And as I love her as a sister, and thee as a brother (since I saved thy life), I would see ye wed. She is fair and of gentle blood. At present she is irritable, quick to take offense at a shadow, slow to understand another, sudden in causeless anger; wherefore I know she is ripe for love."

"And being ripe," said Herbert, with proper

seriousness, "thou wouldst have me pluck this fair fruit?"

"Even so," I replied, glad that he did not smile. "Wilt share the banquet?"

"In truth I will share," said he.

Now let me pass, with a sweep of my pen, over the intervening days, and come at once to the day of the duke's banquet.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DUKE'S BANQUET

It was fifteen days after the Holy Festival of Corpus Christi, and eight before the celebration in honor of St. John the Baptist, that the duke gave his banquet. Garcilaso went that morning to celebrate the sacrifice of the Mass; and on the same day he confessed to his priest, Father Pedro. The cavalier said ten Credos, ten Ave Marias, and ten Paternosters, and so felt well fitted to meet his Petonilla. He went to the banquet accompanied by his German friend, Herbert Klein; and these two were followed by a glittering train of squires, pages, and bedizened varlets. Garcilaso wore that day a doublet of velvet, most rich and gorgeous, and his long robe was set with divers precious gems. About his neck he showed a fine lace collar from Flanders, which he had never donned till that day. Margaret, as being of near kin to the duke, helped his ladies to receive; and said Garcilaso to Herbert: "Is she not right fair? Tell me,

Herbert, is there a German lady can vie with her?"

Herbert glanced upon Margaret with a face of stone, and then his eyes slipped from her features and wandered away and paused. Garcilaso followed his lead, and found his eyes resting upon Petonilla Fontane. And then indeed Garcilaso saw no one else. For there was not another in that assemblage of knights and ladies that might be compared with Petonilla. Her dress was not rich, nor her colors gaudy, and she wore no golden ornament. But even in spite of this lack, her features outshone the imagination, so that one could but look upon her, and vainly seek to comprehend why she was so fair. It was not the liquid fire of her eyes, for this had Margaret, and many another fair Spaniard. And Petonilla's lips did not rest in half-disdainful curves, such as Garcilaso loved to see. There was a simplicity, a gentleness, a tenderness about her that in any other would have displeased the cavalier. He thought to himself, "If she is so wondrous beautiful in her simplicity, what will she be when she hath learned to dart the glance of scorn, to hold the

head with haughtiness and stately pride? I love to see a maiden's mouth set in a certain frame of superiority, as if the maiden felt not the lack of all mankind. But even as Petonilla is, something like an innocent child, I love her with a love that turns to bite me while I cherish it." Then Garcilaso strode forward, and making nothing of the damsels that would have won his eye, he paused not till he stood beside his ladylove.

"God give thee a fair day," said he.

"And thee another," answered Petonilla.

"Nay, not another, but the same," cried the knight; "and let us share it together. Remember, at the banquet I am to eat from thy plate."

"I remember, Don Garcilaso."

"After the banquet," said he, "a party of us are to-ride abroad and seek a spot from which our queen (without danger to herself) may go to view the city of Granada, and look therein. Wilt thou accompany me, lady?"

"If it please thee."

"But wilt thou not feel the pleasure, too?"

"Alas, my lord, pleasure is not for me."

"Not for thee?" he cried, in pain; "and

wherefore not? Methinks pleasure never found so fair a temple in which to rear her altar. I would be willing to dissolve the whole world in tears that its sunshine might find a rainbow in thy heart."

"Wouldst thou indeed make the whole world sad that I might be merry?"

"In truth would I," he returned, "for art thou not more to me than all the world?"

"That I know not," said Petonilla, with a blush.

"Prove me!" he cried.

"Some day—some day," said Petonilla. "And if all the world hate me, wilt thou still be my friend?"

"I will still be thy lover; for if all the world hate thee, it is a world unworthy of my regard, and I shall hate it for hating thee. But prove me now. Tell me thy sorrow."

"Not now, my lord. Nay, not now. I am not brave enough to prove my fear untrue."

"Thou fearest me, Petonilla; thou doubtest me? Ah, if thou didst know me better. But I swear to thee by St. James and the Most Blessed Virgin, and by all the saints, that I will

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espouse thy cause, and fight for thee, if all the world turn knight and defy—''

"Nay, good my lord, finish not thine oath, for he who sweareth in the dark will not pray in the dawn. Let us no more of this matter. But tell me who these brave knights and fair ladies be, for I am a stranger to most."

Now, when I would have begun to comply, I perceived Margaret drooping like an unsunned flower, alone; and in another corner sat Herbert Klein, heavy and distraught, as though he pined to have his forefinger in a book. I excused myself from my lady and sought out Herbert. "By my troth," said I, "this is treating me unkindly. Seest not the Lady Margaret pining for company. Come!"

"Nay," said the strange youth; "I have no heart for her."

"Then take heart," said I, dragging him across the apartment. "Margaret," said I, "this is my good friend Herbert Klein, a noble knight, and worthy of thy regard. Treat him well, dear lady, for he is homesick," said I, "and yearneth for a friend."

Margaret looked at him as if he were a Jew,

and bowed with scorn-for she thought his name barbarous. And Herbert faced her as if brought before an Inquisitor. I left them together, and returned to Petonilla. I had a merry time with my lady, talking gayly of those about us, touching upon their defects and weaknesses—sure nothing is so entertaining as picking flaws in our acquaintances! I knew them all just well enough to know in what they came amiss. Petonilla said few words, but I knew I filled the hour for her with gratification. And although the sadness never melted from her face, it never ceased to look me gently. I could not expect her love for me to spring into perfect being, as mine had done for her, and as Minerva had sprung in the fable. But methought her regard for me was growing. I kept a keen outlook for the signals, and while all the time there was a most bitter uncertainty about it, yet the sweetest hopes mingled with the bitterness. Sometimes she sat as if she heard me not, and when I smiled, the light did not reflect from her lips or eyes. But again she would look at me with a strange look, as if she would say, "Can I trust thee? Art thou true?" And once she

blushed brightly at a word of love, and once she sighed as I spoke of happiness, and once the tears came to her eyes when I spoke of home.

"Petonilla, dear my lady, trust me!" I said, abruptly, after one of her mute glances.

She started, for I had read her thought. And then she said, "I must know thee first, Don Garcilaso; I must know thee better."

Now I looked up, and behold, Herbert and Margaret had got them to opposite sides of the room again, and were as those who brood over troubles. So I bore Petonilla upon my arm to Margaret, and I requested her to walk with us; and when she rose silently and complied, I picked up Herbert on the way. And I determined that Herbert and Margaret should get well acquainted that day, if Petonilla and I had to fence them up together in a corner. Now when Herbert joined us, I saw Petonilla look into his face with eyes as clear as stars, and as unkind as truth; and her face said very plainly, "Thee I cannot trust!" And Petonilla turned from him to me, and her eyes said again, "Can I trust thee, Garcilaso?" Then the face of the German quivered, and it became red; even his neck was crimson.

"I observe," said I, in amazement, "that there is no need here of an introduction."

"No need," said Herbert, not with that stolid dullness of tone which distinguished him, but as if he had borrowed a Spaniard's voice. For his tones trembled with emotion, and his face was moved; I would never have believed it upon hearsay. In very truth, that German had a human heart within him, and he could be touched by some things!

"Herbert," said I, shrewdly, "do ye two" (meaning him and Margaret) "go before and we two will follow wheresoever ye lead." He seemed right glad to escape the reproachful eyes of Petonilla, and he and Margaret went forward. We passed outside the tent, and along the avenue of flowers which the duke had set forth for our disport; and I whispered Petonilla, "Why dost thou dislike the German?"

"I dislike no one," said she; "but he deceived me, therefore I grieve. I trusted him; he proved faithless to the trust."

"By St. John the Baptist," said I, "and by

the Holy Sacrament, I thought if any one could be trusted, that one was Herbert Klein!" Well, she made no answer, and I made pleasant the way for her with conversation, not of politics, nor yet of the new learning which had spread after the fall of Constantinople; but I molded my words in the light and shallow mold that pleaseth a woman. Very few words said she, so that I told her full many a tale without one interruption. Never was there a better listener than Petonilla; I could have talked with her forever. How different, thought I, is my lady from Margaret! For I never got through a tale to Margaret but it was split into a dozen places by her quick and nervous exclamations and questions. What times Margaret and I had had together! How we used to seek to outcry each other, each having that to say which would brook no stopping. How often we had breathless paused, having said our say, and knowing nothing of the other's words. But Petonilla drank in my words as a flower drinks in the dew. Her face was downcast, her arms not gesturing-in truth, it was hard to tell at times if she were listening at all.

In the mean time, Margaret walked dumbly forward with dumb Herbert Klein. The vivacity she used to breathe in with her very breath had vanished. No sudden exclamations, no noticing of unusual objects, no quick pointings of the hands or shakings of the head, no clear, quick laughs. She is changed, thought I; she grieves for some one to love her. Pray heaven Herbert may suit! Then, observing how doggedly Herbert trod the earth, and how he was locked up in the case of his own mind, "A murrain upon him!" thought I; "and had I thee aside, I would thrust thy head against the wall!"

The banquet was announced. "Dear Margaret," said I, "Petonilla hath vouchsafed to me the privilege of eating from her plate. I pray thee even grant the same favor to my dear friend Herbert Klein—whom the saints confound!" I added under my breath.

"Such favors," said Margaret, "are won by deeds—they are not given as a price for words. No knight hath ever eaten from my plate, nor shall till he prove himself."

"'Tis well," said Herbert, with a bow. "I shall dine more at ease off mine own platter."

There was nothing to be said after that. I found myself seated between Petonilla and Margaret. Herbert made for to go away, but I brought him with a push of my right arm around to Margaret's side (and not without some violence, for I was impatient of his dullness). Now what a feast was there, and how that hour lingers in my mind as one of the golden hours of Garcilaso de la Vega! As the pages broke up the meats and delicate breads and placed them upon Petonilla's plate, my hand and hers often touched in seeking the morsels. But every time I felt my fingers nestle to her own, it was with the same exquisite thrill—a thrill to which I never grew used. My heart overflowed in happiness, and though usually grave and almost severe, I became happy as a boy, and as light of word. So gay was I that I sought to share my joy with the silent and pale Margaret.

"Margaret," said I, "methinks Herbert is dull to-day, for he hath not made thee laugh."

[&]quot;This is not my laughing day," said she.

[&]quot;Hast thou days for laughing," said I.

[&]quot;Ay," said she; "and years for weeping."

"By my troth," cried I, "mar not the feast by somber words of melancholy, when thou hast no cause to be sad."

"Then let me be sad from perverseness," said she. "Wast never glad without a cause?"

"Not I."

"Indeed," said she, "I think thou hast small reason to-day to be merry!" (She knew not what she said, I saw that plainly enough, so I would not answer her.) But, that I might rouse her up a bit, I said: "My Lady Margaret, since Herbert may not eat from thy plate, thou canst not deny me, seeing that I have often proved myself. So I will even pluck me forth this tender bit of venison."

And I plucked it out of her plate.

Then up rose Margaret, up sprang she with her face in a flame. And, "I would never again touch bite or portion from that plate," said she, "though I died of hunger!"

"Margaret, Margaret, what meanest?" cried I, rising beside her. "Thou treatest me not as a friend."

"Thou art no friend of mine," cried she, "when thou bearest thyself as a lover."

"Indeed I meant not so," I exclaimed. "It was but a jest. To eat from thy plate meant nothing."

"Did it not?" said she, hotly. "Doth it mean nothing when thou eatest with Petonilla? I pray thee, Sir Herbert," said she, still glowing—and what ailed her I know not, by my soul!—"I pray thee take me hence." And away went they, Herbert looking as surprised as Garcilaso.

"Then let her go," said I, resuming my seat.
"For if I waited till I understood that woman,
I also should die of hunger! And yet in truth,
Petonilla, I verily believe all that aileth her is
that she seeth my love for thee, and it reminds
her of her lack; for she loveth no one."

"No, on my soul," said I. Petonilla made no answer. Now let me not detail all the conversation that took place between me and my Lady Fontane. For to do so would be but to recount my own tales and narratives of daring, since she said so little. The hours glided by, and so happy was I, Margaret and Herbert slipped from my mind. To be near

Petonilla, to study the shape of her head and the turn of her features, were happiness enough; but to have her drink in all my words with a most respectful silence, without one interruption, without one boisterous cry—ah, this was rapture!

And then we rode forth in a great company to pitch upon a place whence our dear queen could take a close view of Granada. The Moors in their heretical turbans crowded the battlements and walls, and looked across at us, wondering at our purpose; but we heeded them not. By me rode Petonilla. If Margaret went, I knew not, nor cared.

On the left of Granada, perched half-way up the mountain-side, was the small fortress Zubia. This appeared the safest place for the gratification of our queen's desire. It had formerly been snatched from the Moors, and our cannon had torn fearful rents in the wall and brought down the massive tower. We dismounted and wandered about the deserted streets, Petonilla leaning on my arm. We approached the tower, and scrambling up a prostrate wall, her hand in mine, we perched upon a great stone that had

fallen from on high. Already grass had begun to grow between the crevices of the wall. Knights and ladies of our party went everywhere, calling, laughing, and making merry. From where I sat, we two (it was as if we were alone in the world) could look down into Granada, and admire its wondrous architecture, and point out moving forms.

Suddenly Petonilla turned to me, and said, "My lord, thou hast heard of the Vaudois?"

"The Vaudois?" I repeated, unable to bring my mind so suddenly from the lovely scene to a subject so despised.

"Yea," said she, thinking I did not understand. "The Vaudois of Piedmont, from whom sprang the Albigenses and the Waldenses and many other sects."

"In truth, I know of them," I answered, and how the blessed Pope ordered a crusade against them not long ago."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "Dost thou know, my lord, the doctrine of the Vaudois?"

"Yea, I know right well," said I. "I will tell it thee, my lady. They call themselves nothing but Christians. They claim that since the time of our Blessed Savior they have lived in the valleys of Piedmont, true to the doctrines of the Apostles. They make bold to use the Bible freely, and they have no priests. They do not honor the blessed Pope. They are not Catholics. They are heretics. Pray heaven," said I, "that a day not long distant may see them exterminated!"

"And yet," said she, "they are good and harmless people; for, my lord, I have known some of them."

"They are good, I grant, morally good; but that makes them so much the more dangerous. Call them not harmless! For the purity of their lives causes weak-minded ones to be blind to their wicked errors of doctrine. Were they bad and bloody people, they would not prove a snare and a deadly attraction."

"Good my lord," said she, "they hold all things in common; when one is poor, all divide with him; when one is ill, many offer themselves as free and tender nurses. They love each other—the lord sits with his varlet, and together they read the Word of God."

"Yea," said I; "and there is no holy father

present to tell them what that. Word means. For let me tell thee, my lady, if the priests did not tell us the meaning of the Word, who would understand it aright? Let me tell thee, that often it meaneth the very opposite of what it saith! How can mere mortal minds read these opposites in what appeareth quaint and frank openness of speech? But let us not spoil our heavenly day," said I, "by marring it with words about these fanatics and heretics. Pray heaven every one of them may be put to the sword; not because I hate them, poor souls, but because how else can their false teachings be put out of the world?" And then I changed the subject, and we were right happy. For I told her brave deeds and wise sayings, and the day passed away as we sat among the ruins. With her dear form so near me, and with the light breeze ever playing with her locks, and with her sweet face so grave, so gentle, so attentive, I might have lingered there unmindful of the late hour, had we not been called. The party was already ahorse. We hurried to the ground (her hand in mine-ah, precious treasure), and we fared after them back to the city of silk.

The day was over—ah, that day! I would I could live it again with just the same thoughts and heart-beats—I would not be robbed of a single moment! I would invite all the pain of love for one of those sweet moments, when I thought love was life and life was love, and Petonilla was all in all, and the Blessed Virgin for us twain!

When I bade her good night, I kissed her cheek (as a true knight may), and it was cold and calm. Yet the blush spread over it, and she started back, as if unused to our gentle custom. I praised heaven for Petonilla's blushes; they were all my hopes had to feed upon. Now as I walked my horse slowly toward my tent, trying to remember how her voice had sounded, I was overtaken by a messenger. Instantly my heart bounded as I thought Petonilla had sent for me; but the message was from Margaret. She would speak to me a moment. So to her tent I rode, my mind still in a daze over my day's happiness. She met me at the door, dressed all in white, save for a golden girdle. Her face was wan, and her eyes heavy.

[&]quot;Garcias," said she, "forgive me."

I looked at her in amazement. "Forgive thee, my friend? Why, what have I to forgive?"

"My treatment of thee at the banquet," said she, in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"The banquet?" said I. "Thy treatment?" And then of a sudden I remembered the scene at the table, and how she had left my side. "Oh! In truth," said I, kindly, "it had escaped my mind."

"I am glad," said she, with a certain proud gentleness, "that thy mind hath been filled with brighter things than the image of Margaret. But, Garcias, I did not know; and I thought it might be that I had given thee pain."

"No, by my troth," I cried, eagerly. "I cared not in the least, dear sister. It was nothing!"

"That was all, Garcias," she said, quietly. "Forgive me that I troubled thee."

"Margaret," said I, "mention it not. I have had a glorious day, my lady. Ah, Margaret, Petonilla is indeed the gem of Andalusia! But I hope thou hast entreated Herbert kindly."

"It is late now, Garcias," said she, still right

softly. "God send thee a good night, my brother." And she passed within.

Now when I drew near my tent I was amazed to find a great turmoil going forward. Horses were being harnessed, boxes were issuing from the tent. The servants were those of Herbert Klein, and that peculiar German was himself assisting them.

"In the name of St. James," said I, "what meaneth this?"

"I am going to leave the country," said Herbert Klein; "it is I who tell thee so!"

"Leave what country?" I cried.

"This Spain," said he.

"And wherefore, my friend?"

"Reason enough," said he, slowly. "But let us to our room. There I will explain."

CHAPTER IX

HERBERT THINKS HE IS IN LOVE

When Herbert Klein and Garcilaso were alone in the tent, the Lord of Bartras turned severely upon his German friend. "How now, Herbert? Why dost thou make for to leave Spain without one word to me?"

"Indeed," said Herbert, "I had a word to speak to thee before my departure."

"And what word?" said the cavalier.

"Farewell," said the other, coldly.

"Thou shalt never leave this land," cried Garcilaso, "until thou hast given cause for such a step."

"Dost thou command?" cried Herbert, looking at me as if he were not afraid.

"Nay; but as I saved thy life, I request thy reasons."

"So be it," said he; "sit we down, and the reason thou shalt have. For it is this, that I love Petonilla."

I was so greatly astonished that I knew not

what to say. I stared upon him, thinking he had gone mad. "What words are these?" cried I.

"I love Petonilla," said he, tenaciously; and I will leave Spain. It is I who tell thee so."

"But Margaret," I exclaimed. "Is she not fair?"

He burst forth with, "May Margaret be—"
"Hold!" I interrupted. "Say not words for
which I must have thy life."

He cried out, still, methought, in a fine passion, "May Margaret be eternally—"

"Herbert, no more; say it not!" cried I, drawing my blade. Then of a sudden he grew calm and cold. "I was wrong," he said, simply; "but by heaven I have been choked with Margaret this day, so forcibly was she thrust down my throat. The fault is thine, Laso. Thou hast harassed us both nigh unto death. But it is past. It will not happen again."

"If thou canst not appreciate Margaret," cried I, "one of the purest and fairest daughters of Castile, a Guzman and a queen uncrowned,

thou dull and insensate German, then go thy way."

"I go my way," he retorted; "and as for Margaret, love her thyself, an thou wilt!"

"What mean these words?" I cried, starting up in a fury. "Dost tell the lover of Petonilla to love another?"

"I am a lover of Petonilla," said he, "and thou tellest me to love elsewhere."

"Thou her lover!" cried I. "Thou her lover! And thy tone as cold as a mountain stream, thine eyes calm and content. Thou knowest not love. Love is not a thing to lie lightly upon the stomach."

"I love Petonilla," said he, quietly.

"Then fight for her," cried I. "Come, begin!"

"I shall not fight thee for Petonilla, though I love her," said he, without emotion.

"Thou wilt not fight? And yet, poor fool, thou babblest of love! Thou wilt not fight for Petonilla? Then give her not one thought, for thou hast not a thought in thy cowardly mind that is worthy to be cast before her feet. But as for Garcilaso de la Vega" (thus I spoke), "he will fight for Petonilla, yea, he will take her part against the world. No matter what champion of calumny draws the sword, he will meet that enemy. He cares not if all Spain should point the finger of scorn at Petonilla; he would walk by her side through the most frequented streets of Seville. He would share disgrace and shame for her sake, even he, the haughty Lord of Bartras! And this is my love. Yet thou, who claimest a like affection, darest not for her sake to meet me with thy sword." I turned upon my heel and strode across the room. When I faced about, he sat as unmoved as a statue.

"When I was a stranger to Spain," said he, "I went first to Seville, and put up at the home of a merchant named Americus Vespucius. I had no other reason for being here but to amuse myself by foreign sights, since no country," said he, "is the equal of Germany in learning and freedom of thought. For in Spain the priest telleth you what to think, and you think it; not so is it in my land. Well, I had not been very long with Vespucius when an old Jew came there for to sell him costly merchandise."

"No more of this," cried I, impatiently. "I seek a quarrel with thee, and not a story of low-born varlets and heretics. Fight with me, or hold thy peace."

"The Jew's name was Korah," said Herbert, as if he had not been interrupted.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "Continue."

"It is what I set out to do," said Herbert, seriously. "Now Korah had with him a maiden, a certain Italian, whose name was Petonilla. They did not appear to be related, for I soon learned that she was no Jewess. Neither were they married. As Korah was a strict bargainer and could scarce come to his price, and as he had many things to sell, he and Petonilla abode in the merchant's home. Americus, who is a Florentine, made little of Korah being a Jew, since he was full of bargains. But as there were spies from the Inquisition in the city, we kept him close, and I helped to conceal him, both from the adventure of the thing and because I wished to make Petonilla glad. In this way Petonilla and I were thrown much together, and we had pleasant hours. Now it appeared that Petonilla was related to an ancient house of Spain, and she was waiting for some hidalgos to come for her and carry her to the queen, to be a maid of honor. So when they came she took me aside, and she made me promise that no evil should befall the old Jew, her friend. I promised to protect him as I could. Not long after the sunshine had vanished from the home of Americus with the departure of Petonilla, the spies lighted upon our place. I hid Korah in my baggage, and stoutly maintained that he was not there. They knew better, however; and finding I was obdurate, they were about to drag me away to the Inquisition in lieu of the Jew, when a stranger knight rode up, and unearthed the poor old man."

"Yea," said I, "and I did save thy life."

"It is true," replied the German; "and therefore I will not fight with thee. Now when Petonilla learned of Korah's capture, she was told that I gave him up, for this is the story thou didst spread to save my life. And she believeth that I proved false; and in her heart she holdeth me in contempt. And though I could disabuse her mind, and show her that I did what I could, and that I was true to her and

to my love, I could only do so by telling her that it was thou, thou who didst deliver up her friend to torture and death. Therefore my lips are sealed. But I can bear it no more, for my heart is breaking. And I will go away from thee and from Petonilla, and God send you happiness."

Whereupon I knew not what to say. But I put up my sword, seeing there would be no use for that, at all events. At last I spoke: "Herbert, thou hast a noble heart, though no Spaniard, for a Spaniard would not think or do as thou. But believe me, my friend, thou dost not love Petonilla. I know not if thy heart is a heart that can feel love for any woman. But I know from thy quietness and coldness that thou dost not love at present. I swear this is but a German friendship for a fair maid. 'Twill pass.''

"Thinkest thou 'twill pass?" said he, simply. "Ay, by the saints and by the Sacrament! Thou hast but a whim in thy head, and thy head thinketh it to be love. Why, Herbert, couldst thou sit unmoved and read a book were a live coal thrust into thy bosom? Wouldst not flinch and sigh and mightily disport thyself? Even so is love a live coal thrust into the soul, and kept glowing by the sighs of passion, and never man had peace in such a state."

"Dost feel this live coal, Garcilaso?"

"Yea; it plagueth me daily. I cannot sit still long at a time; I cannot walk at a steady pace. I look up, and hear whispers, and dream poems that will not be writ down. Every woman remindeth me of Petonilla, and every man of myself. There seems to be nobody but us two living under the sun."

"Surely thou lovest her," said he.

"Thou hast said—ah, St. James!"

"And were I to tell her," said Herbert, "that it was thou who gavest Korah over to the rack, she would look upon thee never again. But she would find that she had done me wrong; and she would be right sorry, for she did like me once, and we talked to each other of our youth. Ah, Garcilaso, we told each other about our homes in distant lands, and about our mothers. Now if I told her the truth, it might be that she would care for me with love. And when I think of this, a devil whispers me, and my heart burns; but I remember what I owe

thee, and I fight with myself. But for God's sake, Garcilaso, entreat me not to abide in this land, for I know not what I might do, being driven quite to despair."

It sounded oddly enough, his speaking of despair in that quiet voice; I could not believe but they were mere words, borrowed from a new romance, as if he thought himself the Cid. What knew he of the intense passion to which I was a prey? But to humor him, and at the same time to show him that I respected his generosity, I made answer:

"Herbert Klein, dear friend, I pray thee abide only until the tournament. It is but a short time; and if by then thou still lovest Petonilla-"

"Ah," said he, "belike I shall change in a week!"

"Why that was even my thought," I cried, with pleasure that he saw so clearly. "I say, if by the time of the tournament thou still desirest to depart, I shall not say thee nay. But I wish thee to remain till then, for I grieve to think of thee in thy barbarous country, and me here alone. Besides the which, I wish thee

to see me meet Ponce de Leon, and thrust him through. Thou knowest we are to meet; for my Lord Captain Hernando Pulgar will either bring me a letter writ by Petonilla confessing herself a Jewess or worse, or Ponce and I will have a bloody tilt. Thou knowest Petonilla is no Jewess; worse she cannot be. Therefore the encounter shall assuredly take place."

For a long time he was silent, thinking over my request. At last he said, "I will remain until then, Laso, upon one condition; that thou dost not seek to wed me to Margaret against my will and hers."

Now that had indeed been my project, so I was a bit confused. But presently I made the promise, trusting to events to bring them together according to my wishes.

CHAPTER X

CROWNED BY A KISS

If thou wouldst win a woman's heart, let her see thee at least once every day. It is not necessary that she hold converse with thee so often; indeed it is better not, lest thou weary her, or fail to strike a note in harmony with her mood (for a woman is swayed by her moods as a man is moved by reason and logic). Every day following the banquet I so contrived that Petonilla saw me and returned my salutation. Sometimes we chatted merrily—or at least I spoke with lightness—and she listened like a true lady; but oftener it was but a glance, a smile, an obeisance. Thus I knew she could not forget me; I was content. As for Herbert Klein, he sought pleasure in his books, and if I am not mistaken, betook him to his Bible more than once, which ought not to be. And as for Margaret, I almost forgot her existence.

The day came on which our queen rode forth to take a closer view of Granada. That there might not be a risk from attack, she was attended by a powerful and gorgeous retinue. We went in this fashion: first were the heavily armed legions of cavalry; then came the king and queen with the prince and princess (alas! poor lady, soon was her unhappy marriage to take place), and the ladies of the court, among whom was the glorious Petonilla. These high-born nobles were surrounded by the royal guard, in which rode Garcilaso, nowise inferior to his companions-at-arms in richness of dress and haughtiness of mien. Behind us rode a powerful rear-guard, composed of many a brave cavalier and a great number of infantry. The Moors from their battlements looked across the Vega, perhaps thinking we were bent upon attack. But their terror must have changed to amazement when they saw us wend across the Vega, in our sumptuous attire, in a diagonal course, and come at last to the little town of Zubia. As the royal guard rode with their precious charge into the town, the Marquis of Vilena, the Count Urena, and the puissant Don Alonzo de Aguilar led their battalions above Zubia for a protection. At the same time the

Marquis of Cadiz, the Count de Tendilla, the Count de Cabra, and Don Alonzo Fernandez led their troops below the town. Thus on both sides their Catholic majesties were defended by living walls of steel and iron. So the ladies dismounted, and it was the proud pleasure of Garcilaso to assist Señorita Petonilla Fontane, and to walk beside her as she followed her lady, the queen. And though all conversation was barred, seeing they were so close to royalty, yet his eyes were feasted with Petonilla's shy and innocent beauty, and she saw him whenever she raised her little head. Never had Garcilaso been so happy. The sight of arms, the sound of martial music, the gleam of banners and pendants, of silks and gold, the presence of the gracious queen and polished king, and by his side the lady of his love—ah, well, it was enough.

I envy no man his happiness. It comes to every one, at some time in his life, to be happy with all the faculties he hath for happiness. And after that, he hath his memories. Our gracious queen looked from the ruined tower down upon Granada, the last stronghold of the miserable Moors. She and King Ferdinand

talked of the time when they would enter those walls (since it was but a matter of time when the barbarians must be starved into surrender), and they planned Christian chapels and cathedrals where heretical minarets now flouted the skies.

As we looked, and pleased ourselves with visions of these infidels sold by the thousands into slavery, or heaped up in bloody piles, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a great company of the enemy rode down toward our little army.

"Where is Don Pulgar, captain of the guard?" cried our king, quickly.

"May it please thee, sire," said I, with a low obeisance, "he lieth abed, for he is wounded; and in his place I am at the head of the guard."

"Then ride," cried he, "ride at once to my nobles and forbid them from accepting any challenge or engaging in any combat this day; for this day of sight-seeing must not be changed into a day of battle." And so saying, he made a polished bow to his wife, and to her ladies.

I climbed down from the ruins, leaped upon my steed, and thundered away from Zubia. Our men were preparing for battle, for the Moors poured forth with astonishing audacity. The squadron of Muza, composed of many brave Moorish cavaliers, was followed by numerous cavalry, and last of all came artillery. They drew up opposite our men, and their arrows hurtled among our ranks. I spurred up to the Marquis of Cadiz, and, "Forbear," cried I, "forbear, in the king's name!" And I detailed to him the commands of Ferdinand the Catholic.

"By my troth," said the marquis, "I was never sorrier to see thee, Garcilaso, for thy news is bitter!" But he dared not make fight. And as the Moors taunted us and dared us forth, our men showed restive and sullen. Then the dusky knights, seeing that we would not forward, spurred their chargers and wheeled before us, calling for duels. "Come forth, come forth, Count de Tendilla," cried one, "and meet me between both armies!" The count's face became blood-red, and his teeth moved up and down as if he had food between them, so wrought up was he; but he budged not.

"Ah, thou Marquis of Cadiz," yelled

another, "if thou art too old and sickly for the fray, send us thy kinsman, the boy Ponce de Leon, and we will match him with our weakest knight."

"By heaven!" thundered Ponce de Leon, "if
I am a boy, thou art an unweaned suckling."

"Patience, my lord," I said (for I chanced to be beside him); "I will give thee all thou canst hold at our tournament!" He turned upon me and laughed with disdain.

"A man full of scorn to failure is born," I cried, hotly. Now, seeing conditions in this nervous tension, he could not return to his guard. The very air quivered with suspense. Although our men sat like stone and bore silently, for the most part, the bravado of the detestable heretics, it was as much as they could bear, and I should not have been astonished had they all as by a single impulse dashed forward in battle under the very eyes of our sovereigns. And in truth I shared their fury, and the sight of the wretches as they rode up close to us waving their scimiters, made my blood boil with passion.

The captain of the Muza squadron, in par-

ticular, was most insolent. Leaving his company, he came nigh, caracoling upon his jennet, and he cried:

"Where is the valor of Old Castile? Where is the brave blood of Spain? Weakened and contaminated by marriage with effeminate nations, and by rest and luxury! Time was when ye met us like cavaliers, but now ye fight with hunger and thirst for your weapons. Ye cannot take our city from us, and ye would starve us—starve us like dogs! Ah, cowards, unbelievers, villains—"But let not my pen record his impious and wicked words. My hand leaped to my scabbard, but the memory of the king's commands chilled me like a sudden draught.

Now of a sudden I saw a Moorish cavalier issue from the walls of Granada, and he was attended by a throng of old men and women laughing with derision. The cause of their merriment I could not fathom, for I knew the knight would not bear to be laughed at; for he was the giant Yarfe. When I saw him, I remembered how he had defied our sainted Isabella by casting his lance, with foul words

tied thereto, against her pavilion; how he had sought to abduct the pure and dear Petonilla; and how he had caused Bertran de Cerda's death by refusing the offer of ransom. And if a man could be killed by hate, Yarfe would have fallen that second, as I stared upon him with blazing eyes. As he drew near, I beheld that which chilled the blood in my veins, and then caused my breath to die away from anger. My companions saw it, and a groan of indignation escaped them, and a wild lament that the king had forbidden a fray. How shall I describe the cause of this horror that came upon us? Would that I had the gift of the author of the Cid that I could properly depict that scene! Yarfe bore with him that tablet, containing the words AVE MARIA, which Pulgar had nailed upon the door of the heathenish mosque. Yea, he did bear that tablet with that sacred legend upon it in great letters. But how, think ye, he bore it? Tied unto his horse's tail! Yea, it was even so. As his great steed reared and plunged, that tablet (tied unto his tail) was cast this way and that, so all could discern the words.

As soon as I could draw breath, as soon as I

knew full well what I saw, and how that this insult to our Blessed Lady was cast into our teeth, and so much the more aggravated in that it was tied unto the horse's tail, I put spurs to my steed and dashed toward Zubia. Having arrived there almost in the space that the breath left my body and came again, I flung the bridle to a varlet, and heavily armed as I was, I leaped up the ruined tower as if upon wings. Bursting through the astonished courtiers, passing the highest knights and the most saintly bishops, I fell upon my knees before my queen. I know not the words that escaped my tortured heart. Only I know I told her how that dangling tablet, which they could plainly espy, did bear upon it AVE MARIA. I implored her to allow me to avenge this insult to our Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. At last she yielded, for dear to her heart was our sacred religion; and though Ferdinand, who was colder and more prudent, would not have yielded, she did put her hand upon my head as I knelt there, and she cried, "Go, Don Garcilaso; fight for our Lady and for thy queen, and for thy lady-love." I sprang up and kissed her hand, and darted one

glance toward Petonilla, and so away like the wind.

Now Yarfe had been riding up and down with taunts and cries of "Fight me, Count de Cabra!" "Fight me, my Lord Gonsalvo!" till it was scarce to be borne. But suddenly I did dash toward him with a cry of defiance; and, "I will fight thee, for glory of our queen, the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and for Petonilla!" cried I.

"How is this?" roared out my Lord Ponce de Leon. "It was thou, Garcilaso, who didst forbid us in the name of the king."

"The queen consents," I answered, haughtily. "Long live our Lady of Castile!"

Yarfe knew me at once, and he prepared to meet me with all his strength, for well he knew I could do right well. He was much more heavily armed than I. His buckler was of enormous size, his lance was such as I could scarce have wielded, so heavy was it, yet in his giant arm it seemed light enough. His visor was solid iron, save for the two holes through which his eyes looked. He bore his famous Damascus sword, which had dispatched full many a good Christian, and at his waist hung a dagger glitter-

ing with gems—a dagger made in Fez. My lance, though lighter, was of most excellent temper. My buckler was of Flanders, and my good helmet was decorated by four sable plumes that nodded in the sunlight and added beauty to my grim attire.

We prepared to charge, holding our lances in mailed hands. As he thundered toward me, I remembered how once before we had thus opposed each other, but how his horse had stumbled before we met. And, "Pray heaven his horse may stumble again!" thought I, for the vastness of his size and the spareness of my own dimensions did appeal to me forcibly. And for a second I thought to elude the onset, but as it chanced the tablet fastened unto his horse's tail was kicked high in the air, and seeing it, fury caught prudence by the throat. In an instant my lance-point had struck him fair in the breast, and his ponderous lance had in like manner found me. The earth seemed to reel under me as that tremendous blow smote upon my armor. Both our lances were splintered, and the keen fragments whistled about our ears. I fell back in my saddle, and my horse wheeled

aside and started to run away. I heard a groan break from our men. And even Ponce de Leon, though my sworn foe, shouted, "God with thee, Garcilaso!" Then, I know not how, I found my seat again, and brought my horse about, and though my breath was driven from me, I drew my sword. And just in time, for Yarfe, with his Damascus blade, was making straight at me. "St. James!" I whispered, and I eluded his thrust. My breath came again, and we had a merry time, for I was by far the nimbler, and while I dared not meet him equally, I could dart aside and then at him. But even so I was growing wofully weary, and the blood began to stream from us both.

Now, as he made a most cruel pass at me, I jerked my horse away, and his sword found nothing but the air, through the which it passed, for it escaped his hand and fell to earth. At that his fury was terrible, and he came beside me and threw his crushing arm about my body and we wrestled with all our might. So down from the horses fell we both, and I was underneath. Yarfe then started up quick as the stroke of a Christian, and fell with one knee

upon my breast. Seizing his dagger, he tore it from his girdle and held it above my throat, which lay bare to his stroke. "Allah! Allah!" cried he; "Allah Akbar, and long live Boabdil, King of Granada!" And the Christian army and the Moorish soldiers stood as if turned to stone.

Now it seemed to Garcilaso that his last moment had come, with that knee pressing upon his breast, and with his left arm doubled up under him, so that he could not move his body. In his right hand he held his good sword, and he thought, "If it were a dagger!" Now looking up, and disdaining to meet the ferocious eyes of Yarfe the Moor, he cried out, "Petonilla!" and turned his eyes toward Zubia. And there upon the summit of the tower he espied his dear queen and many a companion of his youth, and best of all, Petonilla. Then it did seem (all this took place as in a flash, quick as the stroke of a Christian), it did seem that new hope stole through the veins of Garcilaso. And better than hope, a thought came to him. He seized the sword in the middle of the naked blade, and having thus shortened it so that it could do his purpose, he thrust it upward as it

had been a dagger. And thus in an instant, piercing the heart of his enemy, Garcilaso put out the light of Yarfe the Moor.

Then there arose a shout from the Christians and a groan from the Moors that seemed to shake the earth. And from the summit of the tower in Zubia waved many a scarf and handkerchief, and even the queen waved her pleasure, and Petonilla smiled and did the knight honor. My squire dashed forward, and having despoiled Yarfe, I gave him the massive armor to bear back to my tent. But I tore that sacred tablet with its AVE MARIA, I tore it from the tail of the Arab steed; and setting it upon the point of my good sword, I rode back to my line, holding it aloft. Shout after shout rose from our ranks. "Garcilaso!" they cried; "Garcilaso!" And to-day, as I write these words, I, an old man and full of honors, that shout rings in my ears and makes my heart thrill. Many a hand sought mine; and Ponce de Leon, riding to my side, cried, "Garcias, we shall fight at the tournament, but now let me kiss thee for this deed!" And he kissed me upon the cheek. Then on I went to Zubia, and placed the tablet in the hands of our queen. And going forward to Petonilla, I fell upon one knee, and said, faintly, for I had lost much blood, "My lady, crown me, for I am thy knight, and I have done well."

"Wherewith shall I crown thee?" said she, looking down upon me with eyes of liking.

"Crown me with a kiss," I said.

But she drew back, and her face was pale.

"Wilt thou not crown him?" said the queen, who stood near—and indeed all looked upon me, and would have drawn near had there been room.

"Alas!" said Petonilla. "Do not ask such a thing, my lord. And let not the queen be displeased that I cannot obey."

"I will crown thee," said the queen; and she brushed Petonilla aside and kissed me upon the forehead. It was a gracious deed, and this favor I have never wearied of telling to others. To this day my heart burns when I remember that the great and good Queen Isabella did condescend to show me such honor. And yet, by my troth, I would rather at that time have felt the hand of Petonilla upon my hair than the queen's kiss upon my brow. Well, I had asked too much of a simple and modest maiden.

Now after that all things became dim to me, for I fainted away. The noise of battle was in the air, for after Yarfe's downfall the two sides went at it without a word of leave or warning. When I recovered, my armor had been taken from me, and I lay with my head upon Margaret's knee. All on the tower were watching the progress of the battle and offering up prayers for our victory, to the Virgin and to divers saints-all but Margaret and me. I thought it strange that after so glorious a day it should end thus, with Margaret instead of Petonilla. My heart ached a little that it was so. But I would not show my disappointment, so I smiled and hid my thought. My eyes wandered toward the distant form of Petonilla, as that lady leaned over the battlements, watching the fray. Would she not be as content sitting by my side, thought I? And, oh, what a difference it would make to Garcilaso! And as for Margaret, doubtless she would rather be viewing the conflict than staying with me.

"Dear friend," said I, "let me not keep thee from viewing the sport."

She rose silently and joined the queen,

while my varlets came to attend me; but Petonilla did not once turn her head. Our battle-cry came from below, ever fiercer, ever bolder, "Santiago! Santiago!" And one of my men came to tell me that the Moors were fleeing. Then it seemed that this victory made the world sadder to me in some wise, I know not how, as if all the world were happy but me. For though I had been given honors such as few knights ever won in a day, I would have given them every one away for Petonilla's kiss.

Now let me pass at once to the day of the tournament, making nothing of the intervening days. Ay, let me come to the tournament, when my whole life changed in a manner wild and marvelous.

CHAPTER XI

PETONILLA'S COLORS

Just behind the city of silk was a broad and rolling meadow, and this had been inclosed by barriers, about which colored cloths were entwined. Here the knights were to enter the lists. Along one side a gallery had been erected for the spectators. Heralds had proclaimed the tournament throughout the kingdom of Spain; and although each weapon was to be blunted or edged with wood, so that in the nature of things the thrilling excitement of former jousts was wanting, still a great crowd began to gather at an early hour. The day after that on which our queen viewed Granada from the near village of Zubia (which was the day that saw me lay low Yarfe the Moor), our gracious lady had been in Seville, holding a court of justice. She was expected with her ladies on this day, and according to the programme, the king was to meet her, and escort her to the royal seat in the gallery.

Therefore King Ferdinand rode forth, accom-

panied by his royal guard, of which I was still the head, since Pulgar, though able to walk, did not feel equal to the fatigues of the day. I was impatient to see my Petonilla once more, for she had been away with the good queen; and as we rode along, my heart danced with the sunlight, and throbbed with the thought that my eyes would soon behold her gentle face. In the days of her absence, my love for her had grown, till life became a long, sweet pain. The king wore a vest of crimson cloth and short breeches of yellow satin. He bore a Moorish scimiter, a loose cassock of brocade, and a velvet hat with three great plumes. Mounted he was upon a powerful chestnut horse whose trappings were of silver and gold.

As for Garcilaso, he was attired in the fashion of the English earl whom he had greatly admired in former days—I speak of the Englishman who uttered that marvelous witticism in regard to his teeth, which you will find in any history of those days, and over which I have laughed (who seldom laugh) a hundred times. Now the horse of Garcilaso, like unto the king's, was a superb chestnut jennet. His trappings

were azure silk, which swept the ground as he proudly stepped to the music of the trumpets. The housings were of mulberry, powdered with stars of gold. Garcilaso was mounted on long stirrups; over his suit of mail, which covered him completely, was thrown a short French mantle of dark silk brocade. His hat was white, and fresh from Paris, and it was gay with splendid plumes, while on his left arm was a round buckler with gold attachments. Behind him came ten pages most gorgeously bedecked.

We had not gone far from camp when we heard the sound of approaching music, and behold, the queen's company, a notable cavalcade. The queen rode a chestnut mule, and she was seated in a splendid saddle-chair, which gleamed with gilded silver. The housings of the mule were of crimson cloth, embroidered with gold; the reins and headpiece were of satin, embossed with silk handiwork and glittering with golden letters. Her skirt was of velvet; she wore a scarlet Moresco mantle, and a black hat, embroidered round the crown and brim. As her company passed the brave company which the Duke del Infantado had drawn out in

battle array, the queen made a low obeisance to the banner of Seville, and ordered it to pass to the right hand (for it was upon the left). The king rode up to the queen, while all fell back. First they made to each other three profound reverences, as to the Queen of Castile and the King of Aragon. This ceremony being accomplished to our infinite delight, the king advanced to her side and kissed her cheek. Then riding up to his daughter, the Infanta Isabella, he made the sign of the cross, blessed her, and kissed her tenderly. After this, our companies united, and I found myself (not by chance, but by skill) beside Petonilla.

"God is merciful to me," said I, "that I see thee once more." Now Petonilla gave me a look so strange I knew not what it meant, unless it were the dawning of love; for this look she had never bestowed upon me. It was still a look of inquiry, of doubt, of suspense, but it showed fear as well, and a strange timidity. Her face was wan and pitifully white as she answered, "Don Garcilaso, art thou my friend?"

"What meaneth this doubt?" I said, in a low voice. "Nay, I will prove this day in the

tournament that my heart is true. I am not thy friend, but thy lover," I said; "and I did not know how much thy lover, Petonilla, till thou didst go away."

Petonilla said, "Whose colors wilt fight for?"

I drew back my mantle and showed her her own red scarf fastened to my arm. "I will never fight for any but thy colors while I live," I said. "Hear my vow, Petonilla; hear it, heaven!"

Now when I said those words a rosy light of gladness spread over her cheeks, and the wan face grew rich in color, and the lips parted in recovered buoyancy of spirit, and her eyes began to glow and sparkle as a star is sometimes seen when the shadow of a cloud has swept away. "God bless thee, my knight," said she, in a voice that trembled; "God bless thee, and send victory in the lists to perch upon the crest of Garcias!" It was the first time she had called me so, it was the first time she had claimed me as her knight, it was the first time she had looked at me with those eyes or used to me that mellow voice. And right then and there I know her heart began to change toward me, to

warm toward me, to tremble pleasantly with the thought of Garcilaso. And knowing this, how my eyes feasted upon her loveliness, and upon her state, and how they tried with all the might and faculty of eyes to tell her how dear she was to me! Now Petonilla wore a short skirt of crimson velvet, over other skirts of rich and elaborate brocade. About her was a scarlet mantilla, made after the fashion of the Moors. Her hat was black, it was trimmed with gold embroidery, and under it was a net of silk which came about her hair and gathered it in rich magnificence. When we reached the gallery, the ladies dismounted, and as I made a low bow to my lady (for here we were to part), imagine my transport when she held out to me her delicate hand! I sank upon my knee and pressed it to my lips; and even as I held it, after rising, she did give my hand a warm, sweet pressure. I went from that spot my mind in a whirl of dazzling light. I saw no one-I trod the air; I did not envy the king.

I was in a dream until the trumpets blew the opening of the lists. As I waited outside the gate upon my horse, I was amazed to see

Herbert Klein gallop up beside me. He was not richly attired. Grim and unusual he looked in his suit of mail. His horse was unornamented. He wore no colors. Now I had thrown my French mantle aside, and proudly to be seen was Petonilla's red scarf as it streamed from my arm.

"Indeed, Herbert," said I, kindly, "I pray thee not to enter the lists; for though thou makest bold with books, here be lances instead of words."

"I know not if I shall enter the lists," said he, quietly enough; "but if I do, I doubt not I shall come forth again. However, I am here at the command of thy Lord Captain, Hernando del Pulgar. His word to thee is, to abide without the lists till he come."

Fury leaped up in my heart, but I was so taken aback that I knew not what to do. While I debated with myself, the knights crowded into the lists, and the gates were shut. Herbert sat stolidly upon his horse, watching the merry encounter. As for me, I was sick at heart. Ponce de Leon rode up to me, and said he, "How now, Garcilaso, holdest back? I thought to meet thee in the very first encounter."

"On my soul," cried I, "thou shalt meet me at the next, if the king himself forbid!" He was satisfied with that, and hovered near, waiting his time. As for me, I looked not upon the contest, for I was furious that I had not entered, in spite of old Pulgar, while the eyes of Petonilla were fresh for sights. At last it came to an end, nobody being hurt (according to the express commands of our queen), and the combatants rode forth. Then I crowded my way quickly into the inclosure, close followed by Herbert Klein. As for Ponce de Leon, he had entered by the opposite gate.

Now scarce did I find myself within and the gate shut, when a man entered afoot and ran up to me, and it was Hernando Perez del Pulgar, my Lord Captain. I made for to see him not, but he cried out, "For God's sake, Garcilaso!" I looked up at the countenance of Petonilla, which shone upon me with delighted confidence, and even as I looked, I saw her eyes stray to Herbert Klein, and I saw a look of great sadness follow. Quick as the stroke of a Christian I glanced at Herbert, and I saw his head sink, and his hand grip his lance the fiercer.

"For the love of the Virgin, stay me not!" I said, fiercely, to old Pulgar. "As every man hath his chance for immortality, my moment hath come!"

"But this letter, Laso, this letter!" cried my Lord Captain; and then looking down, I saw that he was trying to crowd a letter into my hand. "It is from Petonilla to thee," said he. "It is writ by Petonilla, and thou knowest I am true."

"Were it writ by a saint in heaven," cried I, "even St. James, this were no time to peruse it."

"But thy vow!" he cried.

Just then the trumpets sounded. There was a mad rush of cavaliers, and terrific encounters in the midst of the inclosure. Ponce de Leon had dashed toward me with lightning speed; but seeing me remain motionless, he drew his reins and circled about me, chafing at the delay; for I had touched his shield with my lance-point, and he must meet me, or none. Herbert Klein had made no challenge, nor had he received any; therefore he had remained by my side.

While clash of steel and shout of victory and

defeat smote upon the air, and while those in the gallery cried out encouragement and waved their silks and satins, Garcilaso, seated upon his impatient steed, read that letter—his first letter from Petonilla. He had never seen her handwriting, but he knew she had written that letter, for Pulgar could not lie.

"Dear my lord," thus it began, "I have not dealt fairly with thee, and yet to share my secret with another means perhaps disgrace and death. Lord Pulgar hath put the truth before me in its proper light, and with God's help I have the courage to tell thee all. And thou shalt know all before thou fightest for my colors; and after knowing, if thou canst still fight for me, blessed be thou, Don Garcias Laso! And yet it is not a dreadful matter that I have to tell thee; it is no crime, no improper act. It is but this, that I love my God with all my heart, and his Blessed Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and that I love to read the Holy Word of God, and that I try to obey as best I can; and that the sins I commit, I confess to God in prayer, and to no priest. For I am of the Vaudois of Piedmont. I am not a Catholic, but a Christian, simply.

"Dear my lord, this is my secret, known only to thee and to that friend of thine whom once I trusted vainly. Dost thou remember the day when it was thy wish to prove thy kindness for me? 'Prove me,' thou saidst; 'tell me thy sorrow.' These were thy words. Well, and I prove thee now. Let not my faith in man perish through thee. For there was a time when I believed in thy friend Herbert, and trusting in him I had faith in all mankind. And now if thou fail me as he failed, alas! will it not be because I have trusted God the less and man too far? Oh, what do I write? I am writing for my life and honor! Both I place in thy hands. I am an Italian and thou a Spaniard; I am of the primitive Christians, and thou a Catholic. But I am a woman and thou-Garcilaso. And so, dear my lord, I make an end, this second day before the great tournament. *

"Written in camp before Granada, to my very good lord, the Lord of Bartras."

That was her letter, word for word. At first I scanned it hastily, scarce taking in the leaden weight of its meaning, for the image of Ponce de Leon danced between my eyes and the page.

Then again I read it, slowly, very slowly, trying to grasp the thought that lay buried under so many words. Of a sudden I became aware of the weight of my armor; it did seem that it would crush me. I longed to be free of it, for it was as if I could not get air to sustain my life. My breath failed, and a cold sweat dampened my brow. With my breast heaving as if I had but just run a race, and with my heart throbbing beyond my control, I reeled in the saddle, I fell forward upon the horse's neck. But I plucked off my visor, the better to get my breath, and then I felt as if I might live, after all. And I lifted up my head (with what expression upon my face I know not), that the air might sweep over me. And my eyes turned without purpose or design; as turns the compass toward its north, they turned toward Petonilla.

White as a white rose was Petonilla, and in her fear, for she was sore afraid, she did appear as fragile and as delicate as any flower. She was watching me, with all her soul in her eyes crying for reprieve. And all were watching me—the king, the queen, the great circle of faces that surrounded the lists. There beside

me sat Herbert Klein upon his German horse, calm and steady in his gaze, in self-confidence secure. And yonder my lord the Señor de Leon watched me with angry eyes, chafing because I held back from the encounter. But though in a manner I felt the presence of all others, it was as if they were so many breaths blowing the flame of my thought toward the Italian, the Piedmontese, the heretic, Petonilla.

Ah, now I understood her well. That morning she had met me with fear in her great eyes, because of this very letter which she supposed had already been delivered me. How she had blanched and trembled when we had ridden face to face! And how her look had changed to gladness! Why? Because she thought I had read this fatal letter; because she thought I already knew her secret, and knowing, still wore her scarf upon my arm. What! Did she think Garcilaso the Catholic would fight for the colors of a heretic? Why now did she tremble and pale as a white rose pales when the moonlight frightens it with its shadow? Alas, she saw her mistake; she perceived that I had not guessed

her secret, and that now for the first time I read her cruel message.

I tried to reflect upon the situation, to determine what were best to do; it was in vain. I tried to clear my mind, but a thousand words, incoherent yet insistent, seemed to sing themselves over and over in my heated brain. And all about me was a great silence, for the second joust was ended, and the eyes of the beauty and the valor of Castile were bent upon me as upon a picture of despair. And then—and then in that fearful moment, whose terrible burden I felt more than I have ever felt the burden of a yearthen I seized the colors of Petonilla; yes, I grasped in my frenzied hand the red scarf as it fluttered from my mailed arm. I tore it away; I cast it down, down into the dust. I wheeled my horse straight about and rode for the gate. And all about me a sound arose-a sound Garcilaso never thought to hear—a groan, a hiss, a universal outburst of scorn and derision.

At the gate I was brought to a pause. "Thou canst not out," said the herald, "till the play is over." And so I should have known had I not been quite mad. I turned my horse about and

faced the gallery, not with defiance and hate for hate—ah, no! but with the dead cold of a broken heart. I saw Herbert Klein leap from his steed and lift the colors of Petonilla from the ground. I saw him kiss that degraded scarf and bind it about his arm. I saw him mount again. And I heard the shout that rose to the sky—the shout of applause, "Herbert the German!" and, "Long life! Long life! Victory to the German knight!" He seemed unmoved by all the tumult. No color flooded his face, though Ferdinand the Catholic joined in the praise. But serious and unmoved as he had ever been, my friend rode up to Señor Ponce de Leon and smote his shield with the lance till it rang again.

Soon was the third encounter. Other knights met and broke their spears, but I think the concourse had eyes but for Herbert and his antagonist. As for me, I looked on, still dazed and desperate, not caring how it went or how fared the world. They met in the middle of the arena. Now Ponce had his deadly spear, for he had thought to meet me in mortal combat, so he had not blunted the edge. He liked well what the German had done, for it was a right Spanish

deed; and had not the cavaliers been bound each to his lady's color, I think all would have leaped into the dust, as leaped Herbert, to lift up Petonilla's scarf. And so Ponce could not, in his noble heart (and he was ever a right noble knight, though my mortal enemy), find resolution to meet Herbert seriously with his deadly weapon. Rather he thought it better to let himself be defeated than to buy victory with the price of Herbert's life. Therefore, when they met, Ponce made as if he struck amiss; but the blow of the German came true and terrible, so that the Spaniard was cast upon the ground. Thus was Ponce de Leon unhorsed, but not otherwise injured, by a German. Herbert could never have done it had the Spaniard been armed with a proper weapon; for Ponce de Leon was a mighty cavalier. But Herbert was a German. He was but a studenta man who sits much, making bold with printed words, but recking little of deeds.

When my Lord Ponce de Leon rose to his feet, giddy and covered with dust, Herbert strode to the gallery; he passed up the winding stair, he paused before the queen's ladies, he

knelt before Petonilla. I could see well her face. When first Herbert lifted up her scarf from the ground where I had cast it, her face was like a red rose. But it had changed. And now she looked down upon the German as he knelt at her feet, and it seemed that she grew ill; for she started up, and shrank away. The wreath she had been holding, thinking therewith to deck my brow should I prove her victorious champion, fell upon the floor. She drew still away, and passed behind the queen. Herbert looked very sad; but he lifted up the wreath, and carrying it in his hand (for he would have none other crown him), he came down to us again.

Now at this moment, while all who were not gazing after the shrinking form of Petonilla as it half crouched behind the queen still looked upon me in unmeasured scorn, the gate was thrown open.

The cavaliers began to crowd in and out. I passed through the entrance and put spurs to my horse. I galloped far away, I know not where. Somehow that day wore to an end. Strive as I may to bring it back again, all is dim after I left the lists. What I did or thought I

know not. But this I know, that somewhere in the Vega and among the mountains that surround that vast plain, while I was alone, all alone, I read that letter, writ by Petonilla's little hand—I read it over and over, and over yet again. And though I burned it before the sun of that terrible day had set, and cast its ashes in the breath of the wind, its words abode with me, as they abide to day.

I remember that when I came home at night, and started into my apartment, Herbert Klein sat beside the lamp with a faded wreath upon his knee, and he was looking at it with eyes that shone through tears. I faced about and to horse again, and all that night I saw neither sleep nor quietude. But my mind had cleared, though my agony was the sharper for that; and at the dawn of day I sought my father confessor, Father Pedro, to tell him of my woe, and to seek what comfort he could give.

CHAPTER XII

TO GIVE UP PETONILLA

Father Pedro was in the prime of life, tall, portly, with thin lips and gray eyes that looked through narrowed lids. He was a brave warrior as well as a faithful priest. He dressed with magnificence; he kept a royal state. There were rumors about him, but they were not worse than what one heard every day. At the worst, he loved life and its pleasures, riches, and the power they brought him, and wine, it was said—and his tastes did not stop there. But no matter; he dealt many a stroke against the Moors.

I found him alone, and after he had inquired my trouble (for grief was written upon my face), I scarce knew what to say. I asked him a question: "Father, suppose I love some one with all my soul, and suppose I find out that that one is not worthy of me?"

He cast upon me one of his keen, quick glances, and said, "Forget her."

"As soon can I forget that I am Garcilaso!"

- "Then," he said, "make her worthy."
- "Alas!" I cried.
- "What crime hath she done?" he asked.
- "No crime, Father. She is pure and fair."
- "Very fair, my son?"
- "As fair as the day. There is no lady in Spain to compare with her in beauty."
- "Ah!" said he. "I would I could see this lady. Tell me who she is, my son, and doubt-less I can make her worthy of thee."
- "I cannot tell her name," I said, slowly, for there was that in his eyes that brought me to a sudden pause. Now the priest sat and looked at me with a sleepy look, such as I had sometimes seen in his eyes when he was most awake. There was a silence between us, which he broke thus: "Is she more beautiful than Dona Margaret de Medina Sidonia?"
 - "By far!"
- "Hath she such a form as the form of the Countess de Tendilla?"
 - "More perfect, more youthful, more divine."
- "Ah," said he, slowly; "and she hath committed no crimes to make her unworthy thee?"
 - "None; she is as an angel."

"And yet she is unworthy?"
Garcilaso groaned.

"My son," said he, closing, as it seemed to me, his eyes entirely, "is she a heretic?" And as soon as he had asked that, he opened his eyes to their widest extent and fastened them upon me with a fearful directness.

"She is."

"A Jewess?"

"Nay; one of the Vaudois of Piedmont, such as call themselves Christians, read the Bible, scorn the confessional, reject the miracle of the Holy Mass, call upon no saints."

"There is such a one in Spain?" he cried, quickly. "Where, my son?"

I held my peace.

"Where is she, my son? I command thee,
I, thy father confessor, command thee in the
name of my holy office to tell me her name and
her hiding-place."

"And what then?" I said, in a whisper.

"And what then, my son? The Inquisition; the torture; the auto da fé."

"I cannot, I cannot give her up," said I, in an agony. "Oh, Father, she is so beautiful and

innocent. Can I think of her limbs being torn upon the rack, of her screams, her cries for mercy—" And my voice broke into dry and bitter sobs.

"Garcilaso, dost thou love thy God and the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

"Thou knowest, Father."

"Dost thou honor the king and queen?"

"I am Garcilaso!"

Tell me her name," he said; and now his voice was imperative, his lips pressed tightly

I hung my head.

"My son, thou thinkest of her agony upon the rack, of her sufferings at the stake. But dost thou not think of the Blessed Savior as he hangs bleeding upon the cross? Canst thou not hear his groans, and see his tears? Ah, he is looking down upon thee now. Wilt thou prefer a lovely form in which is all the blackness of hell to the Holy Mother of God? How canst thou say an Ave Maria when thy heart is lost to a wicked heretic? Thou callest her innocent, and an angel. What! Is the enemy of God an angel? Then a fallen angel, reserved for eternal torment. Is the enemy of the

church innocent? Beware, Garcilaso! I love thee, but beware! For he who hides a heretic is counted as a heretic. But not by the sense of fear would I move thee. Oh, my son, now is the time come for thee to fight the greatest fight that was ever vouchsafed to a cavalier. Not with swords, but with passions; not for the honors of the tournament, but for the glories of heaven. All the saints in heaven look down upon thee at this moment. Thy father and mother, though in purgatory, feel the agonies of hell at thy indecision. Christ is crucified anew, and the Blessed Virgin Mary awaits thy decision with fear and sorrow. Garcilaso, I have fought beside thee in battle, I have received thee for years at the confessional; thou art more as a brother to me than as a son. I plead with thee-and what? Not to do me a favor, but to do thyself an honor-to please our God. Be a brave knight; be heaven's knight. Help the church to put down rebellion and heresy. Christ prayed that his children might be one; when thou hidest a heretic, thou scornest his prayer. Now is the time for thee to show true courage. Be brave, be valiant, be worthy of thy king and country. This woman is a traitor to Spain, a rebel to the church; she is hated of God. Deliver her up, deliver her to the Inquisition. It may be that she will be converted to the true faith. Then how happy wilt thou be, for even so she may become worthy to wed with thee. But if thou concealest her and her accursed errors of doctrine, they will spread as she goeth from place to place. Thou canst no longer go to confessional, or raise thy heart in prayer; thy penance will avail thee naught; indulgences will not be for thee; thou wilt be lost eternally. But more than that, thou must be delivered up to the Inquisition in lieu of the wretched but beautiful lady of Piedmont."

What more he said I cannot tell. But his words poured forth in torrents, and every one of them was true and right and touched me to the quick. And yet when I opened my lips to speak the name of Petonilla, my breath died away. At last I rose, and staggered as I walked to the door, for I was light of head. "Oh, Father, bear with me one day. Let me nurse my pain all alone, and in the morning I will come to thee and tell thee, if I have the courage.

Father," I said, "the fear of the Inquisition is nothing to me when I think of my darling suffering the death. Fear doth not move me one inch, nor threats a step. But I do love my God, my king, and my church; for these I will suffer as much as I can bear; for these I will do all that I can do. Give me till to-morrow's sun."

"Till to-morrow's sun," said he, solemnly;
"I grant thy weak request. And God have mercy upon thy soul!"

I left him then and went my way. And it seemed that I had left with him the young Garcilaso, for I felt strange and old.

CHAPTER XIII

FOR LIFE OR DEATH

I had a brief interview with old Pulgar when I dared to trust myself with him. "Why, my Lord Captain," cried I, in the bitterness of my soul, "why didst thou force Petonilla to confess her heresy? Why bring that letter, and break my spirit?"

"Not to break thy spirit," said the gruff old warrior, "but to save thee from hell and treason. I love thee, Garcias, and rather than see thee wedded to an enemy of thy church and king, I would lay thee low with my own hand. I love thee, and thy honor is dear to me."

"Now God forgive me," cried I, "that I hate thee for what thou hast done!"

"Hate thy fill; but this I know, that I have saved thee, Garcias. And the time will come—the time will come when thou wilt bless the name of Hernando Perez del Pulgar for that letter!"

"Never, never," cried I; "I swear it on my soul."

"Garcias, thou art mad from love. But love is of a day; the day passeth by, and with it passeth the love that its sun shone upon. And when that love hath lost its fury, and grown cold and dead, then the soul awakes, and it perceiveth that it was greater than the past love, and that it hath room to home many a brave purpose and honest delight. I have loved, Garcias, and I mind the time when I thought that love was my life. But behold, I live, I am a leader of men, I pass to and fro as happy as another, but I love not. For what I thought was my all in all, my breath, my being, was naught but a small thing, so near, indeed, that it hid the heavens and the earth. But when love dropped from mine eyes, behold the heavens, behold the earth!"

"It may be so with thee," said I, "but Garcilaso loveth for all time. Enough of that; thou canst not enter my soul. Grant me a promise; keep secret the fatal errors of Petonilla, keep secret that she is of the Vaudois, until to-morrow's sun. Father Pedro hath given me till then to reflect upon my fate and hers. As yet he knoweth not who hath won my heart." So Pulgar promised. And he would have taken me

in his arms for an embrace, but I could not. I could not even take his hand. And yet in my soul I knew he loved me, and had done all things for his love. And I knew that he was a lonely old man, and had grown to depend upon my company, and to consider me as a son; but I could not; I would have pleased him if I could.

Now that day I spoke to none other, for I was in the mountains. But as night drew on, I knew what I had to do. And when it was quite dark, I rode slowly toward our encampment, and drew rein before the pavilion of Petonilla. The soft music of the serenade made the air sad and sweet. The gleam of blue and yellow and red and purple, as lights flashed from silken tents, added the needed touch of beauty to my sorrow to make its tragedy complete. My poor horse drooped his head when I dismounted, for I had used him ill. I had not thought of him, for grief makes a cruel master. It seemed that he scarce could stand. Therefore I turned him loose, thinking he would go to his stall, and scarce caring if he went amiss; for nothing would matter to me after to-morrow's sun.

I was conducted to the reception-room, where I paced up and down a long and tedious hour, and it seemed that Petonilla would never come. There was a little breeze, and it moved the tent-walls in gentle undulations. The light rose and fell fitfully. From far up the street came the sound of loud, wild laughter, and when it died away, strains from sweet instruments filled the pause. A belated cavalier clattered by, then suddenly all was still, for it grew late.

At last Petonilla came, dressed all in black, and she was not attended; for well she knew she was in deadly peril, and to our interview there must be no listeners. We made to each other no sign of greeting. Her first words were: "I was seeking slumber, cavalier, but it hid itself, and as I tossed restlessly, word came of thy visit. I hurried to prepare myself for thy reception, but after that I waited to make sure that my maidens had all gone to rest. Forgive this delay."

I sought to say something, but my words died in my throat. I cast my eyes upon the ground.

[&]quot;My letter reached thee safely," she said.

- "Through Don Pulgar," I answered.
- "It was a gay tournament," said Petonilla.
- "Gay?" said I, not knowing what I said.
- "My colors won," she said.
- "Petonilla, Petonilla, thou hast broken my heart."
 - "What have I done, my lord?"
- "What hast thou done? Alas! thou hast deceived me, played with me, betrayed me."
 - "Thou deceivest thyself, my lord."
- "Petonilla, fairest, and most untrue! why were thy lips sealed as touching thy heresy? Why didst thou keep silence when I spoke of the faith? That evening we sat among the ruins of Zubia—ah, heaven! what thoughts, what dreams were mine with thee beside me! Petonilla, when we spoke of the Vaudois of Piedmont, and when I cried out that would to God they were all slain, why didst not tell me what thou wert?"
 - "I was afraid, my lord."
- "Afraid! Thou wert afraid in the presence of my true and holy passion! Well wert thou afraid! The love I felt for thee was spotless as the light in Paradise. In the presence of that

affection, thou didst well to be afraid—thou, a traitor, a heretic!"

"As thou believest, I am both," she said. "Well, dost thou despise me because I was afraid? I am but a woman."

"Ah," said I, "if thou wert but a woman! But more art thou, a heretic, full of deadly doctrine and impious contempt of the holy church. What now is my duty, Petonilla?"

"Thy duty, my lord?"

"Ay, my bounden duty. Thou hatest the church, the bride of the Blessed Savior, thou dishonorest the Holy Mother of God. The blessed Pope hath commanded a crusade of extermination against all thy people. My king hath commanded his subjects to give up all heretics. My father confessor hath charged me to surrender thee. What is my duty, Petonilla?"

"What is mine offense?" said she. "I have harmed no man, I have taught no one my doctrine, I love thy God and thy Savior; and my hope, as thine, is to enter heaven at the final day, and to live forever with the saints."

"Petonilla," I answered, "thy hope is a delusion; and while thou livest in it, thou art

a rebel to heaven. Petonilla, if thou didst indeed love my God and my Savior, thou wouldst obey with gladness the blessed Pope, who alone knoweth the will of God. The Pope declareth the oracles of God; the Pope saith not his thoughts, but the thoughts that heaven sends to him. What then? Is he not as an angel from above bearing precious words? What the church commands is what God commands."

"Of what use, then, is the Bible?" said she; "for could not your Pope do without it?"

"Petonilla, what the church commands, God commands. It is God who commands me to give thee up to the Inquisition. Petonilla, it is the will of heaven. And by to-morrow's sun thou shalt be surrendered to the Holy Office."

"And thou wilt give me up-thou?"

"I, even I. For though I love thee with fierce passion, I will be true to my God, if it kill me."

"Thinkest thou, Don Garcilaso, that it is true to him to be false to me?"

"How false? In what am I false to thee?"

"In that thou saidst thou didst love me, Garcias."

"I loved thee, Petonilla, with every thought.

I loved thee, and I love thee now, and what I could do for thee I would; but prove traitor to God and the king I cannot."

"Garcias, Garcias," said she, and she fell upon her knees before me, so that I was forced to see her face (for all this time I had looked fixedly upon the ground), "hast thou considered my fate? How at the best they will bind my hands and feet to heavy beams, how they will strip me and lash me with cruel thongs; how they will force the beams apart till my bones are pulled from the sockets; how they will cut my flesh with knives and burn it with hot irons in slow torture; how they will draw forth my hair, my teeth, and how all this will be the best they can do to me?"

I have said Petonilla was dressed all in black. As I now looked down upon her white face, and upon her white hands and arms, so white for the black attire, like unto marble, the pity of it came to me anew, for it was not a fresh thought, but the agony of all that day. And I fell down upon my knees before her, even as she knelt; and if her face was wild and pitiful, I know mine

was gaunt and terrible with my suffering. And, "Oh, Petonilla, what can I do?" I wailed; "what can I do? And think not but every pain that afflicts thee will draw anguish from my soul. Thou little one! and must this punishment be thine? But oh, my darling, thou wilt recant, thou wilt say the Credo, thou wilt be converted!"

"I know not how much I can bear," said she, "but while I can endure I will be true to my faith. Shouldst thou ever see me again, Garcias, I will not be as I am now; for my limbs will be broken, my flesh burnt and torn away. If thou ever seest me again, it will be at the auto da fé, and at the stake."

To think of those perfect arms, those little hands and feet, being burned with irons and torn with sharp hooks—to think of that fair and pure face becoming livid and shriveled up with torture—and yet of what else had I thought all that day, and all the night before! "Ah, Petonilla," cried I, "thy little body is as dear to me as my own flesh; thy person is sacred to me, from this dear foot" (and I bent down and I did kiss that little foot as it was extended behind her upon

the ground) "to this fair brow" (and I saluted her forehead). Yes, I had thought of all this before—of her suffering; but it was different with her before me, pulsating with life, and every curve of her form crying for mercy.

She strained her eyes upon my face in her wild terror, and at my kiss no blush visited her. "Garcias, I have spoken of the best that can befall me in the Inquisition. But I must speak on, and I will, for thou art a knight, and thou wilt think no harm of words that mean no evil. Garcias, I had friends among the Jews. There were three maidens, daughters of an old man, Korah. They were beautiful girls."

"Alas, alas!" cried I. "But, Petonilla, was their beauty a virtue? I can but consider their fatal religion. Oh, that God would blind me to thy charms, to thine exquisite fairness, poor child!"

"But wait," she said, in a voice that thrilled me with horror. "Listen while I tell thee. Those three damsels were seized upon and taken to the Inquisition. They were not tortured, Garcias; their fatal beauty was not marred—ah, woe is me! And to-day they are imprisoned in a certain keep, where they form part of a degraded and wretched harem. Garcias, Garcias, I shall go mad!'

Then in a flash, quick as the stroke of a Christian, there rose before me, I know not why, the face and the eyes, ay, the eyes, of Father Pedro. "By heaven, it shall never be!" I cried, leaping to my feet. As I stood I reeled blindly. Then it seemed that my eyes were full of fire. The light burned blood-red and the curtains were red, and the face of Petonilla seemed stained with blood. And a voice whispered, then shrieked within me, "Kill, kill!" I tore my dagger from my side and seized Petonilla by the shoulder. She did not tremble. I know not what I would have done, for my reason had fled quite from me, and I was insane from agony.

But suddenly my arm was caught in a powerful grasp, and a voice said in my ear, "Thou villain!"

"Herbert, Herbert," I cried, wildly. "Oh, Herbert, what shall I do?" For it was as if I realized what I would have done in a dream. I fell down and clasped Petonilla about the knees.

"Oh, Petonilla, what was it? Did I threaten thee, my life's only treasure, my heart's only desire? Would I have wounded thee, have struck thee? Petonilla, did I hold the dagger to take thy life? But it was to save thee—I know not what it meant, only this, that what I meant for thee I meant for myself."

Then did Petonilla first lay her hand upon my head, and then did she put both arms about my neck, and she kissed me upon the forehead, and she said, "I understood thee, Garcias."

I rose and held out my arms to Herbert. "My friend, God bless thee, as I do from my soul, for coming at that moment. I know not what might have happened," I said, "but my madness is gone, and my love for thee is the love of a lonely man who hath but one friend."

Then Herbert Klein drew back, and he looked at me coldly, and he said: "Enough, Don Garcilaso de la Vega; hear me. The spies of the Inquisition are coming. Without is my good horse—no time to lose! From the moment thou readst that letter I knew what thou wouldst do, my Lord of Bartras. I knew thee, a Catholic! Nay, but though I thought thou wouldst

give her up to Torquemada, I could not think thou wouldst have taken her life. I have prepared a hiding-place. I shall bear Petonilla away, and where we go no one can follow. So do thy worst, Señor Cavalier, do thy worst. But if thou seekest to stop me, thou who didst save my life, I will lay thee at my feet. Murderer, stand back!" Then he turned to Petonilla. "Come, here is thy only chance of life, thy only hope to preserve thy honor. Quick! Soon Father Pedro will be upon the way."

He caught her hand, and tried to run with her to the entrance. I stood as if turned to stone. She snatched away her hand, and faced him. "It is better," she said, "to fall into the hands of real enemies than into the hands of pretended friends. What I may expect from the Inquisition I know. But what I may expect from thee, my lord, is known only to Korah and his three daughters. Thou hast done ill, Señor Klein de Metz, in checking the dagger of thy friend. He would have saved my honor, and I believe God would have saved my soul."

"Nay, nay, Petonilla," I cried out; "think not thus of Herbert. I swear to thee that he is

thy true friend. Upon my soul, he will not betray thee."

"It is well for thee to trust him," said she, bitterly; "but I have known him put to the test."

"I care not if thou trust me or no," said the German, quietly; "but this I know, that I will take thee hence to safety; willing, if may be, and if not, against thy will." So saying, he turned about and dashed from the tent. Petonilla stood looking at me, knowing not what to think.

"Go with him, fair lady," I urged, "for it is thine only hope. And I cannot endure that thou entreatest him so hardly; for he is welldeserving."

Before she could answer, Herbert rode his horse into the tent. He drew up beside her. "Dear my lady," he said, bending down that he might extend to her his hand, "put thy foot upon mine, and spring up with my help, for as God lives, I am thy true knight, though still uncrowned."

She shrank back and stood beside me. She laid one hand upon my arm. "I will abide with Garcilaso," she said, "for he will never let me

be dishonored. But thou, Senor Herbert Klein, thou with thy fair words and treacherous deeds art not to be trusted with the all that a maiden hath. Thou wert Korah's friend; thou gavest him up to the Inquisition. Thou wert the friend of his three daughters; thou didst turn them over to the mercies of venomous priests, that they may enjoy their youth and beauty until they grow old; then the torture, the stake. And now thou art my friend.' Suddenly she laid her other hand upon my dagger as it still quivered in my grasp, and she said, "But here is a better friend than thou, my lord, and this cavalier will not keep it from my protection."

Herbert dismounted and approached me, and I never thought to see his face so moved, or his actions so like those of men of fire and noble eagerness. "Garcilaso," he cried, as he put a hand upon my arm, while Petonilla still clung to the other, "speak the words I cannot say, speak the words that will save this lady; for as God lives, the spies of the Inquisition will be here in a very few moments, with thy cursed Father Pedro at their head. They are upon the way, I know. Oh, in God's name, delay no longer!

Not for my sake, my Lord of Bartras, not because I love her, not because her cruel words strike like poisoned arrows into my heart, not because thou hast been my friend, Garcias. Oh, no, but for her sake, so she will trust me, and go with me to freedom. Speak the truth and clear me from her cruel thoughts."

"Petonilla," I said, slowly-for though the need was great, to tell her quickly was more than I was able. "Petonilla-" I paused. That name, ah, how dear it was to me! And how my whole being was lifted up to feel her hand in trust upon my arm! She had come to meto me-to defend her from Herbert. She had come to me as a little child, in all innocence and purity and steadfastness of a noble mind. "Petonilla, thou art wrong." I paused again. Then I knew I could not go on with her hand touching me. I took it gently and placed it at her side, and stepped back. "Petonilla, it was I who delivered Korah and his daughters to the Inquisition. Now go with Herbert, for that was not his doing."

"Ah, Garcias," said she, "wouldst malign thyself for the benefit of thy friend?"

"Not so, Petonilla. Herbert refused to disclose the whereabouts of the daughters, and as for the old Jew Korah, Herbert hid him in his baggage. The iniquisitors were about to drag away Herbert to the Inquisition. But I had grown to like this German; and being a true Catholic, I hated all Jews, male or female. So I uncovered Korah and told where his daughters lay hidden, and thus saved Herbert's life. For I did not know thee then, Petonilla, nor if Korah and his daughters were aught to thee. And what they are to thee, I know not. But they were Jews, and I a Christian. I speak not to excuse myself, Petonilla, but that thou mayest know Herbert is a true friend. I know I speak words that kill in thy soul that liking for me which, methinks, was about to burst into bloom. But enough. Trust Herbert, and be saved."

Then I turned to my friend, and said: "Thy hand, Herbert." He did not take my hand, but put his arms about me in a swift embrace. And when he turned about, there was Petonilla, kneeling at his feet. And upon her face there was a look such as I had never seen in all my life. I saw her lips move, but there was no

sound of words. And she stretched up her arms to him, then in the next moment drew them back as if she were ashamed, and folded them upon her bosom, and hung her head. Quick as the stroke of a Christian, Herbert lifted her up in his arms, as if her weight had been light as a thought of childhood; and he set her upon his horse, then sprang before, and made as if to ride forth.

And, "My Lord of Bartras," said Petonilla, looking down upon me, "I enter into thy character and motives, so that I am enabled to forgive thy cruelty to my old friends, and to love thee for thy faithfulness to thy friend. Here is my hand. Think well of me. And as for Petonilla, she will always be proud of this truth, that once Garcilaso loved her."

Then she gave her hand, and I did kiss it tenderly. And I did look into her face with all the intensity of my soul, to stamp for the last time her image upon my heart. While still I gazed, in ran one of Herbert's Moorish slaves, and, "Oh, my master!" cried he, "the priests have discovered the cave which thou preparedst for the hiding-place."

"Is it so?" cried Herbert. "Then, alas, Petonilla, I know not what to do. But let us away. Perchance in some wise we may escape. Nay, we must—"

That sentence never reached its close; for, following the quick motion of his slave, he saw, and we all saw, three horsemen at the tent entrance. One of them was Father Pedro. The other two were officers of the holy brotherhood.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION

Ay, there at the tent-entrance sat those three horsemen, grim and terrible, with the gloom of a clouded night for their background. In them I saw typified all the vengeance and justice of the Inquisition, and for once in his life-let me alone say the words—Garcilaso was afraid. But one quick glance did Herbert dart over his shoulder as still he held dear Petonilla before him upon the saddle; then he turned about that they might not see his face; and he seemed to droop his head in earnest thought, though the moment was crying for a deed. The lamp-light flared and sent the shadow of Herbert's horse dancing up and down the silken curtains of the tent. Father Pedro sat with his eyes fastened upon the form of Petonilla. He was very still and calm, and a smile played about his even-shaven lips. He was in no hurry. Did not he and his companions block in the game? And so he drank slowly his cup of victory.

"Well, Garcilaso," said the holy man, in a tone long-drawn and smooth as oil, "so this is thy heretic! And it is Señorita Fontane! And thou hast set her upon a horse, bidding this knight carry her hence? Nay, this were not well. For shame, Señor de Vega! Where is thy love for the church and thy zeal for thy king? Give over, give over this trifling. But tell me, my son, who is your accomplice in this diabolical conspiracy? Who is this unknown with the straight back and drooping head?" For Herbert had attired him in an unusual suit, so that he could not be known unless his face were scanned. Now I answered never a word, but stared, cold with dread, at the curtain-wall, whereon the shadows played. And Herbert moved not. But Petonilla quivered from head to foot.

"Enough," said Father Pedro, suddenly. "The play is over!" And turning to the inquisitors, he said, still in his even, gentle voice, "Ride forward and take him. And the girl!"

Father Pedro held his horse against the exit of the tent, perchance fearing Herbert would wheel and seek to make a dash for freedom.

Then the inquisitors, zealous for their king and God, with drawn swords, urged their horses upon the German.

Then Herbert cried out, sharply, "Zagal!" It was the name of his Moorish slave, who, it might be, could think of some way to aid him. At least so it seemed to me-a cry for help. But first his mind was to help himself. He drew his glittering blade, quick as the stroke of a Christian. The holy men checked their steeds to await the attack. But Herbert, instead of turning to face them, rode straight toward the opposite side of the tent, and scarce pausing, slit with his rapier the silken curtain above his head, then down either side; and thus he made an opening, for the curtain fell down before him, and the black sky looked into our faces. Then he leaped his horse over the low barrier that still remained, for he could not reach to the ground with his blade, and we had one glimpse of his fleeting form, and of the flying draperies of Petonilla. The next instant we were surrounded by intense darkness, for the Moorish slave had overturned and extinguished the lamp.

When the holy men comprehended the meaning of the scene they had witnessed, they drove home their spurs and started in pursuit. They gave no thought to me. One of the horsemen sped swiftly after the fugitives. The second was thrown to the ground, for his horse stumbled over the curtain that stretched across the opening. Father Pedro dashed around the tent, and so after Herbert and Petonilla. Now, God and St. James and the Holy Mother be with the German! thought I, and I made what haste I could to preserve myself. Alas, and alas! Into what a plight had I fallen! And now the heavens witnessed Garcilaso seeking to hide from the eyes of men. I had no other thought but that of flight. What I would do upon the morrow, how I might fashion my after life, what could give me happiness even if I escaped—of all this I thought nothing. Only this I felt: that I had aided a heretic to escape, and therefore, if found, I should be burned at the stake. For well I knew Father Pedro would never forgive my part in his defeat. So I did not venture near my tent, but sped abroad, crouching close to the ground.

But at last a thought came to me, a clear, bright, crystal thought. If I could reach the queen, might not all be well? Would she not forgive? And if Father Pedro found me, she would never know her cavalier had fallen! I turned about, I crept along the fortifications. Now the beat of hurrying hoofs drew near, and I crouched low in a ravine. I was near the queen's pavilion. A little more and I might have fallen at her feet. But the horse was near at hand. It was checked for a brief time, then it thundered away. I held my breath, and seemed to see Father Pedro creeping toward me with a dagger in his grasp. Then other horses were to be heard. They drew close, then circled wide away. There were footsteps near me. A stone was dislodged and rolled against my knee. The dust scattered like fine rain. Garments rustled near. I heard a panting breath. Some one was coming toward me as if he had eyes for the blackest gloom. But suddenly he stopped. Nay, they stopped, for there were two.

"Rest here," said a voice. My heart leaped.

"Is that the queen's pavilion?" came another voice. That was Petonilla! I could have

reached through the thicket and touched her skirt. I made no sound.

"Ay," said Herbert. "Petonilla, if I did not wisely in dismounting and turning free my horse, I meant it for the best."

"I know," said Petonilla, "that thou ever meanest for the best."

"Ay," said the German, in his imperturbable tone; "when thou art told so!"

"Herbert!" It was all she said, so low, so soft, and so accusing that my heart was touched. I thought she would not have had another know that she used that tone to any man. And so I did not tell her that another had heard the beat of her heart.

"They will follow the riderless horse," said Herbert. They spoke very low, so that sometimes I was obliged to guess a word or substitute one (that may very well have been a better). "When they overtake it, and find us not, they will have been led far away. And so, Señorita Fontane, I hope yet to get thee safe through the night."

"Herbert," said she, "what else could I think?"

"What else but what?" said he, coldly.

"I left Korah in thy charge, Herbert, and he had told thee of his three daughters. Then I heard of their fearful fate, and I was told thou gavest up the poor old Jew—gavest him up to the rack. What else could I think, Herbert? How could I know that the Spaniard Garcilaso, with a Spaniard's cunning, had delivered them to save thee?"

Yes, she called it cunning, not religion, not patriotism, not fidelity to a friend, but a Spaniard's cunning! They were her words.

"Petonilla," said Herbert, all unmoved, "if I should lead thee any bright morning to look at the glowing sun, and should tell thee, 'See, my lady, how glooms the night!" wouldst thou swear the sun out of the sky? So I would laugh if any one, I care not who, should point at Petonilla and cry a cloud upon her bright purity. But it was well for thee to doubt me. What else couldst thou do but think me false? What indeed! For if thou hadst loved me, Petonilla, then had it been a different matter. Do I blame thee, Señorita Fontane? Have I cast one reproach? Not I. For well I know, my lady,

that it was Garcilaso, and not I, who held thy heart in the golden net of love."

"Never, Herbert, never!"

"Never, my lady? What then? Where was thy love for me when doubt of me crouched in thy soul?"

"Indeed, my lord, there had been no word of that between thee and me."

"No word, it is true. Words are for those who seek knowledge; but having gained it, wherefore veil its holy light with the cloud of speech? Thou knewest well that I loved thee; but well I knew the time of love had not come to thee, therefore I was content to wait. But what do I say? Nay, I thought the time had come to thee! I thought my heart thine open book, and its reading thy delight. But man has two mysteries, the events that are hidden behind the curtain of the future, and the thoughts that lie behind a maiden's brow."

"Herbert," said Petonilla, "if there is for thee a mystery behind my brow, ask it away, and all my thoughts and hopes, to their utmost bound, will lie open before thee."

Then he said: "On the day of the great

tournament, when I lifted thy colors from the dust, and did fight for them, and did kneel to thee for to be crowned, wherefore didst thou shrink away?"

"Alas, dear my lord! I thought thee false to Korah and to me. Oh, why dost thou compel me to speak these words?"

"Thou didst me a cruel wrong, Petonilla."

"Alas—" I heard her weeping.

The German spoke, and he seemed as cold and heartless as a man of ice. "Make good that wrong, Petonilla. Sue my forgiveness."

There was a pause, and then she said: "And must I ask thee in so many words, Herbert, to forgive? Is all that I have said in vain? What! Canst thou desire me to humble myself more than I am humbled?"

"I desire it," he said, utterly unmoved. Oh, how in his place I would have taken Petonilla in my arms! My blood boiled in a fury against that insolent German. My hand sought my sword.

"Hark!" said Petonilla.

"It was nothing," said Herbert.

There was a pause, and then I heard her

voice, tremulous and low: "Good my lord, I humbly beg thee to forgive me for that I doubted thy goodness and fidelity. Thy pardon I implore, for in my thought I did thee a grievous wrong, without full certainty of a right to doubt thine honor. So I pray thee take me back once more in thy regard, and as thou didst kneel to me for my favor that day, I kneel to thee this night for no less a cause."

If I could have seen her there in the dust, humiliated and dejected, I fear me much my blade would have found a German heart. But in the gloom I could see not so much as the pale blur of her face. Now I heard the German speak:

"Petonilla, where is thy hand? Here. Knowest thou this object? It is the faded and worn wreath, which my heart has kept warm since it left thy fingers to fall upon the ground. Take it, Petonilla, and crown me now. Crown me thy knight, thy cavalier, thy true lover. Rise, Petonilla; thy petition is all granted. Rise and crown me, and be this a token that thou hast crowned me with thy love."

Scarcely had the words left his lips when a

sudden and blinding glare shone forth upon the night. As in an instant—it seemed incredible, the result of an evil word of enchantment—the queen's pavilion shot up a great sheet of flame. At the same moment a neighboring silken tent blazed fiercely. Other fires shone forth. In the white light that flooded the ravine I saw Petonilla standing, and Herbert kneeling at her feet. She held the withered wreath in her hands, but her face was turned toward the raging fire, and terror shone where love, perchance, had been banished. In an instant the air was rent with wild screams, frantic tramping of frenzied horses, and hoarse, quick calls. This was that terrible conflagration which destroyed in a short time all the beautiful but unsubstantial city of silk.

You must often have read of that dreadful fire, which as in a moment wrecked the harvest of years; how precious stuffs passed away in smoke, and gold and silver melted in ruinous waste; how the flames leaped to the very heavens; and how the walls of distant Granada were crowned by myriad heads, as awakened Moors looked across the Vega, and stared dumb and motionless, not knowing what to think. Yes, there

may be books printed which have no mention of Garcilaso (such as a dictionary I wot of, by one Karl Reuchlin—a work of ignorance, prejudice, and partiality), but no book telling of those days omits the chance of a chapter upon the burning of the city of tents.

I thought not of my property endangered, for I was an outlaw, whose very right of life was forfeited because I had aided a heretic. Herbert and Petonilla did not see me. They turned from that scene of confusion and terror, and sped away, her hand in his. Soon other forms darted beside them, and they were lost in a crowd of men and women fleeing from the fire. Riderless horses thundered by, and wagons, driven recklessly, rattled down the ravines, and groaned at the steep ascents. The lash of the whip, the clatter of ill-adjusted armor, the shrill and eager voices, made one's blood thrill with the excitement that leaps within when a great fire turns night to day, that the earth may see the ruin it is effecting.

I fled from that scene—from that conflagration, the cause of which was never known. I joined the panic-stricken multitude, and by them

was borne far over the Vega. But when I thought to separate myself from the rest and seek a hiding-place, behold, three men were behind me, and not by accident! Yes, I had been followed! They laid their hands upon me. The thought of the Inquisition made me desperate, and one of them fell at my feet. But the other two threw themselves upon me, and I was borne to the ground. I saw the face of Father Pedro, then saw no more, for a blackness fell upon my brain. And when I came back to the world, it was in a dream, for I thought I saw Petonilla. And I thought she, with her own dear hands, was laying a wreath upon my headno faded garland, but a circlet of fragrant and dewy flowers. I tried to reach forth my arms to her, but I could not. And so I awoke, and knew that I was bound hand and foot, a prisoner of the Inquisition.

CHAPTER XV

PRISONERS OF THE INQUISITION

Alas, and alas! Not for the brow of Garcilaso was that fresh and dewy garland of his dreams. Not for him was the tender care of Petonilla.

For behold, I found myself tossed to and fro in a rude wagon, my hands and feet bound securely, a cloth tied across my mouth lest I cry out. A white tent-cloth lay over me so those who passed could not see within the wagon, or know what manner of burden it carried. Through the covering I saw a dull red glow, and that was from the fire. So I was driven, with never a word, forward and forward through the gloom. I saw the red glow dying away, whereby I knew I was faring far from the camp; and I saw yet more clearly, though not with bodily eye, the grim towers, the relentless walls, of the Inquisition. How long my journey lasted I know not, nor do I clearly remember what happened on the way. I think my faculties had been blunted by some powerful drug.

At last we came to the Inquisition, and I was bestowed in a dark dungeon, and the world knew it not. For there was evidence to show (and this was by the subtlety of Father Pedro) that I had met my death in the flames of my tent. So all who knew me mourned for me as dead. Thus I lost the place, and it was no small one, that I had held in the world.

What torture was mine as I lay in that slimy keep. For my thoughts were not with me, they were with Petonilla. Ah, what had been her fate? How could Herbert, a mere German, deliver her, when I, a Spaniard and a hidalgo, had been outwitted by a priest? Could he hope, with his slow mind and cold heart, to hide my darling, that marvel of beauty, Dona Petonillacould he hide her from the vigilance of all Spain? He was but a German, a reader, a man of thought. Nay, even now, so I mused, he must be a captive. Perchance he lieth in this very castle; it may be he is in a dungeon next to mine. And Petonilla? She is so beautiful, how may she hide? For all the world has eyes, and is looking for a pretty face. All the world? Ay, more; the Inquisition which rules the world,

it has demanded her body that it may redeem her soul. Has Father Pedro found her yet? Has he laid his hand upon her and claimed her for his victim, that heresy may receive a wound and God an honor? Is she indeed in his hands?

You will say there is no agony like the agony of the rack. But I tell you there is no torture like the torture of fear to a helpless mind. I lay for days in that dungeon without food or drink. My strength wasted away. In my feverish dreams I heard only the ripple of cool waters. But worse than all was the fear that Petonilla—nay, fear checked the thought that fear had started into being.

At last the day came when I stood before my judges. I was commanded to confess.

"What shall I confess?" asked Garcilaso. He was startled at the sound of his voice, it was so weak, so little worthy the spirit of a brave knight. He stood blinking in the sudden glare of light, a miserable figure, helpless save for his will of iron.

The holy men consulted their papers. Then the zealous Inquisitor-General, that keen sword in the hand of the blessed church, that man of wrath who let loose the vengeance of God upon all heretics whenever they lifted up their horns he, Thomas de Torquemada, asked this question, "Where is she?"

"Who?" asked Garcilaso. But his heart sang within him, as sings heaven-born gratitude, born with so sweet a voice it hath no need to learn the notes of music.

"Thou hast been accused," said he. "Clear thyself."

"Of what have I been accused?" inquired Garcilaso.

"So thou art obdurate?" he said, coldly.

"Nay, my Lord President, I pray thee state my crime, that I may know how to defend myself."

"Truth," said he—"truth and virtue need not to be shown how to defend themselves. Then thou art guilty?"

"Nay, my lord; I am a true Catholic."

"A true Catholic, prisoner?"

"Ay, by the Blessed Virgin!" and he said the Credo.

"Thou hast concealed a heretic," he said, never showing the least passion in his tones.

"Not I, my lord; never have I done so."

Garcilaso was in despair at this coldness, this merciless contempt. "I pray thee state mine offense, Señor President, that I may show thee how false it is. Never have I hidden any heretic, and never have I been untrue to my faith."

"Prisoner, why art thou here?" he demanded.

"Father Pedro brought me."

"Ah! So thou knowest thine accuser? Well, then, dost thou accuse him of falsehood? Dost thou charge thy father confessor with conspiracy?"

"I accuse him of nothing," said Garcilaso.

"How then?" said Torquemada; "either thou accusest him of a lie, or admittest that he hath accused thee with truth."

"Alas! Señor President, I know not what he hath said against me; I know not if he be true."

"So thou art guilty, prisoner?"

"My lord, who is not guilty before God? But I am guilty of nothing against the Inquisition, and against the church."

[&]quot;Then thou wilt not give her up?"

[&]quot;Sir, I know not where any heretic may be."

[&]quot;It is thy purpose, then, to adhere to thine obstinacy?"

"In a word, then, thou wilt not give her up?"

"If thou speakest of a heretic, Señor, I swear to thee by the Holy Cross, that I do not know where a single heretic is, man or woman, in the whole world."

"Dost thou not know where Petonilla is?"

"I do not."

"Dost thou not know where she intended to go?"

"I do not, by St. James."

"Dost thou not know who bare her away upon his horse, the night of the great conflagration?"

Garcilaso said no word. Torquemada turned to his familiars. "The torture," he said.

They dragged me into another room—a slimy, horrible place, the floor stained with blood. The air was hideous with screams, for there were three Jews being tortured all at the same time, in different ways. And I too was tortured, but never a sound escaped my lips. So at last I fainted, and I was unbound, and the iron cap unscrewed from about my head. The familiars dragged me back before Torquemada, who sat as impassive as a man of stone.

"Wilt thou confess?" he asked, not raising his voice.

"As touching what?" I asked. He did not hear me, for my voice seemed to have been crushed within me in the agony.

"Prisoner, thou knowest who carried Petonilla away. Who was it? Speak, and save thyself!"

I made no answer.

"Speak, prisoner, and thou shalt have thy freedom. Speak, and thou shalt feel no more pain. Speak, tell his name, the knight's name, the heretic's name; for since he saved a heretic, he is a heretic."

I was silent.

The Inquisitor-General turned to his servants. "The torture," he said; "and see that ye do your work better."

Now when for the second time I was tortured, it was not long before a great scream burst from my throat, though I had thought to die before I would cry out. But flesh would not bear more. Yet again I refused to tell who had delivered Petonilla. Then I was taken to another dungeon, and here there was a lamp burning; and I was suffered to sink upon the

ground, while the familiars left me. I was not alone, for an old man lay upon the naked earth shivering with the cold; and he was completely stripped of his clothing. He raised his haggard face and gave me a searching look. His body was horrible from wounds, and his limbs were broken. He was chained by one arm to the wall, and before him was a plate of fresh food; but it was just beyond his reach. For a while I could think only of my own sufferings; for though I have disdained to describe the mode of my torture, and the agonies I experienced, yet I would have you know that they were all I could have borne, else should I have been tortured a third time. But at last my pain seemed to grow numb, as if the flesh had become dead to pain, and then I looked sadly upon the naked and broken old man.

"I know not who thou art," said I, "but thou art cold, and I can give thee warmth." So saying, I took from me my cloak, and dragged myself to him upon my hands. I could not stand; for my feet were swollen. Then a voice, a clear, cold voice, was heard in the chamber, saying, "He is a Jew!"

I looked above, and on every side, but I could not tell whence the voice had come. And I looked at the old man and shuddered, for he was a heretic, and did scorn the Blessed Jesus, and I knew that not for him were the delights of heaven. I thought how he was an enemy of God, and how the blessed Pope had commanded us to shun and hate all such. So I folded my cloak about me and drew back.

The old man had never taken his eyes from my face, and now I noticed how they burned. He spoke, saying, "Garcilaso!"

I was amazed that he knew me.

"Garcilaso," said he—and weak and shivering as he was, his voice rang loud and strong—"God is good, and he has permitted me to see thee here before I die!"

"Who art thou, who art thou, old Jew?" I said.

"I am Korah; and it was thou, it was thou, Sir Knight, who delivered me up to the inquisitors. It is thou whom I must thank for all my misery. For worse than this I thank thee! For thou it was who didst reveal where my three daughters were hid, woe is me! And now they are the sport and the shame of Christians. I

thank thee, Garcilaso! But, thank God, I have seen thy sufferings, I have seen thy captivity! Now I can die!"

The horror of it came upon me, and, "God forgive me," I cried, "that I gave thee up!"

"He will not forgive thee, no, no, no; call not upon God, for he will not hear thee!"

Now when I looked upon his sores and reflected that I had been the cause of them, it seemed that I could not remember he was a heretic, for the thought slipped from me. And thinking of his daughters, I remembered Petonilla. I crawled to where he lay. "Poor old man," said I, "for every wound upon thy body I could weep—ah, wretched Garcilaso! I know thou canst not forgive me, and having no right to ask it, I ask not thy forgiveness. Hate me, poor Korah, for thy sake, and for thy daughters' sake, but suffer me to wrap my cloak about thee." And I did, for his shuddering was pitiful to see. He turned his eyes away, nor would he look upon me, but the warmth that came to him from my garment he could not reject, for his spirit was stronger than his poor body. The cloak came below his knees, but his feet, bloody and torn, were cold like ice. And I took them and put them in my bosom, and folded my arms about them; and he did not seek to draw back. And presently, indeed, he turned his head and looked to where I lay, and said he, "Why dost thou treat me thus, after giving me over to Torquemada?"

"I am a different man from what I was that day, Korah; I am a different man, for I have suffered."

"And why hast thou, a proud Spaniard, suffered? What hast thou done, to receive thy just punishment?"

"It is but this, Korah, that I will not tell who has carried Petonilla away to safety."

Again that mysterious voice sounded in the chamber, "Garcilaso, beware!"

"And never will I reveal the name of Petonilla's hero!" I cried out; "never, never, for first will I perish at the stake! Torture cannot wring my secret from me! Thank God, Korah, thank God! Petonilla is safe. And though I did not hide her, nor have anything to do with her rescue, by St. James! I will not betray the one who saved her."

"Is it so?" asked the old man, in a changed voice. "Is it so, and thou a Christian?"

"In so far I am a rebel to the church," I said. "But let it be. The church never pardons, but I am weak, I am but what I am. God who made me knoweth mine imperfections, and if he made me amiss, he will not expect from me perfect works. By my soul, Korah, I believe there is no room in hell for a heart that hath shown mercy; and though I must groan in Purgatory a thousand years for thee and for Petonilla, I swear I will not reveal who stole her away, and I swear before all the saints (let them make of it what they may) that I will love thee as far as thou mayest permit."

"Why, now, Garcilaso," said he, "love me, I pray thee, if thou art able. But can a Christian love a Jew?"

"Not as a Christian and not as a Jew," I answered. "And I know not how, but in some wise I find that I can love thee. For would I hold thy feet at my breast if I despised thee? But, Korah, here is food; art thou not hungry?"

"Garcilaso, I starve," said he. Then I pushed the plate close beside him.

For the third time that mysterious voice sounded in our ears, and now I perceived that it came through an opening in the ceiling: "Garcilaso, if thou givest food to the heretic, never shalt thou taste food again!"

Then Korah made for to push it from him, but I bade him eat, and I said we two could starve together; as for me, I could not taste a morsel, for my agony was still too great for hunger. After he had eaten, and after some time had passed, we grew to become friends. And I told him of my love for Petonilla, and how she had shown a kind spirit to me, and how I had been her favorite at court. Then Korah so far forgave what I had done to him and his, that he hoped I might yet escape with my life, and marry the beautiful one. He told me in a whisper about Petonilla, and how he had become acquainted with her.

Petonilla's parents had been killed in Piedmont by good Christians who had gone thither to exterminate the Vaudois, and who had slain every man, woman, and child that fell into their hands. But by miraculous events (if heretics are ever aided by miracles) Petonilla escaped, wander-

ing and hiding in caves with some of her people, sleeping in the open, and going about in disguise. When it came to pass that all her friends and acquaintances had either become scattered over the face of the earth, or had been stabbed and burnt and crucified (for the honor of God and the Blessed Virgin), Petonilla fell in with Korah and his three daughters. They came with her to Spain, and in order to escape detection the three daughters were left at Madrid, and Petonilla (pretending to be Korah's only child) arrived at Seville. Now there was a family at court to whom Petonilla was related, and when they learned that all her family, with their evil doctrines, had been destroyed, they agreed to introduce Petonilla to court, hoping she would mature into a true Christian. The name of this Spanish family I will not disclose, seeing it would be to their shame to reveal their kinship to such people. Korah whispered me this, and much more; for in helping Petonilla to get out of Italy they had run many narrow escapes, so that it warmed one's blood to hear. And were this the story of Petonilla, instead of being the

history of Garcilaso, I could set forth many a wild and stirring chapter!

I shall not linger in my account of the Inquisition. Enough to say that Korah and I starved together, and that we became as shadows Enough to say that I was tortured again, and yet again, but would not speak the name of Herbert Klein. For I knew from their persistence that no suspicions had fallen upon him; and I discovered from certain words that Father Pedro dropped that Herbert was living at Santa Fé as openly and as safely as another. Now Father Pedro came to see me, pretending to love me, and he urged me to betray Petonilla's friend. He drew all his arguments from religion, and I knew they were true, and that I was displeasing God and my church and my king. But I could not tell. And when he left me in a fury, it seemed that I cared not. And when I was excommunicated, it was as if my soul had become so scared by grief that it could not feel another pain. It was all for Petonilla, it was all for my love. I was willing to give my life for her, to suffer the rack and the stake; I was content to die without the

extreme unction, and to enter unshrived the fearful beyond, trusting to God's mercy against the commands of the church. More I could not do; more man could not do for a woman.

The day was set at last for the auto da fé, the execution. Korah and I were to be burned on the same day. Poor Jew, what had he to look forward to, seeing there was no future life, no happiness in store for him, seeing that he died for no cause save that he would not retract his miserable and false religion! For he had no saint to call upon, no Blessed Virgin to speak a word in his behalf, no merciful Savior. And what had I to sustain me? True, I was awed by the fearful thought that the church held me damned, that I could not confess, that I could not sacrifice the Holy Mass. But I kept thinking that the church (which cannot err) might be mistaken about my damnation, so inconsistent is man! But what had I to uphold me? Ah, my love for Petonilla! And I was glad, yes, my heart sang within me, that I could die for her, and dying save her—save her from a horrible fate. No matter the agonies of my death, no matter my shame; with these I bought her freedom.

The day dawned, the morning of the auto da fé. But before I pass to the strange events of that day, I would be understood on what I have already written-I mean as touching the Inquisition. God forbid that any word of mine should be considered as spoken in reproach against an institution of the church. For how could we have done, with the country overrun with Jews, if we had not had a way to put an end to thousands of them yearly? For their heresy would have spread, and the brightness of the holy church would have become clouded o'er. many a stubborn Jew was converted into a loyal Catholic who would have died a Jew without the light that the torture shed upon the subject. And while my own sufferings in the Inquisition were so terrible that I have passed over them in the silence of a lofty scorn—for were my tortures all recounted, well might the reader lay down this book in horror, nor take it up again (which ought not to be)-still, well I know the Inquisition was a great blessing. Was? Nay, is, to-day, under our glorious master King Philip. For the fear of it keeps orthodox many a man; and the stress of its tortures puts out the light

of many a false teacher and deceiver and wilful reader of the blessed Word. So much lest I be misunderstood. And now let us pass at once to the day appointed for the burning of Garcilaso.

CHAPTER XVI

TO BE BURNED AT THE STAKE

Doubtless you have witnessed many an auto da fé. As for me, I have been present at none save mine own, and, by my troth, that one gave me a disrelish for all others—just and holy though they be. On the fatal day appointed for the executions, I was driven with the rest into the assembly-room on the first floor of the Inquisition; and as for the town in which all this great while I had been tortured and starved, it was Guadaloupe. Since the day I placed food within the reach of the old Jew, food had been denied us both, so the warning was a true warn-Now Korah was unchained from the wall; and being quite unable to walk, or so much as to stand upon his feet, for both legs were broken in several places, he was dragged along the stone floor and up the steps of stone; and he was naked. As for his groans, they pleased the familiars, for he was a Jew destined to be "relaxed"; that is to say, burned.

In the assembly-room were crowded those who were to take a place—for the most part a dejected one-in the procession to the stake. Shall I ever forget how my ears were assailed by the discordant clashing of jeers and moans, taunts and laments? What misery was there, what faces pinched by the iron fingers of pain, what dark despair and unrelieved longings! There were in all fifty prisoners of the church, but only ten-of which number I was one-condemned to a disgraceful and lingering death. The remaining forty had become "reconciled"; that is to say, they had given over their heretical doctrines to Satan, whence they had sprung, and they had embraced the Catholic religion. The rich Jews had given up all their treasures, content to become miserable beggars so that they preserved life in their bodies. Even those converts who had no ransom to give were shown mercy, being merely sentenced to imprisonment during life.

In all that number I was the only Spaniard, the only one born in the true faith. But my appearance attracted no peculiar attention, for I was changed indeed. Accustomed from my youth to rich and gay attire, ever scrupulously neat and shining in splendid armor, or else luxurious in long silken robes-I, who had been one of the proudest grandees of Old Castile—I, Garcilaso de la Vega-there I stood, my livid wounds exposed to the gaze of all, my face overrun with a straggling beard, my locks wild and matted, my eyes red and desperate. The ten who were to be "relaxed" had been stripped naked, as if they were no longer human beings with a sense of shame; and some of the Jews who had been converted joined with the holy men in jeering at our horrid plight. What a sight our bodies did present, scarred, bruised, disjointed, broken! Not one was there who had more strength than just enough to drag one foot after the other. As for me, I could scarce stand, not from shame at my position, though indeed my spirit was well-nigh broken, but because of the ill the rack had done me, and the terrible weakness of starvation.

Then the familiars came with the shameful robes of the condemned, and we were clothed in them from neck to ankle. But the blessed church, even at the last moment, holds forth a

hope of salvation. For my nine companions were pressed to renounce their heathenish superstitions, and I was urged yet again to declare Petonilla's rescuer, that a clew to her whereabouts might be furnished. But Korah and his brethren, in their blind ignorance and useless obstinacy, refused to embrace the pure doctrines of the church. And I laughed at their commands, and so, in resisting the temptation, found strength. Now one of the ten who were condemned to death was a woman, and her hair was gray. How long she had been in the power of the priests, or whether she had once been fair and sweet, or what treatment she had endured, God knows. But she would not kiss the crucifix.

The procession was formed. At its head went the Inquisitor-General, Torquemada, bearing a lovely crucifix. His robes were black, as were those of all the priests and familiars. High dignitaries of the church helped to swell the imposing train. They bare banners on which were holy words of warning and pious prayer and the blessed cross. And as they marched along, their feet upon the ground, though they were

so high and holy, their feet treading the dust their bare feet, as if they had been lowly menthere arose a solemn chant, sung in the blessed Latin, and it moved the hearts of the onlookers with awe and admiration. Behind those high prelates in their sacerdotal robes and their naked feet treading in the dust, as I have said, behind them came the forty Jews who were to be reconciled, and after them the ten doomed wretches, among whom was Garcilaso. Those ten were dressed in coarse woolen garments of a bright yellow color. Nay, you must know them well, those odious garments, the san benitos, hanging from the neck below the knees. Upon those yellow robes were embroidered, even as you see them to-day, great crosses, of the length of the garment; and there were at least a dozen figures to each robe-figures of horrid devils, having horns, having hoofs, having forked tongues. Also there did appear lurid flames, with painted smoke curling upward into a painted sky. Now so it was that those Jews who had despised the cross in life were destined to carry that cross to their death. And the flames and devils excited the scorn and hatred of the spectators—for the sides of the streets, the doors and the windows, were thronged.

Korah, being unable to walk, was borne along in a litter, and just behind him I made shift to drag my trembling limbs, though the agony of each step was enough to cause a less resolute man to sink in a swoon. But I was upheld by that will of steel whereof I have before made mention. Yea, I was supported by the thought that all this pain was for the lady of my love; that for her sake I was laying down my life. And I was willing. For whom else would I have undergone this degradation, to say nothing of the approaching execution? For whom else but Petonilla? Ah, her image danced before my feverish eyes, her tones, so soft and clear, yet rang louder for me than the tumult of the street, than the chant of the choristers. Would it have been easy to cry out that it was Herbert Klein de Metz who had stolen her away? Herbert lived at court; he was unsuspected; since the night of the great conflagration he had been seen every day by my former companions; so Father Pedro had disclosed, not knowing he was giving me a reason for silence.

Well, if I cried out the truth, it would be believed, and Herbert would be immured in the dungeon, to suffer what I had suffered. And from the history of his past days suspicion would trace out the whereabouts of Petonilla. And would it have been easy to cry out the simple truth? It would have been a thing impossible! And before Garcilaso speaks the fate of a friend, may his tongue be palsied and his life stricken from his body! Then could I do nothing? Why not cry forth who I was (for no man suspected my identity, save the inquisitors who knew)? Why not recount what I had done for the king, how I had saved his life, how I had torn AVE MARIA from the steed of Yarfe the Moor-ay, from the tail of Yarfe's horse? For what good? I would be met with the questions: "Where is Petonilla?" "Who carried her away?" So I tottered forward; and while my companions in misery gave vent to heartrending cries, the thought of my love slew the groan upon my lips.

It chanced that upon that day King Ferdinand was in Guadaloupe, and why, I knew not; for was it for me to know the whys of kings?

Nay; I know now how he happened to be there, but then I thought nothing of it. Knowing that there was to be an auto da fé, he sent his royal guard to escort the prisoners; not that he apprehended any attempt at a rescue, for who was there in Spain dared breathe a word against the true and only religion? Nay; it was to show honor to the Blessed Virgin, who is mightily comforted by such processions and burnings. I learned in after days (therefore the discovery hath no rightful place here, however I set it forth where I please, for this whole book is mine from first to last, and I have written it with my own hand), I learned, I say, that the king sent his royal guard at its captain's suggestion. Now you should know, for I have told you this more times than one, that the captain was old Hernando Perez del Pulgar.

We had not gone far upon our way, though my agony counted every step a mile, when I saw the guard riding to join us. And at their head rode old Pulgar, recovered from his wounds. The guard closed in our rear, so that it was Pulgar upon his horse who came just behind me. A quick glance had taken in his grizzled and austere head, but if he knew me he made no sign. Nay, there was no hope that he knew me; for all my friends believed I had met death in the great conflagration. Yet, though it was his right to be there, and though as a good Catholic he should take a pious joy in the torments of the Jews, I could not keep my blood from boiling at his nearness; for I remembered how all my sufferings were through him; that he had made Petonilla write that fatal letter; that he had brought to light the fact that she was a heretic. I say not I was right to blame him, I only say I blamed.

As we passed along, teaching the multitude the blessing of a secure and unquestioning faith by our precept and example, my rage against Pulgar bore me up, so that I became strong, and would have advanced a bit to walk beside Korah's litter instead of behind it, so he could see my face, and find some comfort. For has the world such another comfort as the face of a friend? But it could not be, for I had done all I was able before, and these few extra steps brought on a woeful weakness and an excru-

ciating agony, so that at last a cry burst from my throat, and I reeled and would have fallen; but two hands caught my arm, and I was steadied upon my swollen feet. And I looked down to see who had done me this service; and it was the woman with the gray hair; the woman who had yet a little strength for another; the woman who did not find her shortened life too brief for an act of mercy. Now God's blessings upon that simple soul! And though all the world curse her, in that she was a heretic and would not kiss the crucifix, if God and I do join in blessing her, is she without hope? For he knows I am a loyal Catholic, and I know he is God, so he can bless even a Jew.

It so chanced that one of the men who bare Korah's litter stumbled and let fall his burden, so that the old Jew was rolled out upon the stones of the street. And the multitude of pious men and women who lined the way gave vent to a cry of derision, both at the awkward familiar and at the miserable old man. But I bent over Korah, and I would have lifted him up in my arms, but indeed my strength was not enough for one—alas and alas for him who hath

not strength enough for a friend! and, "Courage, comrade," said I.

He sought my face with glad eyes, for he had grown to love me, and he said, "Ever near me, Garcilaso! My friend, thou art in heart a very Jew!"

"Korah," said I, as they dragged him back upon his litter, "if I ever see God, I will tell him thou art in heart a Christian!"

Then they thrust me back; so that we could not have even this consolation of intimate speech. Then it was that from a side street rode up a company of horse. I saw Ponce de Leon, I saw Gonsalvo. But more than all, I saw Herbert Klein the German. Why was he here? Did he suspect my presence, or did he share the belief that I had met death in the conflagration? I was not long in doubt; for as he paused with his company to let us pass, so that he might join Pulgar and the royal guard, he looked me full in the face, and laid his finger upon his lip.

So he knew me, knew me even in my wretched dress. And if he knew me, he must have expected to find me here. And Pulgar? I looked back, and caught his eye. He also! And Ponce

de Leon? Yes, he knew, too! Was Herbert here, fearing I might weaken at the last and betray him? Was he here to force me, by his presence, to be true to Petonilla? Then I liked him not; for why else should he come? To see me die? As for Ponce, I knew him my enemy, yet even this gloating upon my misfortunes I had thought far from his nature. Nay, I knew not what to think. But I bare myself as stern and cold, as impassive and erect, as lay in my feeble power.

At last the procession halted. And there in full view was a platform built of hewn stones; and upon it stakes were set; and about those stakes were faggots disposed, ready to be drawn close together, and to give forth slow and lingering flames. The stones were blackened where there had been a many goodly fire, and where a many Jew had paid his life for his folly. As we paused, the Latin chant ended, to see if the Blessed Virgin would grant a miracle. For only ten years ago, in this very city, at this very spot, one Dr. Francis Sanctos de la Fuente (donate a candle for the repose of his soul!) did act as scribe during an auto da fé; and the

good doctor did seek to set down in writing the miracles of Our Lady as they came about. But the Blessed Virgin was so extravagant and crowded her miracles so quick together that the scribe was compelled to give over in despair, after he had set down some sixty. But upon the present occasion Our Lady did not send one-sixtieth of that number, for she did not send a single one, as ever I wot of. Howbeit, if there be any record of this day laying a credit of miracles thereto, and if such record be authenticated by the church, then I can only say that such miracles as came to pass 'scaped my eyes.

We had come to a stand in a narrow street, and upon the right was the grim wall of an old castle, with windows high above our heads, but with no doors opening toward us, for a huge entrance had been walled up with bricks. Upon the left side of this same street were shops and low trafficking-places for common merchants. Now the concourse of inhabitants who had lined the way as we proceeded had been forced in this street, on account of its narrowness, to fall behind the royal guard, so that we made a long

and impressive procession, though I took no pleasure therein.

While we stood, giving our Blessed Virgin Mary time to grant a miracle, if it were in her gracious purpose so to pleasure us, on a sudden a loud cry came from over the way where a certain cheese-monger's stood; and the cry was this: "Garcilaso! To the rescue of the good knight!"

When I heard that cry I was all in a maze, as knowing not what to think, but deeming it the strangest thing that had ever taken place. As for the familiars of the Holy Inquisition, they rushed thither to ferret out the sacrilegious man who had dared to disturb the ceremonies. And Torquemada and the holy men faced about from the scaffold with its stakes, upon which they had been gladdening their holy eyes, and fiercely they demanded the person of this fanatic. The cheese-monger was dragged forward, and in terror he declared that he knew not who had uttered the cry, but a stranger had dashed into his shop, then out again, before he could hinder; and this low fellow did scream forth the Credo at the top of his voice, so fearful was he of being taken for a heretic. But he had not come to the end of it before that same powerful voice was heard, this time from the neighborhood of a merchant's, crying: "Take courage, Garcilaso; thou shalt never die as a Jew!"

A great excitement leaped from heart to heart at the name of Garcilaso. Where was he? The throng scanned each victim's face.

"What is this?" cried old Pulgar. "Treason! By my soul, my cavaliers, we are here to some purpose. Surround this Garcilaso. We will see if he find any rescue!" And my Lord Captain had like to have ridden me down, for he urged his prancing steed between me and the familiars, thus cutting me off from poor old Korah; and he crowded me close to the castle-wall.

"Enough, enough, miserable old man!" I cried out. "I do not seek rescue. I am too weak to run."

"Guard him!" shouted the inquisitors.

"And woe to those," shouted Torquemada,

"who dare lift a finger in his behalf. Forget
that he is Garcilaso; remember that he is a
heretic, guilty of heresy and apostasy, excommunicated from the holy church!" Then a

somber silence fell upon the throng, for many there had heard of Garcilaso's deeds.

"We will guard him, my Lord President!" cried Pulgar. "Up, brave knights, and withstand the onset!" Now there was no manner of onset, and no sign of a rescue save that one mysterious voice, and even it was to be heard no more. But Pulgar drew his line between me and my companions, and some of them sprang to the ground, and made a fence of iron on one side (they being in complete mail) and upon the other side was the castle-wall. And thus they remained motionless, looking across the way as if expecting a cavalcade to dash out of the shops and trafficking-places. The familiars seeing me thus in a safe position, made haste to give a thorough search for the owner of that heretical voice, and I cried to my Lord Captain:

"Give over, Pulgar, give over this farce, and let me pass on to my death without further mockery!"

"By my soul," cried he, in a loud voice, "I know thy wiles, and thy valor, Garcilaso, and thou shalt not escape me. For thou art not safe till bound to yonder stake!"

"Cruel and heartless knight!" cried I; "see how broken and like a shadow am I. I could not flee."

"I know not," said he, disdainfully, "but one of those devils upon thy robe may spirit thee away!" I gave him a look, but he laughed me to scorn. And his knights continued to jostle and press me, until they got me before the entrance-place of the old castle, which, as I said before, had been walled up with brick.

"I warned thee, Garcilaso," croaked the old captain, tauntingly, "I warned thee of Petonilla and her wiles! Did I not bring thee her letter? Did I not cry me thy faithful friend? But out of church, out of the heart of Pulgar!"

In loftiest disdain, I turned from him my eyes, and looked for Herbert. But he had ridden forward, so that he was at Torquemada's side. He did not even turn to look at me. Alas! it did seem that all my friends had turned to hate me, or had driven my image from their minds.

Now as I paused there, pressed close against the bricked-up entrance of the castle so that I could not stir, and while the knights stood so close about me that I was hidden from all others, suddenly a marvelous thing happened; but the Virgin had no finger in it. Now some of the bricks in that wall, near the ground, did seem to vanish, to melt, showing the black interior of the castle. Yes, there was a small square hole, and a cold breath came forth and smote me with fear. But scarce had I comprehended what I saw, when Ponce de Leon seized me and thrust me head first through the opening, which was immediately closed again. For this castle belonged to one of the great robber barons, and had a many quaint and curious mode of exit.

Before I could take thought to my situation, I heard the shrill voice of Pulgar without in the street where I was not (St. James be praised!) and he cried: "Garcilaso hath escaped! He is gone! Help, brave cavaliers! Help, Señor Inquisitor-General Torquemada! Help, faithful Catholics! Garcilaso hath betaken himself hence!"

Pulgar's cries were at once taken up, then rang down the street. The royal guard broke up. They pretended to chase me across the street. "There he goes!" cried one. "Where?" cried another. And, "No, not by that side."

And again, "The devil hath sent him a wondrous strength!" And another, "Where now is that weakness he so cunningly simulated?" But I think the onlookers were, for the most part, right glad, and they helped to distract attention with false bruits and untrue exclamations, such as "I saw him enter the baker's shop," and the like. So Pulgar led his men from shop to shop, and the inquisitors came after, and the common herd after them, so that all was confusion and turmoil, rage and execration. But as for the castle-wall, none thought of it, seeing that the windows were very high and barred with iron bars, and seeing that the knights swore upon their lives that I had nimbly slipped through their fingers. For I had wronged Ponce and Pulgar and the rest; they were indeed my true friends. They had come that day to rescue me, or to make the attempt. For that reason Pulgar had persuaded the king hither, for that reason the royal guard had escorted us. For they would not see a brave knight, such as I, die the shameful death. Good Catholics were they, but they felt that there are other things in the world besides religion.

Now when I was thrust, without ceremony, through the wall, I fell sprawling upon a floor, and in the darkness knew not if I were even rescued past all harm. But soon a light was struck, and a torch flared forth, and I saw that I lay in a great vaulted hall, and that she who held the torch was Petonilla.

CHAPTER XVII

JUST PETONILLA AND I

Yes, there she stood, the lady of my heart, holding in her gentle hand the torch whose light made more vast the extent of the great hall. For a moment I forgot my anguish and my helplessness. I forgot the tumult in the street. I forgot the shameful robe wherewith I was clothed. And so in some manner I made shift to stand upon my feet.

Petonilla stood beside the wall, not far away, holding the end of a rope. She had drawn it taut, and this had closed up the opening in the wall, and had lowered a great pillow over the place, so that the light she held could not find its way through any crevice. Now the opening had been made by removing all but the outer layer of brick and stone, which layer was disposed upon a shelf that swung in or back again as the rope was drawn. It was an opening no wider than the breadth of a man's shoulders, and not so high. This I learned afterwards, for

at that time what recked I of openings? Petonilla, who had scarce glanced at me, set her torch in one of the sconces of the wall, and then indeed she turned toward me, and began to speak in a right hearty voice, saying, "My Lord Señor Garcilaso—"

But never did she finish what she was about to say. For the sight of me, all broken, bloodstained, and famished, with my disgraceful yellow robe hanging about my naked legs, this sight, I say, had not once entered into her knowledge or imagination of life. I tried to speak, and her name died in a whisper upon my lips. She gave a strange cry; it was a broken sob, charged with the thrill of terror and the music of compassion. She came to me, she ran swiftly, she thought not of herself. She came to me, she put her arms about my neck, yes, both of them. She put her arms about my neck and laid her head upon my shoulder, and she wept and sobbed. My God! I have never heard any woman grieve and lament as grieved Petonilla. "For me!" I heard her say, in her broken tones; "for me!" It seemed to be to her a thought too wonderful, too pathetic for any thanks but tears. "For me!" said she, and I could feel her arms draw closer about me, as if I were a little child and she had found me in a woeful plight, and had brought me healing in her love.

As we stood thus, the weight of her head upon my shoulder seemed in some strange way to bear me up, so I stood strong and erect. I could never have fallen down with Petonilla's arm about me. Nay, had I known I must rest or forfeit my life, not for my very life would I have moved an inch toward longer life. Life had been long enough for me that day. It had been long enough to bring the arms of her I loved about my neck. But when she drew away in sudden confusion at what she had done, while her face and neck were flushed with the sunrise of a maiden's bashfulness, I fell at full length upon the floor. It was a cruel fall, and in my agony at the new pain I forgot that I was Garcilaso, and made moan.

And when I remembered who I was, and the duty of a knight, my head lay upon Petonilla's knee, and her hand stroked back my matted hair. I could feel her fingers finding their way though the locks so long unkempt. I whispered,

"Water!" She laid me gently down, and brought me drink. Never shall I forget that draught. She held the great cup to my lips, her face bent over me. It seemed that I could never get enough; but presently she drew the cup away, with a sad smile that tried to be gay, and she said she feared I would do myself an injury; and she asked how long it had been since I had slaked my thirst. But I would not tell her. After that she fed me, breaking the food to bits and placing them in my mouth with her own hands. Also she brought a pillow for my head, and a coverlet, wherewith she covered me, wrapping it about my feet, for the stone floor was cold.

"Canst thou now feel the coldness of the stones?" said she.

"Dear my lady, no; but to that I have grown well used. For the dungeon floor has been my couch this long time."

"Alas!" she cried; and her hand found its way to my head again, and so the fingers went playing among the locks. I reached out my hand and took hers, that one which rested at home; and in doing so I threw back in a meas-

ure the coverlet, so that the yellow robe of the Inquisition with one of its horrid images was laid bare. With a gentle touch she put back the cover.

"Ay, Petonilla," said I, "cover my shame!"

"Thy shame, Garcias? Is it then a shame to have suffered so much for me? Nay, were this a king's robe, could I honor it as much?" Then she rose upon her knees and drew the cover quite away, and took up the end of that accursed garment in her hand, and she did kiss the hem of it right gently.

I said never a word.

"Thy faithful squire will be here soon," said she, presently, when she had come back to her former position. It was he who cried thy name from the shops, for that was our plan. And when he comes he will bear thee to a chamber we have fitted up. There thou shalt be cared for, my true knight, and strength will come to thee once more."

"I care not, Petonilla, if the faithful squire come or no. Food and drink have given me wonderful newness of life; food and drink and the touch of thy hand. The magic of that touch converts the coldest stones to warm and easy couches."

She drew away her hand. "I think he will soon be here," said she.

"Thy hands," said I, "seem very fond of staying at home."

She clasped them about her knee.

"Unkind hand!" said I, "to make so short a visit to the one who loves it dearly."

Then she reached out and touched my brow and hair, but it was a shy and fluttering bird that would not nest.

"They told me if I would declare thy rescuer," said I, "they would set me free, nor confiscate my estates. But I would not. So they set the iron cap upon my head and turned the screw, and hell blazed in my brain."

Then Petonilla began to weep, and she put her head down close to mine, so that her hair fell over my face, and its perfume swept through my being, and it was as if a fragrant breeze, laden with life and moisture, had kissed a barren land. And she laid the flat of her palm upon my cheek, as if feeling for the wound; and indeed she found it there—a cruel line that circled round my head.

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But I began to grow ashamed at my own words. So I pushed her head gently away, and took her hand and laid it in her lap. And, "My lady," said I, "I have done thee a grievous wrong, and myself as well, in boasting of my wounds for thee. For much as I could prize thy love, I would not buy it with any suffering of mine. For true love laughs at a price."

She sat quite still, making no answer. So presently I began upon a new thought. "I must tell thee of poor old Korah."

She started, and turned to me eagerly. She echoed his name.

"Yes," I said, "he has been burnt this day with eight others. I should have suffered with him but for my deliverers. Poor old man! But now his troubles are left behind him, since he who steps into the stream of death slips his troubles from him as they were a garment."

"Have you had any speech with him, Garcias?"

"We were in the same dungeon. What I tell thee now is for his sake, not mine. Pay no heed to me when I say, Petonilla, that I was starved on his account. Think only of him, else

would my words seem boasting. But he was chained naked to the wall, and I wrapped him in my cloak, and warmed his poor feet at my breast. Food was just beyond his reach. A voice called to me that if I gave him to eat, never more should I taste food. But I laughed that voice to scorn; I fed the old man. So he came to forgive me, and to love me. We often talked of thee, and he told me of his children. We starved and suffered in company. In the procession we were together, and when we had a chance of speech, he gave me his blessing and I gave him mine, and promised him God's. I know not what God will say to that, but as he is God, I think he will redeem my pledge!"

Then Petonilla kissed me upon the brow. And she hid her face to weep for Korah. In this wise passed many a precious moment which I stored away in the treasury of my memory, to bring out in after days, and rub bright for a dark hour. At last came my faithful squire, who carried me to a chamber fitted out for my comfort. I was disposed upon a soft and goodly bed, and sleep came to me. When I awoke, I seemed weaker than ever I had been before; and

indeed I passed a many day upon that bed before I recovered from my rigorous treatment. But as for my feelings, my aches, my restlessness, and my dreams, let me pass them o'er; for this is not the diary of a sick man.

From my squire I learned all that I cared to know of the past. As for the old castle wherein I lay, it was (as I have set forth) the property of a robber baron. Since the sovereigns had discouraged outlawry among the nobility, this baron had betaken him to Italy, there to ply his vocation, and to enjoy the life to him most meet and congenial. He had closed up his castle until such time as he should grow old, and his heart no longer leap up to meet the thrill of blood and booty; at which time he would assuredly return, open up his castle, marry him a wife, a young wife and a pretty, and sit beside his fire and tell of his deeds. In one wing of this castle dwelt Petonilla, all alone, for being in hiding, she had no maidens with her. But my squire ministered to her wants, slipping from the pile in the darkness, wandering abroad after food, perchance staying away a day or two at a time. And she was good lady to him, so that her wishes ran upon his feet.

Well, Petonilla came to see me every day, for she was lonely, and she pitied my loneliness. She would sit at first beside my bed and talk to me in gentle tones, and after some days she would take her seat somewhat more remote. To some those visits must have seemed pretty much like, but to me, every coming of Petonilla was a new thing, like no other blessing under the sun. And among the many talks we had together, let me gather broken bits and piece them end to end, so that they will read like a tale.

"Dear my lady," said I, "and who were the "We" of our first sweet conversation?"

"She looked as if she had lost my meaning, and was seeking it in the air.

"I mean," said I, "who was thy fellow-conspirator that selected this castle for my hidingplace."

"Herbert," said she, softly.

"I thought as much. Did he bring thee hither?"

"Yes, my lord. We escaped from the familiars that night of the great conflagration, and fared toward Seville. Now there were many moving forms in the Vega; therefore no one

thought strange that Herbert should leave the camp. In due time we came to the home of that merchant Americus Vespucius, he who had befriended Korah and me. He engaged to keep me hid until Herbert should deliver him certain moneys and lead me away."

"By my faith," said I, "for a merchant he is not without a gentle heart."

"He is a good man," came the answer, as if it were no matter for surprise. "So Herbert learned that thou wast in the Inquisition, and he said thou wouldst never give up the secret of my rescue, and therefore thou must be led past this very castle to thy burning."

"And what saidst thou, Petonilla? Didst say I would keep thy secret?"

She looked at me through tears. "I said thou wouldst betray us, Garcias. He knew thee better than I. But had I not seen thee cast my colors in the dust?"

I said nothing, but turned away my head. She slipped to my side. I did not look round. I felt her shadow fall across my eyes. She bent over me. "Garcias," said she, "I pray thee be good lord to me, and forgive my doubt. It

seems that ever through my life I am too mistrusting."

"Didst thou crown him, Petonilla?" I asked, bitterly. But turning and seeing her face, I took her hand, and forgave her, so we were friends again.

"So Herbert brought me here," she went on; "and here I abode, attended by thy squire. Sometimes," she added, "Herbert came. Yes, three times. Only three times. Hast thou heard," she said, suddenly, as if to forget her thought, "how the king has had a city of stone built where the city of silken tents went up in a blaze?"

"Ay; and they call the city Santa Fé?"

"The same. Well, knights and varlets worked at the building side by side, that the Moors might not think our forces discomfited by our misfortune. Ah, what thoughts must have besieged their breasts on seeing our city of stone rise before their walls! Then well they knew we would not depart until the surrender of Granada; nor will we! So Herbert worked with the rest, and ever kept himself in the eye of the court, that suspicion might never scorch him

with its breath. For the same reason he rode in the procession that day, so no man may say he aided thee. Thus it will come about that when he wills to return to Germany, no one will say him nay; and thus he can carry me with him."

"What, my lady! Art thou for Germany?"

"Ay, my lord. For all my kindred being slain, I have no one. But Herbert hath a mother who will share with me her home."

"Petonilla," I said for the second time, "hast thou crowned Herbert?"

"What is thy meaning, Señor Garcilaso? Thou hast used those words before."

"Petonilla, I was near at hand that night of the great conflagration, when Herbert ordered thee to beg his pardon, and when he commanded thee to crown him. But the flames burst forth, and thou didst pause with the wreath in thy hand, nor crowned him then. But since then, it may be, thou hast crowned?"

"And thou wast near, and heard, and saw?" she faltered, with a ruddy color.

"I heard and saw. Tell me if thou hast crowned."

"No, my lord, I have crowned no one; never in all my life have I crowned any."

My heart leaped. "Petonilla, what sayest thou? Never? What! After thy escape, thou wouldst not crown Herbert to his pleading?"

"He never asked again, my lord."

"Never asked? And why hath he not asked thee to crown him?"

"I know not," said she, with a far-away light in her sad eyes. "Nay, I know not."

"Well," said I, "but that night he asked for thy love. Is it his, Petonilla?"

"We have not spoken of such a thing since that moment," she said. "Nay, Garcias, he was wrought up that night to a strange and unnatural state. Herbert doth not love me, my lord; nay, I tell thee Herbert loves me not."

"And thou?" said I; "lovest thou the German?"

"Methinks," said she, "that he were the one to ask that question. And I cannot abide with thee, Señor de Vega, when thou wouldst make love the subject of thy discourse; and so I take my leave."

Whereupon she left me for that time. I was

so sorry to see her go, that when she came again I talked of the wild plans of Columbus, and of the coldness which he met at court. (Now as for his plans, they were worthy one of nobler birth, for this Columbus was the son of a wool-comber.)

One day I was awakened by a hand upon my shoulder. I started up with, "Petonilla!" But it was Herbert the German.

CHAPTER XVIII

HERBERT SPOILS THE DUET

As he greeted me, I looked keenly into. Herbert's face. I was at this time strong enough to sit up, and when I told him so, he helped me to dress, and placed me in a chair. During this courtesy, few words were interchanged. Perhaps he felt that the gaze of a shrewd man was bent upon him. Perhaps he was merely insensible and dull. At any rate, his face was impassive. I said to him, when we were at our ease, "Is not this like one of those days of yore—one of those blessed days, when thou and I sat together in our tent and made a pretty fable of the future?"

He said he was reminded of those past days; but his eyes did not light up. Indeed, he was as serious as a German.

"Ah, Herbert," said I, reproachfully, "thou seemest to have no love and no regret for the past. But as for me, I cannot bring back one of my happy days without making the present

moment pale. For my present moments' (thus said I) "are but twinkling stars that fade and melt and disappear when the moon of memory rides the sky of my thought."

"In truth," said he, "I would not crawl back out of the present for the fairest crown that ever sparkled upon the brow of a day that is dead." Then he looked all about the room, and said he, "But, Laso, I see no books here. I bade thy squire bring thee some folios from my own store."

"He brought them," said I, "but I had them stored away in some chamber, where, it may be, mice and rats do fatten upon their words. What am I, that I should sit me down in a corner, and take a book upon my knee, and play at life? For I am a Spanish knight, I am Garcilaso."

He seemed abashed at that, as well became him, and he sought to change the subject in this wise: "Well, well, my friend, and since thou wilt not engage thy time with books, perchance thou readest in a maiden's eyes. How is Señorita Fontane?"

"Thou hast not been to her?" I asked.

"Not I, for I have seen her but thrice since

I brought her hither, and this time I came straight to thee. But is she well? And dost thou see her often?"

"She is very well, and I see her every day. Sure, 'twould be a sullen day that saw not our meeting, as long as we abide in the same house! Nay, 'twould be a jealous day, a day little worth the while!"

He arose and began to pace the floor slowly. "Garcilaso," said he, "when thou art strong, wilt thou with me to Germany?"

I shook my head.

"What!" he cried; "dost thou cling to the country that hath dishonored thee, to the church that hath excommunicated? Come with me to a fairer land; a land uncursed by thy desolate plains and barren mountains, which yields to every one a blessed freedom of thought—which is not chained by thy relentless Inquisition. Come to Germany, and look no more upon the country which disowns thee."

"Señor Klein de Metz," I cried, laying my hand upon my sword; "nay, forbear, forbear! After what thou hast done for me, can I fight thee? Oh, I cannot! Play not, then, a coward's

part in reviling my native land. The king and queen thought me dead, burned to death in the great conflagration, until the news reached them of the auto da fé. And now they look upon me as an escaped heretic, hiding the secret of Petonilla. As for the holy church, wherein was it wrong, seeing that it cannot err? And dear to my heart, yes, dear as my life, are the barren plains, the desolate mountains of Old Castile."

My voice trembled with passionate enthusiasm, but he heard me utterly unmoved, and he said, calmly, "Then thou wilt not to Germany?"

"Never! God, who knoweth all the choice portions of his world, had a kind thought for me, and gave me Spain for a birthplace."

"All Spain hateth thee, save a few bold knights who love thee for thy deeds. If thou wert to fall this moment at the feet of Ferdinand the Catholic, he would demand from thee Petonilla's hiding-place, nor remember what thou didst for him. And many there be who never heard of Garcilaso, and they would curse thee for a heretic. Little dost thou believe how little thou art known! For an evil deed journeys from sea

to sea, but a good deed travels only as far as the heart of a friend."

"What is my evil deed?" I cried.

"Was it not evil to defy the church? But thou wilt not to Germany? Then Petonilla and I must soon bid thee farewell; for I am done with Spain, and it is I who tell thee so!"

"Petonilla? Perchance she will not with thee."

"Ay, but will she," returned the German, contentedly. "Hear my plan. I have sent for my mother. She will live awhile in Spain, and Petonilla with her. Thus all three will fare to Germany when we are quite secure, and the thought of Petonilla is lost in the forgetfulness of the world. But I could scarce go alone with her, for she is a woman." Then that cold, strange man repeated, as it were a matter of news, and good news, too, "Ay, she is a woman!"

"Is she a woman that thou lovest?" I asked.

"The very woman!" he cried, with a sudden smile; "and it is I who tell thee so!"

"Then why dost thou not tell her so?" I demanded, fiercely. "An thou lovest her, how is it that thou hast been to her but thrice?"

"True love," said he, "is a miser, and hoards its best for a future day."

"I cannot believe in thy love, Herbert," I said, peevishly. "Were I in her regard, would I not be with her as long as I might? Would I fetch me a mother to share our company? No such thing, Herbert; no mother, by St. James! German love may be a miser, but Spanish love lives all in a day!"

"Rest content," said he, without spirit. "Every man must love in his own way, an he love. But remember, my friend, when we go hence we shall still be in Spain; yea, for months we must still abide here. So it will be as needful to keep our secret as ever. Thou shalt be free to go where thou listest. But bring us not to grief. But I know thou wilt not, thou faithful Garcias! Here is one trouble; she will bear no name but Petonilla Fontane. For since all her kindred were killed in Piedmont, she clings to her name—ay, as if to do them honor. 'Tis strange how a gentle creature may have a will of iron. She says she would not change her true name to escape death. And Petonilla is no Spanish name, for it should be Petronilla; but she holdeth to this Italian corruption of letters—and it is a name now widely known. How strange is woman! For one might think to bend her to his will in all good purposes, but behold! in this thing she yieldeth not one tittle."

"Here is too much talk of Petonilla," said I, impatiently. "An thou must think and muse upon her, keep thy musings in thine own pate, I pray thee. But go to her, my friend. She will be right pleased."

"I will not see her again," said he, churlishly, until I come to take her to my mother."

And he kept his word, this marvelous phlegmatic creature. Yes, he came for her one night, and I was able to walk now, for I had waxed strong. Many a courtly visit I had paid my fair lady in her wing of the castle. Often we met in a common apartment where we had played games and were right merry, and where I talked of my past history, ay, talked away the hours of day. Sure, never was there another so easy to talk to as Petonilla! For she listened so intently, never interrupting, that in her rapt attitude it was as if she heard you not.

But now he came to take her away, and we said farewell, we kissed and parted. It was the first time our lips had met; and as for Herbert, he had never kissed her—no, not so much as upon the cheek. Now I would that those shriveled and purblind souls who find a wrong in every kiss could feel such rapture as thrilled my heart that night. As for me, I count no kiss lost that ever I did know; and I would there were more in my past life, for, by my soul, kisses are the roses that come when love bursts into bloom.

I stood at the dark opening in the castle-wall, I thrust out my head and watched their shadowy forms pass down the street—the forms of Herbert and Petonilla. Yes, like shadows they flitted away, and became a part of the dark night, so that it seemed, for a time, as if they had never been but shadows in my life—shadows of thoughts that were no more. But when I closed the opening, and my faithful squire lighted the torch, and we stood looking at each other, my sorrow came back to me; and I knew from the ache in my heart that I had lost a friend. A friend? Ay, and more. And I knew that the

Guadaloupe looked upon Don Garcilaso! So I fled through the night, and though now strong and valiant, I shuddered at sudden sounds, and crouched low when I saw a dark form flit past a corner.

Who else was in the street? What form was that pausing in the deep threshold of a door? I ran, I gained the open country, I tarried not. And though sometimes it seemed sure that I was pursued, when I stood still to test the fear, I was alone.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW I TOLD MARGARET MY MIND

That night was followed by a feverish day. I slunk along deserted bypaths, though I was fully disguised. But though dressed beyond recognition, as I thought, I had one vulnerable point—my fear. And it did seem, as night followed day, that I was not entirely alone, but that some form continually pressed in my footsteps. Was it a fancy?

I was dressed as a pilgrim, in long black robes, and my hood did me good stead in hiding my face. I could have journeyed faster and more secure if I could have ridden. But no horse had I, nor anything in this world (but a hope in the next), for all my property had been confiscated. Indeed I was a poor man, possessing nothing but the garments Herbert had left me. I would not dress as a common laborer, for I was too proud and high-spirited to toil with my hands; so I was obliged to beg as I plodded across the country. In this manner I came to

Santa Fé, where had stood the city of silk, and where my happiest hours had sped. I know not why I went thither; it seemed that I was drawn by some power that would bear no resistance.

In the new city, as in most of the towns and cities of my country, stood a small building devoted to pilgrims, where all who were upon a pilgrimage were given fire, water, and a bed. Here I passed the night and the next day. On the second evening a page came to me bearing a message. The message was this, that Lady Margaret Guzman de Medina Sidonia desired to hold speech with me in her apartment, and that the page was sent to show me the way. At first fear leaped at my throat, thinking I had been discovered; but instead of giving way before it, I followed resolutely. As we walked through the street, I saw a man I would rather not have seen, and he was Father Pedro. He looked earnestly upon me, but he went his way serenely. And he was riding a powerful gray horse with black housings. Margaret occupied a room in a wing of the queen's house, and she received me alone. The page was sent away. I wore my hood and cape, I bare my staff and scrip, my water-bottle, and my low crowned hat, turned up in front and fastened with black strings, and I displayed the shell of St. James of Compostella. I held the hat and staff in my hand, and the hood was drawn close about my head, and down to my eyes, and she looked upon the darkened and bearded face and knew it not.

"I pray thee, old man, sit thee down," said she, in a gentle voice. So I rested before her, but she continued upon her feet; and she was dressed simply, and her face was sad and worn by some care. She had that she would have asked, but it seemed her lips would not obey her wish. So after some time I spoke, using a hollow and croaking voice such as she might not know. "Why, lady, hast thou sent for a poor and simple pilgrim?"

"It is my delight," said she, "to help all pilgrims who come hither, and I send for them all, to question them, and to give them bounty." And she came to my side, and dropped a silken purse into my hands. For the purse I was right glad, but of her nearness I was afraid. Yet, remembering that my right eye wore a huge black patch over it (as is the custom when one hath taken a pious vow), I made shift to sit quiet. And, "For thy bounty I thank thee," I said, "and for thy questions I will seek to find answers."

Then said she: "Holy pilgrim, thou hast wandered far?"

"Ay, lady, far, far. I am a pilgrim who will never find the end of his pilgrimage till death calls; for life is my pilgrimage, and the shrine I seek is the grave."

"Alas! poor pilgrim," said she; "and is there no stopping-place upon the road, no little building that to another is brick or stone or wood, but that to thee is home? And hast no companions upon this long pilgrimage, no companions that thou mayest call wife or son or daughter?"

"None, lady. I am a lonely pilgrim, who hath no company but the memories of happier days."

"Tell me," said she, eagerly; "tell me, O pilgrim, what is thy consolation. Teach me how this may be, and yet the heart find rest and contentment."

"Alas, lady, this I do not know; for I am but newly entered upon my pilgrimage, and I have not yet learned to be content." "And so thou canst not tell me," said she, with a sigh. "Ah, well, perhaps one learns for oneself. But a sad thing, a sad thing, so it seems to me, is the memory of a better day. Holy pilgrim, thou hast seen much of the world; much of the world and many of its people. Tell me, didst thou know Garcilaso?" And her voice sank to a whisper. I looked quickly all about, but we were alone, and the walls were of stone.

"I know him," I whispered.

"Thou knowest? Dear pilgrim, dear old man, fear not to tell me, for I am his friend. Where is he?"

"He is safe."

"Thou hast seen him since his rescue?"

"I have lived in the same house with him for months," said I. "Fear not for him."

"But is he crippled and ill?"

"Nay, quite strong and well again."

"And happy?"

"Never, lady; never!"

"Holy pilgrim," said she, and she was standing at my knee, and her voice was eager and timid, "didst ever hear him speak of me?"

"Of thee, lady?"

"Ay, of me. Of the Lady de Medina Sidonia; but he called me 'Margaret.'" And she added, as it were to herself, "He called me 'Margaret.' We were children together."

"Why, truly, I have heard him speak of thee. He is thy friend, this I know. Yea, he hath spoken of thee more than once."

"And of another did he speak?" she asked.

"Many others, indeed, as Pulgar, Herbert-"

"Nay, but another lady?"

"Thou must mean Petonilla," said I.

"That is the name," said Margaret.

"By my soul," said I, "he hath spoken that name a million times, for it sings itself in his brain like an old tune that will not end."

"He loved Petonilla," said Margaret.

"Ay, and hath never given o'er his loving."

"And indeed," said Margaret, "after what he bore for her, the agony of the torture and the shame of the *auto da fé*, I hope he is now happy in her love."

"How can that be, lady? For Petonilla doth not love him."

"Doth not love him?" cried she. "Doth not, after all he hath done and borne for her?

What sayest thou, pilgrim? Indeed, thou knowest not the truth."

"Who should know as well as I?" returned the holy pilgrim. "I tell thee the sweet and angelic Petonilla never loved Garcilaso."

"But I tell thee thou speakest false words!" cried the lady, hotly. "How could she but love him? How could she but love so gracious and so brave a knight, and so devoted a lover?"

"I know not how she kept from it," said I, "nor if it were hard for her to forbear. But, by the cross, she has never loved him, and never will!"

"Then she is unworthy of his love!" burst forth Margaret.

"Lady!" I cried, in a sudden passion.

"Ay, she is unworthy, she is an ingrate; she is a miserable heretic, with a heart of stone, and with eyes that are blind. Let her love some baseborn fellow, let her mate with her equal. Let her company with wretched Vaudois, and if she repent not, nor embrace the true faith, let her be held accursed!"

"Lady!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"Ay," exclaimed my lady-for she was in a

fury, for which there was assuredly no reason—
"I knew this woman, this milk-faced, timid, shy, and cunning woman. I saw her steal Garcilaso's heart—ay, steal it away; I saw her play with him and lead him on, and all the time she was laughing to herself, she was laughing at that brave and noble cavalier. In her bosom is the cunning of a witch. She hath no mercy, no feeling."

"By heaven!" cried I, "Petonilla is the purest and dearest lady in the whole world. And I hate thee, Margaret, for thy venomous words; for thy perfidy, for thy envy, I hate thee in my soul."

The face of my lady changed, and it was as troubled and as white as at that moment I could have wished. "O God," said she," it is Garcilaso!"

"It is Garcilaso," said I; "and let the whole town hear, and let all the inquisitors come and take me and break me anew. But, by St. James, while the breath is in this body, it will defend the fair name of Petonilla. Cast upon her what shame and contempt, what falsehood and malice, thou mayest, I shall sweep them away and

show her pure white soul and her fair golden fame."

"Garcilaso!"

"May mine ears never hear thy voice again!"
I cried. "Traitorous Margaret, traitor to Petonilla, who was thy friend, and traitor to thy better nature, for once thou wast a true and good lady. What hath soured and embittered and hardened thee, I know not. Fair is thy face, O Margaret, and beautiful thy form and mien. But the worm of bitterness hath crawled beneath this semblance of divinity! How changed thou art!"

"Ah, no, Garcias, I have not changed. Garcias, I have never changed!"

"Thou art changed indeed, false and cruel woman. Little did I think when I came hither that it would be thy tongue to malign the fair character of homeless Petonilla! For I believed that while others might condemn, thou wouldst uphold her fame."

"Garcias, Garcias, and is this the end of our friendship, and is this my reward?"

"Every word thou hast spoken against Petonilla thou hast spoken against me. Her enemy cannot be my friend. Farewell, my lady; I pity fury, for which there was assuredly no reason—
"I knew this woman, this milk-faced, timid, shy, and cunning woman. I saw her steal Garcilaso's heart—ay, steal it away; I saw her play with him and lead him on, and all the time she was laughing to herself, she was laughing at that brave and noble cavalier. In her bosom is the cunning of a witch. She hath no mercy, no feeling."

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"Garcias, Garcias, and is this the end of our friendship, and is this my reward?"

"Every word thou hast spoken against Petonilla thou hast spoken against me. Her enemy cannot be my friend. Farewell, my lady; I pity thee for thy hard and unjust heart. But pity, do I say? Nay, take my hate and let me go. And let my scorn teach thee that a friend is one who will bear all manner of kind words and gentle deeds, but who will not endure one blow!"

With that I strode to the door and flung it wide. Margaret did not move one step, but she followed me with her eyes. And, "Garcias," said she, "whenever thou art ready to take up our old friendship, I shall be ready."

I deigned no reply. I strode from that room and from that house. In the street, before the door, sat a man upon a gray horse—a gray horse with black housings. And the man—he was Father Pedro.

CHAPTER XX

A STRUGGLE ON THE PRECIPICE

Yes, there sat my father confessor, and he was watching me covertly. I shrank back as if to avoid a blow. He sat his horse unmoved. Then taking courage, and remembering my disguise, I passed on as bravely as might be, not daring to look back, lest my uneasiness arouse his suspicions. But when I turned a corner I ran and ran, for I knew that the net was closing about me. I felt to make sure that my dagger still lay in my bosom. Ay, it was there; it was there, and little did I dream of the use there would be for it that night! But one thing I had resolved upon—never to be captured by any agent of the holy office. I dared not return to the pilgrim's inn, I dared not abide in the city. So I sped from Santa Fé.

Sometimes, not pausing, I looked back upon that city of stone, as it lay white in the moonlight. I was seeking the form of a pursuing horseman; but the city lay as without life or purpose. On toward the mountains went I, on with what speed I might. I was rushing through a bath of liquid light, for never did the moon seem so bright as it did that night. On, on, on, till I was among the great barriers that skirted the Vega. I climbed a mountain path and sank to rest at the verge of a sheer precipice. Before reaching this dizzy eminence, the road had looped about, so I could now look down upon the heads of any who might seek to follow.

Hark! to the beating of regular hoofs. They come! Yonder they are, far down the slope, six horsemen charging along in a swinging gallop. They reach the spurs of the mountains. They scatter on various trails. One takes the unfrequented path I have just traversed. Ah, I see thee, Father Pedro—I see thee, lust and murder in thy heart! Where is my dagger? Here! It is ready and true! And now thou art in the road just below me, at the foot of the precipice.

Now I had rolled a huge stone to the edge of the precipice, meaning to tumble it down upon the head of Father Pedro. I thought how he was spurring along in quest of my life, and how he longed to get Petonilla into his power, and hate surged up in my heart. But it seemed I could not roll down the stone, for when I leaned both my hands upon it to push it forward, the coldness of its touch chilled me through and through. So I gave up the thought, and looked about for a hiding-place, and saw none.

Then the holy man came riding up the steep, came riding upon his gray steed. He saw me, and, "Yield thyself!" cried he, drawing his sword. "Yield thyself, in the name of the holy church and the Blessed Virgin!"

Ah, Father Pedro, thou didst not reckon upon the deeds of a desperate man! He sat firm upon his great horse, he clutched his keen sword in an iron hand, he had resolution in his voice and eye. Garcilaso was afoot and unarmed save for a simple dagger. But in his heart was the ferocity of a beast at bay. He rushed upon the horseman and seized him by the leg, and while Father Pedro sought to stab him with his sword, Garcilaso dragged him upon the ground, and the holy man fell with his sword-point below him, so that the blade was snapped clean off against the stones. For his weight had fallen upon it. But in the bout Garcilaso's dagger

had fallen from his bosom, and this the holy man seized in his furious hand. He clutched me as I hung over him, and he dragged me down so that with one arm he held my head back against his panting bosom. Now, as he held me thus, his burly left arm clutching my head, my throat was bared and turned up to his view. In his right hand he held my dagger, and he held it above my throat, as my neck was pinned to his heart. I made not the least motion, and it seemed to him that my last effort at resistance was at an end. I could hear his heart beating, and his breath coming and going like a tempest.

"Thy last chance, Garcilaso!" cried he, with a ring of triumph in his voice; "declare the hiding-place of the beautiful Petonilla, or die!"

"Thou wilt never give me another chance?"

I asked.

"Never but this moment. Speak, Garcilaso!"

"Strike, father!" said I, defiantly.

"Thus dieth a vile heretic!" cried he, clutching my head still more firmly, and the right hand trembled with the first instant of its fierce stroke. Ah, he had not reckoned upon the superhuman strength of a man who holds all in one effort.

For I could have broken from him before, since his strength was nothing to mine, but I had suffered him to clutch my head upon his bosom for this very instant. And as the keen blade descended, or, as I might say, almost before it began to descend, I tore myself away from his embrace, quick as a flash. Yes, as if his restraining arm had been naught, indeed, I broke away, I broke away with a wild, mad scream, a scream of exultation, of defiance, of cruel mockery. Thus, quick as the stroke of a Christian, I was away from his restraint. And the next moment the blade of my dagger descended, and found not my bared throat, but Father Pedro's heart. Ay, with his own hand he put out his light, for the blade, not finding me to receive it, plunged deep into his breast, as if thirsty for blood. And thus he died. He bowed together, he gasped, he fell upon his side, his rigid hand still clutching the dagger-hilt, and the blade still in his heart. Then up leaped Garcilaso, then up leaped he upon that gray horse, upon that gray horse with its black housings, and away and away he dashed, fleet as the wind. All that night he rode. The next morning he turned loose the

horse, lest it betray him, and having hidden until the following night, he traveled afoot, no longer as a pilgrim but as a sailor—as one who seeks shipping.

Now, as he journeyed onward, he was ever haunted by that fear of pursuit. Nay, more than once upon suddenly turning about he saw a form slink away. And Garcilaso knew he could no longer abide in the Spain of his passionate devotion. Therefore had he donned a sailor's suit, that he might leave his native land, and find what content there might be upon a foreign shore. He cared not whither he went; nay, the more barbarous the land, the better would it suit his bitter mood, so that he even thought of England.

In this wise came Garcilaso to a small seaport, the name of which was Palos. It was in Palos that he resolved upon what he must do. And what plan he planned, how wild and desperate, you are now to learn.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WOMAN WITH THE MUFFLED FACE

I put up at the Sailors' Inn as soon as I reached Palos, for it began to be night. I ordered my supper, and sat in a corner where I might be alone. But presently the room filled with rude fellows, who fell to singing and drinking. There was one who spied me out and had a mind to hold converse with me. Now as soon as I saw him, I thought I knew him, but the longer I gazed the more I thought I knew him not. Then it seemed that I had never seen his face, but often had descried his tall, lank form. Suddenly it came to me, as quick as the stroke of a Christian, that this was the man who had followed me from Guadaloupe to Santa Fé, and from Santa Fé hitherward! Since I had never been entirely sure that I had been followed, nor had ever seen the object of my suspicion distinctly, of course this was a wild guess. But it made me shrewd and watchful.

"Thou comest to Palos in good time, com-

rade," said he, "if perchance thou hast a longing for wild adventure. Hast heard of the assembly to be held to-morrow?"

"I have heard nothing," said I; "nor," I added, "do I wish to hear."

"Nay, but listen, comrade. But what may I call thee?"

"Anything but 'comrade,' " said I, fiercely.

"Be not wroth for nothing," said he, in a gentle tone that went ill with my stomach. "Hast thou heard of Columbus, and how he has enlisted our prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, in his cause? For Columbus says the world is not near so small as many would have you suppose. He says it would be no great thing to sail west and light upon the edge of India. It may take a few days, he says; it may use up a week. But there is no question, in his mind, but India spreads over all the unknown world.

"Fellow-" I cried.

"Nay, my name is Antonio," said this troublesome meddler. "And he has made him a map wherein the Atlantic is sketched as a small thing. And all over the larger portion of the page he hath written India in a large hand, and thus he hath sat at home and made a picture of the world. And since Granada hath fallen, our blessed king's grace hath taken compassion upon this adventurer. For though the University of Salamanca says his plan will not do, the queen would give him a chance. So he will go (with his map) in quest of this eastern edge of India. And to-morrow, being the twenty-third of May, we are to assemble at St. George's and hear him speak."

"Hark thee, Antonio!" said I, rising, "I see my supper is set forth, and I leave thee. And I tell thee with all the frankness of a friend that I like thee not, nor will I suffer speech from thee longer."

"Nay, thou art churlish," said he, with a detestable good-humor. "I entreat thee tell me in what I have offended thee, that I may make good my fault."

"I know not why I dislike thee," said I, sternly. "Thou mayest well be a better man than I. But it is my right to dislike whom I please to dislike. Another man cries cabbage a good dish, but I pass it by, not calling it evil, but unsuited to my liking. And so in like wise I dislike thee, Antonio, and thou wouldst verily

have to be taken apart and put together in a different manner before I could stomach thee."

"Nay, my good comrade-" he began.

I clapped my hand upon my sword and gave him a look, and he made off at a fair rate, so that I ate in peace. But that night I wondered if I had been discreet, and the fear lost me some sleep. Therefore I resolved to be more circumspect the following day, and endure the fellow's insolence, lest I make him my enemy. If I could have been sure that he was a spy of the Inquisition—; but all was dark, unformed. I must be sly and watchful! And if I became certain he knew my true name, and had followed me, then —well, men are easily found who, for a sum, will make good use of a dark night and a sharp blade.

The next day I formed one of the great crowd that flocked to the church of St. George. We stood in the wide street facing the porch, for there was not standing-room within, and many a tale went round of strange lands recently discovered by the Portuguese, and of curious, quaint peoples, some bearing two heads to their one neck, with a full complement of mouths and noses. I had not stood there long before I felt

an elbow in my side, and there was Antonio grinning into my face.

"Well, I find thee with the rest," said he, in a cheery voice that made my gorge rise. But I remembered the part I must play, and pretended to be glad of his company. "What thinkest of all these wondrous rumors?" said he. "What thinkest of those huge pine trees that were seen floating in the sea; such trees as never men saw growing in the ground? And what of the bodies of those two dead men that floated to the Island of Flores—ay, the bodies of two men such as none ever saw walking to and fro?"

"Wondrous strange," said I, shortly. And I could not bring myself to talk to him in any wise. But in truth the strange things I heard that day made me shudder, so I was glad to see the Holy Cross lifted above the church. At last came three notables; Friar Perez of La Rabida, and my Lord Pinzon, and Columbus. Let me picture to you this strange adventurer.

Columbus was fifty-seven years old, but he looked to be older, for his hair was as white as snow. He was tall and muscular, and his deportment was dignified and polished, as if he had by

birth been a Spaniard. Little humor was there in that long, commanding face, but he had an air of authority and importance such as must have struck the eye of any observer. His eyes were light gray, his complexion fair and ruddy, his nose aquiline, his cheek-bones high. When one looked upon him, it was as if one looked upon an associate of kings. There was something about him that set him apart from ordinary men. The kindling light in his eyes and the solemn cast of features told of a man who was accustomed to look upon splendid visions and to live in gorgeous dreams. He bore an expression which said, "At last!" For many years he had hoped to see this day—had hoped where another would have given o'er his plan. He had seen his youth slip away, he had been so tormented by failures and rebuffs, that at thirty his hair was white. He had lived past the useful period of his middle life; and now, as his day was drawing toward the fair short hours of evening, his life-work was to begin.

As he advanced beside Pinzon and the holy man, they were met by the alcalde, the regidors and certain men of rank. They ascended the porch of St. George and faced us, while a deep and ominous silence fell upon the multitude. Then a notary public stepped forward upon the porch, and in a loud voice read an order from the king. The authorities of Palos were commanded to fit out two caravels within ten days, and to aid Columbus in procuring a third vessel. The three crews were to be paid four months in advance, and they were to go wherever Columbus chose to direct them, save to those lands which had been newly explored. Other orders were read in regard to the expedition, but they were little heeded by the common people, for a great terror had fallen upon them. But as for me, I saw at once that this was my opportunity to get away, and as to my coming back, I was so desperate that I cared little.

Those ten days passed by, so did ten weeks—ay, so did three months—before we were ready to depart, such was the rebellious behavior of the sailors and the traitorous terrors of the shipmasters. But not in this book will you find an account of our waiting and toiling, of our disappointments and fears. Go seek the account of my life, writ in ten great volumes, if you would

know the truth of the matter and the whole of it. Also there (and not in this work) will you find a history of the great voyage of Columbus, written as none other hath written. What of Antonio during those three months of suspense? I saw him no more, until a certain day. Ay, after that assembly before the church of St. George he disappeared; he was no more in Palos. Had my fears been for naught? You are soon to learn.

In the same July that Martin Pinzon came forward to the aid of Columbus, furnishing a ship and crew—a most unwilling crew—this same July saw the exodus of the Jews, of which I am now to speak. Our good king's grace had issued a proclamation a few months before, ordering all Jews to be gone from Spain by the end of July, for the Inquisition was totally unable to cope with the astonishing number of these miserable heretics. For though the Holy Office condemned an average of six thousand every year, this was but as a drop in the ocean. And it was not to be borne that such a flood of infidelity should remain in fair Spain. So all Jews were commanded to sell what they had (if they could find

buyers) and convert all property into bills of exchange, and so get them gone, carrying with them neither gold nor silver. Such an enormous amount of property was thus thrown upon the market that the demand was as weak as the cry of an infant; for I, myself, bought a noble vineyard with the exchange of my sword, and I purchased a house in Seville for a suit of clothes, and indeed the owners were lucky to get as much.

Well, as July drew to an end, every road leading from Spain was choked with refugees. As we were commanded to give them no aid or sympathy, we could but look on as they went forth from their native land. Now, the time was short for them to get a long way, and knowing if they were not quit of our land by the time given, every one of them would be burnt (for in the meantime our blessed Inquisition was resting, and was only engaged upon the prisoners it already held), you may imagine the strange scenes we witnessed. For all day long, and all night long as well, that stream of humanity poured through the country; beautiful maidens and matrons in rich attire, treading in the dust, and being pressed by others who rode upon

mules and horses. Carts and wagons of every description were jammed in the way, and incessant wails and cries rose from those who had been obliged to leave all behind them, and who but a short time ago were rich, but now had nothing in the world.

When these people found shipping and got into Asia and Africa (for no civilized country would tolerate them), the most frightful misfortunes befell them. Throngs of Arabs and Africans lined the way and chose from them the strongest men and fairest women, and carried them away to be slaves, nor could the Jews offer the least resistance. In spite of our good king's order, many had contrived to secrete about themselves precious stones and metals. The robber bands scented out this hidden property. They massacred whole companies of Jews that they might search them more at their ease; and having been informed that the Jews swallowed their diamonds, these wretches (I speak of the Arabs) would not hesitate to cut open the defenseless wretches (and now I speak of the Jews). And so at last they came, starved and miserable, to such spots as would contain them, and they

carried with them the plague that swept from the earth many a good Christian.

Indeed, I pitied the Jews, but I could not but consider them a rebellious and stiff-necked people, for had they but embraced the true faith, they might have remained in safety. Indeed some of them were converted in those days, and made good Catholics. But I grieve to state that there were as many as eight hundred thousand who held to their false doctrine, and so went forth from the land they loved to suffer murder, rapine, and disease.

One day, when July was drawing near its close, I stood on the porch of the Sailors' Inn, watching the ceaseless stream of emigrants. Many a beautiful face I saw, many a lofty brow and generous countenance. And in the dust tramped little feet that had known naught save the carpet of luxury which wealth spreads for its possessor over the earth. There was one face—nay, two—I seemed to know. I could not tell why they awoke within me a memory of other days. I stared, and felt a strange burning of my heart. They were Jewesses, and sure never had I fellowed with any Jew. And yet they looked famil-

iar. They were in a party which had a mind to rest that night in the common, for they were so weak with travel their limbs refused to take advantage of the approaching night. The place of their encampment was near at hand. I wandered thither, never losing sight of the two women who had so strangely moved me. There was another woman with them, but her face was hidden by her cloak, which she wore upon her head. The Jews drew up their wagons in the form of a square, and all who could, crept within the enclosure, to lie upon the ground and sleep as they might beneath the stars and under the displeasure of God.

I turned away with a heavy heart, and how gladly I would have give them a crust of bread, a pillow, a roof for the night! But this thing was forbidden. Yes, I would have done it for Korah's sake. Korah? A thought came to me. Korah, yes, they had reminded me of that old Jew! Those two fugitives must be his daughters! And the third with the muffled face, was not that the other? Korah's children, the children of my old friend, wanderers before the wrath of man and heaven!

I clinched my hands, and turned as if to go toward where they lay. A hand grasped my arm. I turned about fiercely, and then, "Herbert!" I exclaimed.

"Hush!" said he, quickly. "But didst see her?"

"I saw them both," said I.

"Nay, nay," he said, impatiently. "I speak of Petonilla. She with the cloak."

"My God!" I cried. "What do you mean? She is no Jewess."

"No; but she allies herself with Korah's daughters."

"And thou sufferest this thing?" I cried.

"Not so loud," said he; "but come with me and I will tell thee. Come away, for we are spied upon!"

I followed the direction of his frowning gaze.
There stood Antonio watching us.

CHAPTER XXII

DRIVEN FORTH TO PERISH

"Where shall we go?" I asked, my eyes fixed upon the face of Antonio.

"Why, as thou listest," said Herbert, as one who knows not what he says. "We must get out of this press where we can converse. But Laso, who is that man: for he seems to know thee?"

"His name is Antonio," said I, angrily, "and that is all I know of him, save I suspect he hath dogged me from Guadaloupe. Sometimes I believe him a spy of the Inquisition. Lend me thy sword, and I will accost him. As for mine own weapon, I have bought a vineyard therewith."

"Not so," said Herbert. "See, he hath vanished. Thy suspicion is built only upon a fear. Come, where can we be alone?"

I took him to a great cross that stood away from the edge of the road—a great wooden cross with a life-sized image of the Christ crucified upon it, such as one sees all over Spain.

"Kneel we here before this crucifix," said I, "and then we can talk at our ease, for all who pass will think we adore the blessed Son of God, and they will not disturb our devotions."

"I like it not," said Herbert, stiffening his knees as I bent mine. "Hast thou no private room in Palos?"

"None; for I am held as a common sailor, and so share the apartment of seven others who are for this mad venture with Columbus. But kneel with me, my friend, and we can talk secure. By Our Lady, there was never yet a kneeling to the crucifix thrown away."

"Well, so let it be," said he, kneeling beside me. "Let others think what they please. As for me, I hold this wooden image no more than so much wood."

It chilled my blood to hear him speak thus, and I cried, "So this is the work of Petonilla!"

"Thou hast spoken the subject of my discourse," said the German. "Garcilaso, that fair maiden is like to drive me quite to despair. One would think her made up of softness, and gentleness, and fair maidenly shamefacedness, and modesty, and sobriety. And yet she has a fiber

of rare obstinacy woven throughout her nature. Thou canst no sooner move her when it is her will not to be moved than thou canst move the rock of Gibraltar across the Strait to Africa."

"I came not here," said I, "to listen to words spoken against my lady. Tell me why she fellows with Jews, and why thou permittest it." As I finished speaking, the road near at hand became packed with a multitude of women, many carrying infants in their arms. The women were in rags, and their forms emaciated from toil and starvation. The wailing of the little children caused tears to spring to my eyes. But seeing a company of stern-faced priests marching toward us, crying out exhortations to the wretches to embrace the true faith, I dashed away my tears and raised my voice in the blessed Latin: "Deus qui salutis æternæ, beatæ Mariæ virginitate fæcunda," etc. By the time I had reached "Qui tecum vivat et-" they were passed by, so I broke off with, "Tell me, Herbert, what it means, this mystery of Petonilla."

"When I took her from the baron's castle," said he, "I placed her upon a mule I had in waiting. Then I upon my horse, and we sped through

the night to the humble cot where I had established my mother, newly come from Germany. Petonilla was happy with my mother, and sometimes I visited them, but not often lest my coming might lure suspicion to the door. But when I was with them we spent the time in planning our escape into Germany. The terrible fear that Petonilla might be recognized upon the way (for she would never consent to bear an assumed name) gave us sorrow and perplexity. Yet it must be risked. The time was almost ripe for our dash toward the Pyrenees when this exodus of the Jews began. O, Garcilaso, what manner of king, what manner of queen, has Spain? What are these Jews? Are they dogs? Are they devils? Is not some mercy due them simply in that they wear a mortal form, like unto ours? But if there should be an edict that every dog must be driven from Spain, it would arouse more indignation than this accursed edict against our fellow-men. See yonder tottering woman, about to fall from hunger; see, she is almost naked, for some one has snatched from her her rich garments. Who is there to protect her from the Arabs when they spy out her lovely form and face? So will it be with Petonilla, unless I am aided of God to bring her assistance."

He was so wild, so distraught, I could never have believed that German heart could burn in such a manner. Indeed his loud and broken tones were like to bring us into intimate danger; so I cried out at the top of my voice, the better to drown his traitorous words, "O Holy Virgin, most spotless mirror of purity, by that exceeding charity which moved thee to visit thy holy cousin, Saint Elizabeth, obtain for us through thy intercession that our hearts being visited by thy divine Son-By my soul, Herbert, an thou break forth at such a rate, here were an end of Petonilla and Herbert and Garcilaso as well! In heaven's name, borrow the calmness of a Spaniard, and tell me what hath happened, and let me do my own moralizing."

"Thou art right, Laso. This is the truth: when the Jews began to pour past the door of that humble home, one day Petonilla espied two of Korah's daughters, who had been freed from their captivity, for they are aged and broken with suffering and shame. But the youngest sister is still in the Inquisition. When she saw them,

Petonilla went out to them and embraced and kissed and went with them, saying they had saved her life in Piedmont, that their father had met death because he had befriended her, adding that she would share the fate of Korah's children. So she has been with them ever since as if she were a Jewess, and though twice I risked my honor and life by going boldly into their midst and pleading with her and giving what arguments I had, she was sweet but resolute, kind but obdurate. Ay, Garcias, her tones were gentle as the smile of a little child, but her purpose, once hot and fierce, hath cooled in an iron mold, and it is fixed forever."

"And she will go with them to Africa?"

"Ay, to Ercilla and thence to Fez, if they be not massacred or carried off before they reach that colony. And all I can do is to hover upon the outskirts and follow as best I may, so that at some deadly hour I may give my life for her. It is all that is left me—to die for Petonilla."

"Will she not even for thy love give over her madness?"

"I have not spoken of love," said Herbert, since the night of the conflagration."

"Hast not?" I cried, amazed. "Now, why is this so?"

"Can I speak to her of love," said he, "when she is a fugitive from the law? Could I speak of love when she was in the baron's castle? For she was at my mercy, seeing she was all alone. Could I press the advantage fortune had given me? What could she say but that she loved me?"

"What, indeed!" said I.

"Because," said he, "she would think she owed me as much. And not upon the night of the conflagration would I have spoken of love, had I not been beyond the palisades of reason and calmness. So when she lived in my mother's cot, upon our bounty, at our expense, under our protection, could I ask her for her love? Nay, how could I know but she would feel such love rather the payment of a debt than the bestowal of a free gift? I have been unfortunate, Garcias. First, thou wast her lover, so I could say no word. My great day was the day of the tournament, when I fought for her dishonored colors. Then I was free to ask her love, but, alas! she turned away."

"Therefore," said I, "in pleading with her to desert these miserable companions, these fugitives from the church—alas! poor helpless maidens!—thou didst make no argument from love?"

"Love!" said he. "How could I speak of love as she stood there in the dust, her arm about one of the fainting daughters of Korah, and I upon my good steed, richly dressed, and breathing the breath of prosperity and health? It would have been as if I had said to her, 'Come, Petonilla, I saved thee from the Holy Brotherhood, I have fed and clothed thee for months past, I have done thus and thus for thy sake, come, now, give me thy love as payment. Nay, give it for thine own sake, to escape this poverty and misery. Give me thy love and I will give thee comfort, a home, a happy life. Leave thy unfortunate companions to their fate, take heed to thyself.' Oh, I could not, Garcias, I could not!"

"I understand thee not," I said, in some disdain. "Thou seemest to suffer, thou hast certain signs of one ill at ease, and yet thou wilt not try the nostrum that might heal the sickness. I understand thee not. Thou art no Spaniard. By the soul of Garcilaso, had he been in thy place upon bringing Petonilla to that castle, he would have found out very soon if she loved or no. Are such nice scruples to scare away the hope of happiness? Is Garcilaso a horse to shy aside from a purpose at every bit of paper that stirs in the breeze? Very soon I should have known how ran the current of her soul. Do my words move thee?"

"Not a whit," said he. "Thou hast not that fineness of spirit that is needful for my interpretation."

"Methinks," said I, with sarcasm, "that thy fineness hath not brought thee much disport, my Lord de Metz. Thou and thy fineness of spirit have fared ill, meseems," said I, cuttingly. "But tell me, Herbert, doth life in truth offer thee no other hope but the hope of dying?"

"It does not," said he, stoutly.

"Then I will be kinder to thee than life," said I, "for I offer thee a hope. It is this. If thou wilt rid me of that accursed spy (if he be a spy), that Antonio, I will bring thee Petonilla out of that muck and mire of Judaism," I said. "I engage to persuade her with one word to leave

Korah's daughters, whom she cannot aid. Wilt thou rid me of this Antonio this night?"

"How rid thee?" said he, slowly.

"Thou hast a dagger," said I, succinctly, and he hath a back, and the night hath goodly clouds."

"I am no assassin," he said, coldly.

"I never thought as much," I retorted.
"What! is the killing of a dog an assassination?
He is my enemy! Therefore, I prithee, put out his light for me."

He laughed in a curious wise. "But, Garcias, thou art not sure he is a spy."

"No; but I am sure he annoys me with his staring."

"And for this shall I murder him? Think, Laso; would he have followed thee all the way from Guadaloupe, believing thee Garcilaso? Would he not long ago have called the priests to take thee? Would he dally now, since he hath seen thee with the old friend of Garcilaso?"

"I have a thought," said I. "It is this: he has been waiting all the time, hoping I would go unto Petonilla's hiding-place, that thus he may secure two at a blow."

"That is well thought out," said Herbert, with sudden thoughtfulness. "And thou thinkest thou canst persuade Petonilla to abandon her friends?"

"I am sure, Herbert, I am sure."

"Then I agree to ease thee of the burden of Antonio's staring. But I could not put out his light. I could not slay him. But I will capture him and bear him to a hiding-place where he shall be secure."

Now, I did not like that plan very well, for there never was an enemy secure until after he was dead. But I could get no better terms from the German, who had little spirit to my notion. He asked if I had formed any plot. I told him we must exchange our clothes, since Antonio would be deceived, in the darkness, into thinking him Garcilaso; therefore I should not be followed in my going to Petonilla. And that was important. He saw this and agreed. We got up from our knees and went forth to a field, where there was a certain cattle-shed, half-collapsed, and in truth it often seems to me that all the cattle-sheds of Spain were built leaning toward their downfall. Here we undressed, and Herbert

became a sailor and I a knight, once more a cavalier of Old Castile.

We now returned to the road, where the Jews still poured along, a stream of miserable and noisy people. The torches in their hands lit up the scene, making it wild and picturesque and terrible. Scarce had we come into the glare when behold, Antonio! He at once fastened his keen eyes upon Herbert.

"Now is the time," I whispered. "Lead him afield, while I steal to Petonilla. But he draws near. Let him not see thy face." Then in a loud voice, I said, that Antonio might hear (and hear he did), "My friend, go now to the maiden and see if she fares well!"

Herbert bowed and turned away. He started toward the field where stood the cattle-shed. Antonio presently glided after him. Then I set forth upon one of the most romantic and sad adventures ever devised in the brain of an hidalgo of Spain.

CHAPTER XXIII

A DUEL AND MUCH TALK OF LOVE

With a rapid stride I drew near the encampment, where the wagons of the Jews formed a square. I was, as I have said, in complete armor dressed. My face was hidden by my visor; even my hands were safe from detection by steel And this was well, for Herbert's gauntlets. hands were not as mine; for mine were long and slender, with the slim, supple fingers of an aristocrat. My figure was not as heavy-set as his, I was something taller. But my coat of mail, and the gloom of the night, and the uncertain flickering of the remote torches (for there burned no lights in the encampment), stood me in good stead. If I could act well my part, speak with Herbert's voice, and in his manner-a manner so foreign to my own—then—then would all be well. I came up to the fence of wagons, and great was the confusion of the scene, so wild, so weird, it might well be that I could accomplish my purpose undiscovered. But if it were found that I, a Spaniard, had gone unto the Jews—well, that would go hard with Herbert!

I passed with difficulty between two wagons and stood in the square. All over the ground straw had been strewed, and upon this lay many bodies—men, women, and children—as they had been one family. It was too dark to distinguish one face from another. Here and there some one stirred, and a groan came to my ears, and the sound of weeping. But for the most part they lay in the rigid sleep of weariness and misery. I could not, in the darkness, venture among them, for fear of stepping upon some wretch, for they were packed close together, as beasts penned up for the slaughter.

As I stood there, uncertain what to do, I saw a light approaching. I shrank against the wagon and trembled for my secret. A man came into the enclosure, bearing a torch. He stepped among the motionless forms, holding the blaze close to the ground. Suddenly he paused, and I could see a chain in his hand. It was a chain that bore a lock; a chain for some one's wrists. Fear made me bold, and I started toward him, seeking to silence the clanking of my armor. I

was near enough to see the face upon which he threw his light; it was the face of Petonilla. Ay, they had found her; they had come for her at last!

As the light burned near her head, Petonilla stirred, she moaned, she awoke. Her great troubled eyes stared wild into the evil face that bent over her. Then she gave a cry and threw her arms about the one who lay beside her, as if for protection. That one was a daughter of Korah, who now awoke and made moan. Then the man heard the clash of iron upon iron, and he turned and saw me drawing near. But he gave me only one scornful glance, for he thought me a Jew, then seized the arms of Petonilla and began to enchain them. Petonilla seemed struck dumb with the terror of her plight, but Korah's daughter cried out, and the Jews awoke and tottered to their feet, wondering what new calamity had come upon them. But when they saw the cause of the outcry, they stood like statues, nor uttered one word of pleading for the prisoner. In all that crowd there was not one weapon (since weapons of all kinds were forbidden them), and had they been armed, ill would it have been

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for them to have struck one blow against the superior race which had its heel upon their neck.

But there was one sword there ready to strike for Petonilla—ay, there was one sword there that leaped from its scabbard, that started toward that enemy as it had been a thing of life. He dropped Petonilla's arms and the chain. He leaped up and drew his own sword, and faced me with, "Dog of a Jew! for this assault every man and woman and child in thy company shall perish miserably. But nay, yield me thy sword and I will pardon thee and let thy company escape with their lives. Rash fool, stand back!"

"I am no Jew," said I, "look to thyself!"

"Then perish for thy folly!" he cried, making a pass at me. "Then perish as should perish every apostate Christian!"

"Here is for Petonilla!" I said, driving forward my blade. But I saw ill, for the torch had fallen upon the ground, where it spluttered feebly, while no Jew dared lift it up. And no Jew dared come to my aid.

He was a skillful cavalier, that swordsman. He made a right noble play. It was a keen and deadly sport. And if I could see ill, he could see no better. Now, whereas I was completely defended by my armor, he was naked of defense. It was a marvel that I did not strike him down at once. But being without the weight of steel and iron, he was as nimble, as swift, as cunning as a truant schoolboy. Many a deadly pass I made at him, which he escaped in a manner almost incredible. And often his blade found me, but my suit of mail turned it aside, and I was unharmed. All the while he was seeking to plunge the point of his weapon between the bars of my visor, and so penetrate my brain. At first it was very easy to escape the onset—av, it was play. But at last the terrible weight of my suit, and the weariness from springing back so oft, caused my breath to come in hurried and frequent gasps. But I pressed him hard, and he also became well-nigh spent, so at last, as by common consent, we paused to breathe.

"My lord," said I, "thou art a goodly antagonist."

"I thank thee well," said he; "and I grieve to see so gallant a cavalier fall in so evil a cause."

"I am ready to defend that cause," said I; "and had these Jews about me any spirit—ay,

one spark of chivalry—they would set upon thee and so make an end."

"What!" he cried. "Wouldst have so unequal a contest? Nay, but they are dogs, and when I kick them out of my way, they dare not so much as yelp. But I wonder thou desirest to see me overborne by numbers instead of by valor!"

"It were a good return," I said, "seeing that thou makest war upon sleeping women. But in truth, thou art right, my lord; I should not have said the words, and thy pardon I crave."

"That is well said, gallant cavalier," he cried, "for thou knowest if I chose to lift up my voice, I could bring a many loyal Spaniard hither who, seeing thee, a heretic, would set upon thee—ay, if they found thee fighting for Jews, they would degrade thee from thy knighthood. Therefore, I call not, for it is my wish to be good knight to thee."

"I like thee for those words, Señor Unknown," I returned. "And art thou ready to resume the play?"

"Ay, ready. Look to thy face; it is there I seek to feel my way with the blade of my sword."

"And guard thy heart," cried I. "But in truth, my lord, I would we had better light, for thou art so nimble a shadow, so fleet a night-bird, I fear I cannot wing thee."

"If there be a Jew here," he said, "who has resolution to hold up the light that it may stead us, I will not hold it against him when I have dispatched this courteous heretic."

There was no movement among the men, who stared upon us with their haggard eyes. "Well, well," said I, "let us then to the sport. But I am no heretic, as St. James is my patron saint!"

"That is soon to be proved," said he, facing me.

"Good my lord," said the voice of Petonilla (she spoke to me), "would it aid thee to have more light?"

"An I have it not," said I, seeking to speak in a strange voice, "thy Herbert is like to be laid low!" Now I had so often heard Herbert's tones, that in a degree I had caught the trick of their accent. She thought me Herbert. She gave a little cry. And then she caught up the torch and held it so that its light leaped high and gleamed upon our blades.

"Now we may fight at our ease," said my enemy.

"Ready!"

"Ready!"

We began to play.

Our rest had done us both good, but I soon began to weary again from my armor, whereas he seemed more alive, more alert than he had been at first. Back and forth we swayed, while Petonilla kept step, holding the light to the combat that was to decide her fate. I wounded him more than once, but they were mere fleshwounds, and the sight of his blood gave him a fiercer courage and a surer hand. His sword clashed upon my visor, my coat of mail; it even sought my mailed hand, but thus far I had not borne a scratch.

And then the time seemed come when I was to make an end of that gallant foe. He had recoiled from a charge and shrank as if spent. So I leaped forward, to drive my sword through his heart. But his attitude of weariness had been a deceptive trick, for never was he more lithe and elusive. Quick as the stroke of a Christian, he leaped aside, and so great was my astonishment

(for I had been sure of putting out his light), that I was thrown forward by the impetus of my attack. I staggered, I almost dropped my blade.

Then that wily knight turned furiously upon me and sought to penetrate my visor. The point of his sword beat upon the bars, it felt its way to enter the helmet and put all to an end. My defense was feeble, I felt my time had come. His eyes shone sure and steadfast, his blows came quick and cunning, always toward the same point. But at the moment when my heart cried that all was lost—ah, then, at that instant out went the light! Ay, that instant Petonilla cast the torch upon the ground and with her foot trampled out its blaze.

"Unfair!" cried the cavalier as his blade went wild in the sudden darkness.

I had thrown forward my weapon to defend myself as best I could, and he ran full upon it and fell down at my feet. I heard him gasp, "'Sancta Maria, ora pro me!"

- "Oh, my lord," said I, kneeling beside him, thou knowest that trick was not of my devising!"
 - "' 'Kyrie eleison' " he groaned.
 - " 'Christe eleison,' " I responded, throwing

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off my gauntlet and taking his hand. He returned my grasp feebly, thus telling me he held me for a true knight. But he looked upon himself as already departed, for he went on with the responsory for the dead: "'Eternal rest give me, O Lord."

- "And let perpetual light shine upon him,"

 I murmured.
 - "'O Lord, hear my prayer."
 - "'And let my cry come unto Thee."
 - " 'Kyrie eleison.' "
 - " 'Christe eleison.' "
 - "'Kyrie-" and so he died.
- "Now, Petonilla," said I, rising, "come with me." I took her hand and led her from the Jews, and out into a dark by-street, where we could be alone. "I have something to tell thee," I whispered, "but beware how thy voice is raised, for at every window that looks down upon us may crouch a spy; behind every door a form may stand ready to spring forth."
 - "My lord, what shall I do?" she whispered.
- "Petonilla, thou hast done an evil deed tonight—" I paused, fearing she might detect my identity.

"What, Herbert! Wouldst thou have had me stand and hold a light to thy destruction?"

"'Unfair!" I groaned. "It was his word. "Unfair!"

"I could do nothing else," she said, quietly.
"But why hast thou called me away from my companions? Let me share the suspicion that must fall upon them from that dead body."

"Thou shalt never return to them," I whispered.

"Ah, my lord, let us not travel that road again. I have heard thee at length, but never yet hast thou shown me why I should desert my friends."

"Then go to them if thou wilt," said I, in the calm, even tones of Herbert; "go to them if thou dost value their friendship more than my love!"

"Thy love, my lord?"

"Ay, my love, which has ever been true and tender for thee, Petonilla; my love which thou countest as naught. It is I who tell thee so!"

"What sayest thou?" she faltered. "Nay, thou dost not love me, Herbert. In all the months gone by, has there been one word of love?"

"I would not speak of love," said I, "lest thou think I demanded it as my right, Petonilla. Once thou didst doubt me cruelly. Do not repeat that fault. I tell thee I love thee as far and as passionately as a German heart may love. Such love as I can feel is thine. I know Garcilaso loves thee," I continued, "and I know his love is wild and passionate, and thou art as dear to him as the thought of home to a shipwrecked mariner. But I also love thee as much as I am able."

"Garcilaso!" she echoed. "Nay, my lord, right well I know his love is nothing, for already it sees its sun drawing near its western home. Speak not of him, Herbert. Do I not know thy heart! And if thou sayest there is love there for me-"

"I say it," said I; "every beat of my heart is a beat for Petonilla. But as for Garcilaso, thou doest him wrong, for he will never cease to love thee until he lies cold and dead." They were my words.

"Good my lord," said she, right cruelly, "I pray thee grieve not for thy friend, for his love hath the healing of forgetfulness under its wings.

Tell me, oh, tell me, that this talk of love for me is not a sudden compassion, a sudden device, to separate me from my unhappy friends."

"Ever thou doubtest, Petonilla, ever thou wrongest me! But I swear to thee I have ever loved thee like as no man loves any woman save that woman he would have for his wife."

"Herbert!" said she, right gently.

"Yes," said I, "as much as a German may love, I love thee. My nature is naturally cold and even, my blood is sluggish, my mind is not quick and active, I am a student, I know not if I can make thee happy. Now, if thou lookest for fervent vows and passionate protestations, for a love like a flame, thou lookest toward me in vain. I can make a tolerable husband, one thou mayest depend upon, one who will be kind and gentle and slow and unapt to catch thy flashing thoughts."

"Speak not thus, Herbert," said she, drawing close to me. She took my ungloved hand in both of hers. "Well I know if love for me is in thy heart, it will shine forth to me steady and secure through all the storms of life."

"That love for thee is there," said I. "Now

wilt thou go with me and be with me forevermore?"

"I will."

"And leave those wretched Jews?"

"I will leave all for thee, Herbert, since thou lovest me."

Now I longed to take her up in my arms and kiss her face and hair a thousand times. Yes, I thought to cast aside my visor, to cast my helmet upon the ground and lift her up and kiss her brow and cheeks and neck and hair, and finally come by sweet paths to her lips, and live there awhile. Yes, my heart burned and my blood danced. But there came the thought that her words were not for me-no, they were for Herbert. I must still be Herbert, or all were lost. Now, what would Herbert do, were he standing thus with his hand in both hers. Would he lift her up against his breast and devour her with kisses? Not Herbert! What then? I thought most earnestly, till I believed I had his plan, and then I said:

"Petonilla" (I used his calm tones), "tell me in so many words how lies the prospect of my hope?"

- "I love thee," she said, softly.
- "Say it again," said I, calmly.
- "Herbert!"
- "Say it," said I. "How can I be sure after thou didst leave me for the Jews?"
- "Oh, Herbert! But indeed I love thee with all my heart."
- "And dost thou take me for thy master?" said I.
 - "Yes, dear Herbert, my own kind master."
 - "Here is my hand," said I, "yield me fealty."
 She kissed my hand.
 - "Thou wilt with me to Germany?"
 - "To the end of the earth, dear master."
- "It is well," said I, casting about in my mind for the next move. "Petonilla, I have not here that faded wreath which I so long warmed against my heart. But crown me. Come, crown me. I kneel at thy feet. Make a chain with thy sweet arms, make love's sweet chain of tyranny, and hang it about my neck." So she put her arms about me, but I could not see her face.

Now I rested there a long time—oh, so long a time! with her arms about me—and cruel coat of mail, to keep from me her warm, sweet pres-

sure! But she was so near. I could have died content. And presently she said, "Herbert, thou knowest not what I do in the darkness."

"What is it, Petonilla?"

"I wonder thou canst not feel through the iron. Now see if thou canst not guess."

Then I felt her breath upon my cheek, it came through the bars of my visor. "But what is it?" I asked.

"Now wait," said she. "There! Knowest not?"

"That time I heard thee," said I. For she had kissed the barrier that stood between my face and her lips.

"Herbert," said she with a fluttering voice, as if her breath were about to fail her; "Herbert, take away thy visor!"

"No," I said.

"Herbert!" said she, right timidly. There was a yearning in her voice, a yearning for love. "Herbert, art thou very sure thou lovest me as I love thee?"

"Oh, my darling, my precious love, my beautiful Petonilla," I whispered, with fierce passion, and then reflection came, and I caught my words as they rushed forth and turned them back and I said, with the dead calm of the German's manner, "I do love thee, Petonilla, in that very wise, and it is I who tell thee so!"

"Herbert," said she, once more, as she held my hand against her cheek, "remove thy visor!"

I knelt a moment, very still and wretched, and oh, how I longed to take her at her words! But presently I spoke in a measured voice, "No, Petonilla." And I arose and drew away from her embrace. I have fought a many good fight in my day. I have won a many splendid victory, but I count few of my triumphs greater than my victory of that night.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW PETONILLA DID ME HARM

The question now came to my mind, What was to be done? I looked at Petonilla as she stood there in the gloom. I listened to the confusion of the banished Jews. Cries and lamentations made the night terrible. "Bread! bread!" came the wail of little children.

"We have staid here too long," said I. "The very stones will learn the tones of our voices, and cry out that thou art Petonilla and I—" There I broke off, for I had forgotten I was Herbert.

"I will go with thee wherever thou desirest," said she, gently. I was sure of that, but my trouble lay in not knowing what I desired. The Sailors' Inn was out of the question. True, I might go to some common fellow's home and drag him from his bed and bid him give my lady a room and wait upon her. But suppose (and I did suppose it), suppose I took her to one who already had heard of her nearness? Now, was

not the Inquisition close upon her path and mine? Was the cavalier who had slain himself upon my sword the only man who knew Petonilla was in Palos? And was Antonio the only man who had been watching me with snake-like eyes?

"Come with me," said I, in an unmoved voice, and I started toward the field and toward the cattle-shed whither Herbert had gone. I knew not what I should find there, but I hoped to discover Herbert (dressed as Garcilaso) victorious over that same Antonio. What would there take place must be left to the future moment. But I was now wholly consumed by the desire to get Petonilla (much as I loved her) under the protection of her German lover, and so be free to go as I pleased.

We found ourselves in intense darkness, and we stumbled along that field, finding, as it appeared, every clod that rose above its fellow and every broken plank that had been cast from its moorings. However, I contrived by dint of many bruises to get my lady to the deserted building. When I had come to the roof that projected forward over an open space, where much straw lay, I called, cautiously, "Garcilaso!"

"Ah!" said he. "Let me hear her voice."

"Garcilaso," called Petonilla, softly, "wilt thou not come forth and greet me?"

"That I cannot," said the German, and he spoke in a manner foreign to him, as if he had borrowed my voice. Now, perhaps he fancied he imitated my thought and speech, but I could see he was in no wise similar to the proud Spaniard. I wondered how Petonilla could be deceived. He went on to say, "I am bound by a vow, lovely and adorable Petonilla; I am bound by a vow never to leave this place until I hear thee with thine own voice speak these gentle words, "I love Herbert;" for," said he, "the whole soul of Garcilaso is wrapped up and infatuated with the desire that thou and Herbert become man and wife. Ay, Petonilla, once I loved thee, and

[&]quot;I am here!" called back Herbert.

[&]quot;So is Petonilla," said I, softly. "Nay, art thou alone?"

[&]quot;Quite alone," said he.

[&]quot;It is well," said I. "Yes, I have persuaded my lady to leave those Jews, and it is I who tell thee so. It is Herbert who hath accomplished this feat."

could have laid down my life for thy sweet sake; but now I have become as a brother, a tender, gentle brother, and I would lay down my life to see thee and Herbert wed. No man was ever as brave and valiant and strong as I," he went on, "no man was ever wiser, and I never gleaned one paring of my wisdom out of any book. And therefore being as I am, perhaps, the greatest knight in Christendom, well may my brotherly love bring thee delight! Therefore, sweet lady, say the words I have begged of thee."

I heard a ripple of laughter in her voice as she said, quite clearly, "I love Herbert!"

"Tis well," said the wretched impostor, "and I shall die content. And Herbert, come hither, I pray thee, and leave the maiden a moment. I need thee for the releasing of my vow."

So I went forward and came to his side. He was upon his knees, and I found the form of a recumbent man beside him. "Garcilaso," he whispered, "thou art come at a proper time. Here we have our Antonio securely gagged and bound. But as I live, it took all thy clothes to make me ropes wherewith to enchain him. For

if thou wilt feel me, thou wilt perceive my bareness of attire, so that I be ready to crawl into bed, but not to step forth into the eyes of man."

"Now, what is to be done?" I demanded; "for when I return thee thy suit, how can I clothe myself in thy nakedness? Why didst thou not rip up this low fellow's garments to make his ropes out of his own furnishings? By my faith," said I, right hotly, "thou hast made a pretty scene in this night's tragedy! Hadst thou followed my advice, he would be lying with a blade through his heart, and no need of ropes and gags, for death would have roped and gagsed him better than thou!"

"Well, well," said he, rising, "give me my armor and let me forth to Petonilla as my true self. If she discover thee in my harness, all thou has wrought will be in vain. And she would soon spy thee out. Come! be not downcast. I have yet enough of thy sailor's dress to hide thy legs from the world."

"And am I a merman," said I, fiercely, "to roam the world naked to my middle?"

"Herbert!" called Petonilla, "why dost thou

linger? I am much afraid out here in the night. Come back to me, my lord."

"I cannot come just yet," called Herbert.
"Behold, when I came hither (in my armor),
what did I find but Garcilaso bound hand and
foot, and lying upon the ground. And it is very
hard to unloose him. So rest content; I will
come when he is freed. Some low enemy hath
fallen upon him."

Petonilla uttered a sweet cry of compassion.

"Now, quick!" whispered the wily German; "let us exchange our garments." So we drew aside to the wall of the shed.

"May I not come in?" said Petonilla. "Perchance I can help, for I am very apt in unloosing knots."

"Come in an thou wilt," said Herbert, "but come not hither, my lady. Abide under the roof, however, that thou be not afraid."

We heard her feeling her way. "Is he not yet freed?" she aked, presently. "Indeed, Herbert, thou art very slow to release my very good friend."

"In truth," said he, "I am not now striving at the knots, for I have dropped something upon

the ground, and I search for it. Come not near, my lady, lest thou sweep it past recovery."

"And wilt thou leave Garcilaso to pine in chains while thou seekest for a lost object, Herbert?" said she, reproachfully.

"Oh, I will come to him presently," returned Herbert, getting into his clothes with what dispatch he could.

"Poor Garcilaso!" cried Petonilla. "Ah! ah! What, wilt thou say no word to me, to show thou art still my good friend?"

I said nothing, for in truth I was so enraged over my scanty dress, that I had much ado not to cry out Herbert's ungallant behavior.

"Thou art offended at thy friend," said she, softly. "I could not have thought Herbert would treat thee so. But rest content. I will be good lady to thee. Ah, here is a dagger upon the ground. Some one hath dropped it."

"It is mine," said Herbert. For a time there was no conversation in the shed. Herbert and I were busy. At last he cried, "Here it is! Here is what I sought. Now I will come to thee, Garcilaso, and release thee."

"There is no need," said Petonilla, coldly,

"I have been better friend to him than thou. There, good knight, that stroke sets thee free. Rise my lord!"

"My lady," cried Herbert, "what is thy meaning? What words are these?"

"Rise, dear Garcilaso," said she, "and forgive him, for he doth not mean to despite thee. Nay, it is but his way, which once even I failed to comprehend."

What footsteps are those?" cried Herbert, starting forward, now completely clothed.

"By my faith," I shouted, "she hath released that accursed Antonio!" And so she had, and we could hear him running away across the field.

I turned upon Herbert and I said, with cutting dignity, "The next time Garcilaso advises thee as touching the remedy that lies in the stroke of a blade, I trust thou wilt not prescribe another medicine."

"What thing is this?" cried Petonilla, all amazed.

"My dear lady," said Herbert, gently, "fret not because of thy mistake. Thou hast freed our enemy; it is no great matter. Thou thoughtest to do well, therefore who can chide thee? Yet blame thyself if thou wilt, so I may be thy lawyer and clear thee before the tribunal of thy conscience, with the eloquence of my love."

Now, if Antonio had been pursuing him instead of me, I wonder if he would have made so light of the matter? We abode there a brief space, discussing what were best to be done. But as it seemed better to remain anywhere rather than in that cattle-shed, we soon fared forth into the field. At last it ended in this wise: Herbert took Petonilla to his inn, whither he had announced, upon his first arrival, he expected his wife to follow him. For he had always hoped to prevail upon Petonilla to desert the Jews. Therefore he bore Petonilla thither as his wife, who had come after him from some town of Andalusia. When he had placed her in his room, he returned to me, bearing me other clothes, which I was well able to purchase. For although I had spent Margaret's gold, I had most of my four months' pay.

When I was attired, I set out for La Rabida, and abode in the monastery until the day of our departure for India. As for Herbert and Petonilla, they left Palos the same night, and he took

her to his mother, with whom she was now well content to remain. I felt secure at La Rabida, where, posing as a pilgrim once more, I was very well entreated. I felt sure no Catholic would seek me in a very nest of Catholicism. I was right. At least, Antonio came no more to vex me. I thought I was rid of him at last! I was more sure, when, on the night of the second of August, I slipped from my narrow cell and gained Palos and the deck of my vessel, attired as befitted a companion of Columbus. And so, upon the third of August, which was a Friday (and we ate no meat), we put to sea, the Pinta, the Nina, and the Santa Maria, in which last rode Garcilaso.

As for the year, as I have said before, it was 1492; a year that saw two of the greatest events in our history. Yes, blessed in the memory of man is 1492, chiefly because it saw the stiffnecked Jews, who had begun, in their insolence of wealth and infidelity, to lift up their horns, swept from our fair land; and for a second reason, which in the sequel proved scarce less important, because it saw the departure of Columbus (and Garcilaso) on that marvelous journey toward an unknown world.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW I SAILED WITH COLUMBUS

The heart of Garcilaso leaped with a melancholy enthusiasm when he realized that at last he was leaving his native land, never, perhaps, to return, and that, at the same time, he was venturing forth into the unknown ocean. He had found at Palos that it was possible to remain in the country and escape detection, at least if he was willing to eclipse his glory in a mean disguise. But this the haughty spirit of Garcilaso could not endure. His danger from the Inquisition urged him away; the memory of Petonilla and of his love for her so saddened his heart, that had there been nothing for him but honors and fêtes, his soul would not have been lifted up. Indeed it seemed to the cavalier that all peace, all joy, was at an end. And so he saw the land recede from sight, with a stern, undaunted brow. There was no man upon the Santa Maria in whom he could confide. They were below him in station, they were mean and common folk, unable to enter into the high thoughts and generous passions of a noble.

Of course, I do not count Columbus in this class. Although he had sprung from an obscure family of Genoa (for his father was none other than a wool-comber), yet this great man had risen above his station, by associating daily with lofty thoughts and purposes inspired by religion and profound wisdom. Doubtless he could in a measure have understood me; but so engrossed was he with his success and with his direction of the ships and with his diary and with his dreams, that I cared not to win a fragment of his mind. The man to whom I give my confidences must yield me all his attention and care. I knew if I told him of Petonilla, he would look upon me with half an eye and confuse her with India and the great Khan. So I held my thoughts to myself and let them eat into my heart, and I was silent, gloomy, and severe.

On the third day, the Pinta put up signals of distress. We soon learned that her rudder was broken. The reason was clear: the owners had disabled her so she would be spared the risks of the great voyage. We would have made up to

her to aid her in this strait, but there was a strong wind that forbade a near approach. The captain (it was Martin Pinzon) made shift to keep the rudder true by means of ropes, but on the fourth day these stays gave way, and we all shortened sails to keep near each other. What was to be done? The admiral (for the son of the Genoese wool-comber had become nothing less) determined to land at the Canaries and there procure a new vessel. We went slowly forward, while a dismal doubt existed in many minds as to the proximity of the islands. However, on the morning of the seventh day the Canaries came in sight, and confidence in the accuracy of our admiral's knowledge was strengthened.

For three weeks we sailed among the islands, seeking a new vessel, but whenever it was told that we meant to fare forth into the great unknown sea, ship-masters disappeared, so that we were obliged to retain the Pinta. A new rudder was made and we set forth again, even sadder than when we left Spain, and with more reason; both because we had seen the peak of Teneriffe sending forth flames (as if the devil was getting his fires ready for our poor bodies), and

because news came from Ferro that a Portuguese fleet was hovering near, with the intent to capture us and seize upon our vessels.

On the thirty-fifth day of our departure from Palos we put off from Gomera, keeping an anxious outlook for the Portuguese pirates, though I am free to confess there were not a few among us who longed to be captured and carried back to a godly land. This suspense was augmented by a detestable calm which befell us and which kept our ships three days near the shore, with sails dangling shamelessly. On the third day of the calm an incident occurred which gave us something to think about other than terrors and mysteries. The Santa Maria was standing out to sea, for the first breath of a breeze had kissed her outstretched wings, and the Pinta still hugged the shore. Between us was the Nina. As I stood upon the deck of the farthest vessel, I looked toward the land, and behold! a man stood upon the margin, as if he would leap into the tide. Nay, he did leap, he buffeted the waves, he swam to the Pinta and was taken aboard. "Now, this is some crazy man," thought I, "some man bereft, for who would go upon this

voyage unless forced or driven by sorrow or madness?" He was taken below and though I stood a long time watching the deck of the Pinta through a glass, that adventurer did not reappear. So night came on and gave an edge to our wonder.

Up rose the sun the next morning with a goodly wind in his arms which he flung upon the sea. We were carried out into the great unknown, and we saw the last of the Canaries grow dim and ever dimmer, and at last fade from our eyes. And then, indeed, we felt that our mad enterprise had begun, for before us lay all the terrors of a world peopled by monsters of a thousand fantastic tales. The sailors moaned, they wept, they called the names of their loved ones, whom they scarce hoped to see again. And many implored God to forgive them for venturing into the realms which He had reserved to Himself for His own peculiar purposes from the foundation of the universe.

The hope of finding land in the midst of such a boundless ocean, of finding dry land where there was naught but millions of leagues of sheer, vacant water, seemed mad indeed. And when

the mariners clustered in shuddering groups and whispered of the curious creatures that dwelt in the caves at the bottom of the sea—some of them with bodies of women, and with hair that is long and with arms that can tear open the stoutest keel-then in truth, for a brief moment, Garcilaso forgot his sorrow for Petonilla, and took some thought to his own precarious situation. Now those I speak of are the curious monsters who fall in love with men, and having no manner of shame, nor any regard whatever for their ties, as to whether they be already the husband of some lady, seize upon their bodies and kiss away their breath, and then suck their blood for very love of it. Moreover these mariners muttered of things that had been seen in the air. And they said any moonlight night he who dared look into the seas might behold the bodies of dead men with their glassy eyes rolled back at the sky.

We were waxing into a fine state of alarm when Columbus called us. And he delivered to us a speech so glowing with hope and high resolve, and so chained together and bulwarked with logic, and so permeated with the certainty of lighting upon India in a brief space, that he

put fresh heart into those men; as for Garcilaso, nothing could make him glad or sorry. On the evening of this day the Pinto drew alongside for company, and we exchanged shouts; and we were told how the man who had boarded her lay ill from a cold he had found in the sea and his wet clothes; but that he was a right resolute person, with a high resolve to see the end of this matter. We asked his name, but our ships drifted apart before the answer came.

On the fortieth day, when we had traveled one-fourth of the journey, according to the calculations of Columbus, we came upon a floating mast which had been a long time in the water. Ah, who can tell the mystery of that fragment, or from what vessel it had been torn, or the fate of the unfortunate voyagers? Well might it be, said some, that the great hand which was known to reach out of the clouds in this region, had torn the ship to pieces, had crushed the crew in its gigantic fingers, and had dropped them into the ocean! Might we not encounter such a fate? And perchance our three vessels would drift, drift back to Spain, driven by the wings of strange creatures that are heard at night.

On the forty-second day there was much more solid ground for alarm. For behold! the compass no longer pointed north. How, then, could we tell whither we went, and how could we hope to return? It must be, we thought, that in this region all things were different; perhaps there was no north, no south; and surely there was no land. So the ships came to a standstill, and mutiny rose in the breasts of the crew. But Columbus invented a theory that would account for the change, and he expounded it with such logic that doubts were dispelled. A heron came to his aid on the forty-third day, for such birds do not venture far to sea, therefore the heron meant a small island, at the least. And where that heron came from I could never determine, but he must have been a long and a steady flier, for never a patch of land saw we-nay, not a clod upon which he could have nested. Also a tropical bird we spied, and at night the sky was filled with wondrous flames, for stars left their fixed and appointed stations and sallied across the blue dome with lightning speed. I thought it strange that from now following the wind blew steadily toward the west, as if Columbus had called it up, by a mystic power, for his very purpose.

The day after the mutiny Garcilaso stood idle upon the deck, looking aimlessly through his glass, watching the sparkle of the sunlight upon the rushing tide—the long white path left by the Nina, which had passed forward to starboard. Then, still without purpose, his glass focused upon the deck of the Pinta, and he saw Pinzon and his crew at work, passing to and fro, sometimes leaning over the sides with fearful eyes, not knowing upon what marvels they might rest. Suddenly Garcilaso uttered a sound, an angry and startled exclamation, and the glass fell from his hand and rolled at his feet upon the rocking deck. The danger of losing it into the sea brought him to himself. He caught it with his foot, he took it up, and now he stared with all his might upon the deck of the Pinta. His idle manner, his thoughtless look, was gone. Yes, yes; there, standing upon the consort's deck, standing at the railing, looking out to sea, was Antonio! It was the same tall, lank form-ay, it was the same smooth-shaven face, the same even-lined lips, and Garcilaso fancied he saw

the same covert, watchful gleam in the quick eyes.

Now, why was he there? What did this mean? Surely this was the man who had boarded the vessel at Gomera, and who, since then, had lain ill from his cold. Why else should he be there, except for the purpose of hounding me to the ends of the earth? For this reason he had come. Ay, over that trackless waste, that terrible unknown sea, the arm of the Inquisition was stretched! Earth had no hiding-place from the eye of the Church. But still I was perplexed, amazed. If he had such resolution, this spy, Antonio, why had he not told Pinzon, on boarding the Pinta, of my disguise. Had he done so, Columbus must have given me up. What was the meaning of this reprieve, this show of mercy? I puzzled over it, I could reach no answer. Antonio had had me in his power more than once, why had he let me escape?

This uncertainty kept me awake that night. The next morning I sought out Señor Pedro Gutierrez. I had become in a manner acquainted with him, for he was the only man in my vessel worthy in any wise to converse with me, seeing

that the sailors were low and base fellows; but Gutierrez was a gentleman of the king's bedchamber.

"Señor Gutierrez," said I, "I wish to state a condition to thee, and learn the cause. Now one of the sailors hath told me his history," said I, shrewdly, "and he hath committed a great offense against king and country. Such being the case, nevertheless when the state's officers had him in their fingers, they let him go. And yet," I continued, "they let him know very plainly that they still had a mind to seize upon him at some future day."

"They are faithful officers," said he.

"Ay, faithful enough," said I, dryly. "The Blessed Virgin reward them as they deserve! But that is not the point. This is the mystery; in the mind of this low sailor, this is the point—"

"By my troth," cried he, "thou speakest as if thou wert not one of this same base crew!"

"Nay, nay," I cried, remembering myself, "we be all dolts and common folk; I had no such thought. But this fellow wonders why the officers let him escape when they might have taken him."

"I can rede thee this riddle," he said, with a lofty smile. "Knowest not, my man, that the king hath pardoned every sailor in this enterprise, of all his offenses, until two months after his return? Thy rude companion is safe from any officer—nay, from the Pope himself—until he shall have been two months returned, if any man return, from this accursed India."

So, there was my explanation. I know not why I had not chanced to learn of this favor from the king; doubtless my mind had been anchored upon other thoughts, in other seas of love and sorrow. After my conversation with Gutierrez, my mind was distracted from the incidents of the journey in brooding upon Antonio. The thought of him grew warm within me and bred hatred that caused my heart to leap up in a blaze; and could I have come at him, it would have been the worse for one of us. Now, a fearful thing was this hate; it consumed all fear of our enterprise, all joy in the beauty of the world, all tender recollections of Petonilla. Ever I saw but one form, the form of Antonio; ever I heard but one voice in my ears, his treacherous voice! When we began to find weeds floating in the sea,

and after, when we saw them every day, and they grew in number and size, until they covered the entire surface of the water, it was still the same. No joy, no hope, only the desire to reach Antonio's throat! Now, on one occasion, I procured a live crab that did perch upon that strange herbage, a crab large and subtle, which, however, I made prisoner; and Columbus preserved the beast as a trophy. There was one rebellion that almost proved fatal to Columbus, and there were moments of bright hope (to the others) whenever Pinzon saw one of his clouds and cried it an island. On one occasion, I remember, his cloud (and he had a marvelous faculty of spying them out) looked so much like land, that we offered up the "Gloria in Excelsis!" But, as it proved by the morning light, we had praised God for nothing.

Sometimes we leaped into the sea and swam about, for the water was calm, and the deck intolerable. Once I saw Antonio spring naked into the water, and though he was far away, it was in my mind to swim out and strive with him and see which were a better man. So in I plunged and struck forth with all my might;

but in some wise the coldness of the water chilled my hate, and soon I turned about and regained the Santa Maria, and his blood was not upon my hands. I longed to take one of the sailors into my purpose and hire such a one to pick him off from among the living, but I dared not broach this pretty plot to any.

Not to prolong my tale, nor harp upon the mutinous doings of the sailors—for they waxed desperate, they were low fellows-nor set forth how Columbus avoided many a dangerous scene by his polished urbanity, which came not naturally to him (since he had been born in the station previously set forth), let me come jump to that night when all of us looked forth to see land with more certainty than we had ever looked. The Pinta was ahead, and Pinzon stood at her prow straining his eye for a land that would not resolve itself into vapor. Never an eye was closed that night, for Columbus told us we were at the end of our journey (though how he knew is more than I can tell). Nay, I think it was a bold stroke upon his part, the last bold stroke, and had he failed—?

In the excitement of the hours, Antonio slipped from my mind, or at least remained

there but as a gloomy background to dazzling fancies. I was as confident as Columbus appeared. Surely heaven could have sent no clearer proofs of the nearness of land. From what but land had come these weeds, birds, crabs, planks, trees, and the like? Verily, everything had been wafted toward us but human beings!

Now I stood upon deck, and by me was Pedro Gutierrez, of whom I have spoken, for he was the gentleman of the king's bedchamber. He was relating to me his hopes, and how he would be happy in his home on his return to Spain (if he ever saw his way thither), and how he would carry back much gold, and never voyage again. And, as for me, I listened with a sad heart, for if we succeeded, what hope had I, seeing I had lost Petonilla? And if we failed, little had I to lose. Now, as we stood talking, and in the meantime gazing abroad, Columbus, who stood upon the top of the castle, called unto Pedro, saying, "Come hither, Don Pedro—" and his voice trembled.

Then Pedro went forward, and our admiral pointed his long arm and said: "Am I deceived, or is yonder a glimmering light?"

"It is a light," said Pedro.

Then Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovia: "Come hither, come hither, Señor Don Rodrigo!" And when he had gone up he was asked the same question.

"Nay, I see no light," Sanchez replied.

But as they continued standing, all three saw it—sweet beams—and not long after, they were visible to me. It appeared as a light, tossing in a boat, or as a torch borne by one who walks to and fro. But suddenly it vanished, and we saw nothing, nor knew what to think. But at two o'clock in the morning we were startled by a sudden sound; it was the report of a gun from the Pinta, followed by a wild shout. And now but two leagues away, there loomed up in the night a shape, a form, and it was land!

Ay, it was land, and never had white men looked upon that land before! There it had lain for centuries and centuries. While the Pyramids were being built, and while the kings of Egypt and of Babylon were living, hating and dying, while the empires of Greece and Rome rose and decayed, while the Christ was living in the world, and when he was crucified, this land had been

lying as now it lay, awaiting its discoverer. And if ever you hear the wicked and the ungrateful heap reproaches upon my land, and cast obloquy upon its great men, and jeer at the name of Spain, tell such a one—ay, tell him that it was Spain, it was my land, that rescued the New World from oblivion and gave it, a garden of delight, to brave men and fair women.

CHAPTER XXVI

I TAKE LEAVE OF ANTONIO

It was on the twelfth of October, and a Friday, that our eyes beheld that strange and primitive land. Columbus, in rich attire, set forth in his boat from the Santa Maria, carrying the royal He was surrounded by the chief men standard. of the three crews (among whom should have been Garcilaso), and after them came the common mariners (among whom was Garcilaso, for he was a disguised hidalgo). They knelt and kissed the earth and rendered thanks to God, calling the place San Salvador. But there was one in that company who, even while he kissed the earth, or, to be more particular, a flower that grew therein, had his eyes on guard for an enemy. That one was he whom I have twice mentioned; I mean Garcilaso. This knight was ever looking for the spy, Antonio, and at last he saw him upon the outskirts.

But how could one keep his thoughts bent to the sharp edge of hate, when all about were the

wonders of a new world? We were surrounded by a swarm of marvelous red creatures, natives of that place, one of whom was a female. were all of excellent mien, and their forms were very proper and symmetrical, which we could the better observe seeing that they were as naked as the back of my hand, save for curious, quaint paintings. When I had, in some degree, grown accustomed to their frank appearance, I began to edge my way through our men to make up to Antonio. He, as if scenting my purpose, held off, nor could I get near, for he took as many steps as I, at the same time retreating as by accident, for he never met my eye. Now, what means this inquisitor to do, thought I, and where will it end? By my troth, thought I, I must bring this thing to an end with my own right hand! But the time is not yet, for the first landing in a newly discovered world must not be sullied by rage or bloodshed. So I was content to bide my time, which contentment he seemed to share with all his heart. Therefore, for the present I sought to banish him from my mind, well knowing I could find him when the time had come to put out his light. For, by St.

James! what am I, to be tracked and dogged from one end to the other end of the world, though my shadow-foe be the most holy and discreet spy that was ever fashioned by the hands of the blessed Inquisition? Did my mean disguise make my spirit in any wise less haughty and lofty? Was this tracking and watching to be borne by a Garcilaso de la Vega? So, let none blame that I thought to wash my sword in his blood. It was a faithful spy, it is true, but there were more in plenty where he came from.

I pass over our discoveries of other islands, and of our doings with the wild creatures of that land, to describe a curious change that came upon me. Now, I awoke one morning to find that I was a changed man. It may be that the sights I had seen, such as had never been dreamed of by the wildest and most persistent dreamer, had lifted up my mind and bent it round from its accustomed state, turning the index of my brain from its north (I mean Petonilla). I draw my figure from the compass. Now, as the compass had deflected and veered aside, unable to stick to its post in its unwonted surroundings, so the brain of Garcilaso became confused with a

many thought other than the thought of the beautiful Piedmontese.

So, as I said, one morning it came to me with a sharp pang, a sudden shock, that I no longer loved Petonilla. Now, was this a true thought, and had I ceased to love? What! was the old Garcilaso dead, indeed? It was a marvelous thing! I could not be sure but I might get back to my north on returning to Spain. Now, I began to brood over Petonilla, to remember how she had thrown down the torch when the unknown knight was about to end my days. Indeed, it had been a most ungallant act, an act unchivalrous. True, it had saved my life, that trick of hers, but it had cost that valiant foe his last breath. I did not like Petonilla very well for that deed; it was unworthy the image I had formed of her in my thoughts. And then I remembered (a thing I had little dwelt upon) that her soft words and her kissing of my visor had been meant not for me-ah, no, but for a cold and unworthy German! And Petonilla began to be less fair and perfect in my mind, because she could feel love for such a curious and unknightly foreigner.

When Columbus determined to leave a colony in this new world, Garcilaso proposed to form one of the number. Spain had no longer an attraction for him, seeing that he could abide there no longer than two months, and, moreover, knowing that its scenes would remind him of the happiness he had lost. No, let him remain in this new land, to live a new life, with his past dead and buried. And so, farewell to Petonilla and Margaret, to Herbert and Pulgar, to Ponce and all true knights, to king and queen!

The fortress of The Nativity began to be built. In the solemn evenings when work was done, Garcilaso would stroll through the primeval woods, and, having sought out an Indian trail (for we called the wild creatures Indians, because they were the aborigines of India), the cavalier would often be thrilled by the thought that never had the feet of white men pressed this sod, never had the eyes of the superior race witnessed this luxuriant scenery. Then he would try to think of the Old World, and to wonder what his friends were doing, and if there were gay tournaments. Sometimes—this was near the time for Columbus to set sail—a terrible lonesomeness would fall

upon him, so that he could scarce breathe in that virgin world, and the thought of being left there caused his heart almost to cease its beating. Now many of those who were to stay began to talk of Indian wives, such as they might mate with during their waiting—nay, some went farther than mere talking about it. But, as for Garcilaso, the thought of those females without garments or the Blessed Virgin, sickened his soul.

The day before the final leave-taking, as I wandered sorrowful and gloomy in my accustomed haunts, I discovered Antonio following me. The time at last had come! My reflections had made me desperate, and his stealthy footsteps caused my blood to boil. I wheeled about, and he started to run from me. His foot caught in the root of a tree; he fell upon his face. I sprang forward with all my speed. He rose to his knees, and looked back and saw me coming with my drawn sword. He had struck his forehead upon a stone, so that the blood trickled down his cheek. He read my eyes, and yet he showed no fear. Before he could stand up, I had thrown myself upon him, flinging him back to the earth. I rose and set my foot upon his breast and held my blade at his throat. He lay quite still, watching me.

"Canst thou say one word," I cried, "why this blade should not cleave thy head from thy body?"

"Ay," said he, cheerfully, "a many word!"
His calmness made me marvel.

"Fool!" said I, "dost not know thy time has come?"

"I believe it, indeed," said he; "but what then? The holy Church has promised me a soft place in Paradise, so thou wilt only send me to it a little before I was ready!"

"Tell me, wretch," cried I, "why thou hast dogged me hither across the great sea!"

"From no hate of mine, Garcilaso," said he, "save from the hate I give all heretics. But Torquemada bade me follow thee, and he is my master, so what could I but follow? Nay, I would follow thee to the gates of hell, for I am of the Inquisition, and it is my duty. I am not a man, I am an instrument, a vengeance of the Church. Look thee, Señor. If we let so well-known a knight escape an auto da fé, if we could find no trace of him, mete him out no punish-

ment, then had the Inquisition received a grievous blow. All over Spain heretics would begin to lift up their horns. Therefore I was ordered to trace thee, but not to take thee till thou shouldst lead me to the den where hid that Petonilla. Now, at Palos I saw thee watching the procession of the Jews, and I discovered the woman with the cloak. So I called my brethren and set them upon her path. But I held to thee. Doubt not, Señor, by this time she has roasted over a goodly fire."

"And what canst do to me?" said I. "What has availed thy boasted fidelity? Behold, I have thy life upon the point of my sword!"

"It is true, Señor, but it were better to try to capture thee, and fail, than to make no attempt to bring low so valiant a heretic."

"Antonio, I am no heretic," I cried, chafing at the word. "I swear by all the saints I am a faithful Catholic."

"Why, if that be so," said he, calmly, "how darest thou set thy foot upon a representative of the Church? An thou be a true believer, Garcilaso, I command thee—yea, I order thee—to set me at liberty. But if thou be a wily man, and

a heretic, then kill me and send thy soul to hell and mine to Paradise."

So I let him up; yes, I raised him upon his feet. "Look thou, Antonio," said I, "I am free of the Church until I have been two months in Spain. Thou canst not lay hands upon me."

"Do I not know it? Had it not been for that edict, wouldst now be free? But I do keep an eye upon thee, not knowing what is in thy mind. For I would not have thee take thine own life, Señor, and deprive us of that pious pleasure."

"Antonio, knowest it is my will to abide in the colony, nor return ever again to Spain?"

"Ay," said he, with a sigh. "Well, and I shall abide with thee, Señor. We part not till I hand thee over to Torquemada. Such is the order."

"What!" cried I, "canst so easily relinquish the delights of home and native land? For I have no hope there; but thou must hear a many voice calling thee across the sea."

"Alas!" said he, "I do not abide without sorrow. But the Church before the world. Say no more. I cannot leave thee; indeed, I cannot. But oh! Señor Garcilaso, if it were only thy

pleasure to declare who spirited away that beautiful and ensnaring female—"

"Never!"

"Then, Señor, if thou wouldst only go back to Spain! Why keep me here, a pining captive?" said he, in an earnest voice. "Nay, if it be all the same to thee, cavalier, go back, go back with Columbus, that I may spy upon thee in my native land!"

His words and earnestness caused me to smile. And nothing so soon strikes dead the form of hate as the lightning-stroke of a smile. So I held forth my hand, and he took it, and we became friends. Now, who would ever have thought this might be? But I would not yield to his pleading. I held to the colony of The Nativity, so he sighed a patient discontent.

But when the next morning dawned, the fourth of January, 1493, Garcilaso felt differently. And as he saw the sails filling, it came to him with mighty force that there are other things in the world than pining for a maid who will not. Suddenly there came the quick resolve to return, and the very thought made his veins tingle! Ay, he who had thought never to tingle again

with sweet joy, now found himself tingling as well as another. He looked quickly about. For once Antonio had failed, for he had gone into the fortification to weep, that he might not see his countrymen depart. He leaped into the last boat. He gained the ship. The anchor was lifted. He laughed for joy as he saw the land fade away. He thought of poor Antonio, and laughed again. He was merry. But, after a time, he told himself this thing ought not to be; he reminded himself that all joy was fled, that as a constant knight, he could not hope to take pleasure in living. It was no use. Pleasure he did take. He had loved with all his heart, he had been true to his love, he had been gloomy, stern, and severe, and he had declared his heart a broken thing. No cavalier could have sorrowed more, while he was sorrowing. But now, to save his soul, he could not get back that sweet, melancholy feeling. For while his lips sighed, "Alas!" his heart would leap with "Spain! Spain once more!" And as he paced the deck he whispered, "Oh, Petonilla!" And he said, "I will live true to thee and go down into the grave with thy name upon my lips!" And a

voice whispered in his ears, "Life, ambition, glory, renown, Garcilaso, Garcilaso!" And so it was that the New World, where all things are strange and different, made Garcilaso different, made him a new man, so that when he tried to be the old despondent cavalier, he could not; for his heart was like a heavy beam of wood that you cannot hold under the water; for when you get one end submerged the other end doth straightway rise and leap up into the sunlight.

Now, about the middle of February, when we thought soon to get a glimpse of the Old World, a wind arose, and becoming strong and lusty, beat up a heavy sea. The next morning it, in a great degree, subsided, but that evening, after sunset, over in the north-northeast were observed three flashes of lightning, so we made haste to get ready for trouble. Scarce had we taken down our sails and turned our bare poles to the heavens, when a fearful tempest fell upon our small craft. Through an awful night of blackness and howling wind we scudded before the storm, and often it seemed that our bark, the Santa Maria, would be driven straight down into the sea; and as for the Pinta, being greatly disabled, she fared worse.

The wind fell in the morning, but only long enough to give us three hours of respite. For we had little more than put our sails up when we were obliged to unreef with all haste. And away, away we scudded, that day and all that night, and now I thought that night would see the end of Garcilaso! With fearful speed we were driven forward, and added to this flying motion was the frightful tossing, as billows bore us aloft and hurled us down into enormous valleys of water. The open decks ran great seas, and not a soul was there on board that did not say a hundred Ave Marias and as many Pater Nosters. And "Pray God," cried we, "Pray God keep us until tomorrow's sun!" And if ever St. James grew weary of entreaties, my patron saint grew weary that night! The distress was increased by the signal lights that flashed from the Pinta, for they grew fainter, and more hopeless, so that finally that vessel was lost from us, lost somewhere, on that vast and trackless waste. On we labored and it seemed that the morrow would never come.

But when the sun rose, alas! the wind grew more furious, and while the intensity of darkness did not shroud our surroundings, the frightful

appearance of the broken sea added to our alarm. The great waves threatened every moment to swamp our vessel, so Don Columbus ordered the sails to be spread. But this was soon found impossible, on account of the straining masts and terrible rolling. So we let her drive, and finding that we could do nothing, our next thought was to propitiate heaven. Accordingly our pious admiral had as many beans put in a cap as there were men upon the craft, and on one bean (no one could know on which) was cut the blessed sign of the cross. And we drew lots, to see who should make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santa Maria de Guadaloupe, carrying with him (he going afoot) a wax taper of five pounds' weight. Now, fearful was Garcilaso when he put his hand into that cap, fearful that he might draw the bean and so have to go as a pilgrim to that city where he had been tortured, but thank God! Don Columbus drew the blessed cross. The storm continuing with unabated fury, and our vessel heaving and creaking like a moaning beast in a trap, we tried another lot, this time as to who should go to the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto. When this was decided, and seeing

that the storm had not subsided, we went through the like pious game of chance as to who should make a pilgrimage to Santa Clara de Moguer, and there perform a solemn mass and watch all night in the chapel, which lot fell upon our admiral.

This being completed, we waited anxiously with our eyes upon the fearful waves that sometimes hid us as between walls of green glass, and sometimes lifted us up, so that our ship appeared set upon the peak of a mountain, looking down upon a desolate world. We waited, I say, but no change could we discover, unless for the worse, if that were possible. So we all vowed a sacred and solemn vow, every one of us vowing in unison to this effect; that wherever we might first land (should it be our good fortune to land other than at the bottom of the sea), at that place we would all march to a church, we being barefooted and in our shirts, and there and then and in that dress (if such may be called a dress) offer up thanks to our Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. Now, as the ship could scarce regain its proper level after being heaved this way and that (for our ballast was sadly wanting, seeing we had consumed so much water and pro-

vision) an order was given to fill all the casks with sea water, and this did us some service. Yet we were all gloomy and fearful, and Columbus, thinking the world might never hear of our success, in which case the colony of The Nativity would be left to languish and die in a foreign land, wrote an account of his journey, wrapped it in a waxed cloth, and placed it in a barrel, which he threw into the sea. But ah, no! pious and faithful to the church as was Don Christopher Columbus, little did he know the intent of the great Creator, if he imagined God would cut off the glory of such a man and such a discoverer, and such a noble and heroic soul; for to God all persons are alike, and he looks upon the son of a wool-comber with the same eye that he casts upon a Garcilaso.

Now, in the evening of this fearful day, we were beaten and made miserable by cold February rains, which came in blinding gusts. After they had dashed venomously upon us, adding to our torments, behold! a streak of clear blue sky suddenly appeared in the west, and on the seventeenth, after hovering about an inhospitable coast, and having parted from our anchor, and

having been buffeted up and down till we were like to be dashed upon the rocks, we made port.

It was St. Mary's Island that we had lighted upon, for which we were right sorry, as it belonged to the Portuguese. However, we all had a vow to perform, so we abode, to the vast astonishment of the inhabitants. Then half of us stripped ourselves, and being barefooted and habilitated in our shirts, we made for land most speedily, being in a great degree affected by the chilly nature of the weather. At no great distance was a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and it was in our minds to get there as soon as we might, and give her a short praise and get back to our proper garments, in which we could praise her more at ease. But a certain company of envious and horrid Portuguese did set upon us and take us prisoners (we in our shirts), while the rabble hooted and cried out, and many fair dames and damsels looked on from window and door. We were taken to a place of confinement with little ceremony, attended by many jeers as to our bare legs, and other unpleasantries occurred that I would scorn to record. Now, the cause of this scandalous treatment arose from the jealousy of the Portuguese, and of their king, and they no doubt thought to extort from us the secret way to the new lands, and they watched us and weighed our every word as if we had brought over the New World in our shirts. But after a few days we were released, for our admiral succeeded in scaring them with the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, and at last we got away safe, and with our vow piously and quickly performed.

I cannot hope to describe the scenes that took place at Palos when we were seen riding peacefully at sea. It was midday and the thirteenth of March, just half a year and one month more, and half of another, since we had weighed anchor. Such shouts and embracings and kisses, from the fairest maiden you might choose; such processions and thanksgivings and feastings, that we were more in danger from dinners than ever we had been from tempests; such tears and caprices and mad delights, such questionings and dancings! Well, well! in that giddy week of mad rapture the thoughts I gave Petonilla were few and dry.

The court was being held at Barcelona and thither our admiral was ordered to repair, and

thither went he by land, attended by a great train of curious folk, and by divers Indians he had brought from the New World, and by no means least, Garcilaso. Now, in the midst of a tempest which had befallen us after leaving St. Mary's Island, but which I have not so much as mentioned, lest the winds blow too much in this tale, Garcilaso had made two vows; for he thought his time had surely come, therefore he vowed what he believed might well never be fulfilled.

But he had escaped a watery grave, and he was a man of his vow. This was his first vow; that he would go to his queen and seek pardon for escaping from the auto da fé and for helping to conceal a heretic. And if she forgave and if he were reinstated, and his excommunication removed forever, then (this was his second vow), he would search out Margaret Guzman de Medina Sidonia and marry her, and try to be content. You are now to know how he fared in the keeping of his vows.

CHAPTER XXVII

I APPEAL TO THE QUEEN

As we drew near Barcelona, we found the roads thronged with multitudes who could not slake their thirsty curiosity by drinking us in with their eyes. We had been met by a glittering cavalcade of hidalgos, and these knights surrounded Columbus and made for him a bodyguard. The admiral rode a splendid horse and he was dressed in finest crimson cloth. His white hair gave an air of authority and dignity to his appearance, and indeed no one, seeing him thus escorted, would have suspected his lowly origin.

As we came to the city gate, an imposing procession was formed, such as never before honored mortal man. First came six live and breathing Indians, dressed in their feathers and paint, just as they appeared in their native land, with the addition of certain cloths, or habiliments, that are deemed necessary in an enlightened country; for it is true that, the more a man is

enlightened within, the more he hideth his outward portions from the light. Great was the astonishment of the Spaniards as they feasted their eyes (but could not glut them) upon men who were red and who had a speech of their own never heard by Christian ears. After the Indians paraded certain of the mariners who had returned with Columbus. They carried live parrots and stuffed birds now for the first time seen in Europe, and marvelous plants, each of which could cure a dozen diseases, if the proper disease were lighted upon; but above all, there was displayed all the gold Columbus had been able to scrape together in his voyage. And as they passed along the mariners told marvelous tales of the abundance of precious metals in the New World, so that those who heard were eager to go upon the second expedition, and could scarce wait for the setting forth of the next ships. Directly behind these sailors rode Columbus, attended by hidalgos in the manner already described, and behind these horsemen rode others (and among them Garcilaso), some of whom had been with the admiral but were of a nature too proud to carry parrots or weeds in the procession, and others,

illustrious men of various cities, who sought to show Columbus honor.

Scarce could we make our way through the streets, so fearful were we of riding upon the townsfolk, for they pressed against us on every side, and women held up their babes to see Don Columbus, and thousands looked from doors, windows, and balconies-nay, from the very housetops. Now, there was a noise in the air such as I have never heard before, for every man that had a voice devoted it to the lustiest shouting whereof it was capable, and every woman sent forth shrill huzzas, and every child yelled through his wide mouth; and the cannons were booming, and the arquebuses were doing what they could to split one's ears. Added to this was the continued effort of martial music to lift itself up above the din and thus be heard; but it could no farther succeed than to manifest itself as a buzzing in the ears. Now, right glad was I that I had not remained in the New World, and I was especially comforted in after days, for never was a man of the Colony we had left ever seen again, only certain of their bones.

After we had gone a short way, in a long

time, we were met by the Royal Guard, come to lead us to their gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella. We dismounted at the entrance of the palace, and our company advanced to the vast salon where the audience was held. The Royal Guard spread themselves along either side of the magnificent apartment, where mirrors and hangings of precious stuffs gladdened the eye. Under a canopy of brocade of gold was placed the gorgeous throne, on which our sovereigns sat in wonderful dignity and grace. Beside them was their son, Prince Juan, and near at hand Cardinal Mendoza, and others who stood first in wisdom, valor, and piety.

Columbus, with a modest but confident step, approached the throne. The king and queen rose—yea, they did stand upon their feet, as if their guest had been a king! A smile swept over the resolute features of Don Columbus, a smile of great sweetness and noble pride. He understood their hearts, but he was true to his own dignity; for true dignity doth not consist in being lifted above one's station in life, but rather, by deeds and virtues, in shedding glory upon that station. Therefore Columbus, when he had

reached the throne, knelt down and, taking the hand of the queen, made for to kiss it reverently. But Isabella would have drawn it away, as if she thought it as high a thing to discover a world as to be born to a kingdom. However, Columbus had his way, for he did kiss the hands of both his sovereigns. Then they raised him up. And they ordered him to seat himself in their presence.

It was, indeed, a gracious command, and we, who had shared the hopes and alarms of our admiral, were right joyful for him to be given this signal honor. He, as if he had shown sufficiently his own modesty and worth, did seat himself-ay, did sit him down, then and there-did sit him down as if he were of lofty birth. It was a marvelous thing. So he began to relate his adventures, and he was right eloquent, and all hung upon his words. Now, while I was standing there, I thought to myself that never since the world began had such a thing happened to the son of a wool-comber. Why, thought I, was the New World reserved through all these ages that it might be discovered by such a one? Why had it not been kept for some king, or at

least some high-born noble? Now these were my thoughts.

When the audience was at an end, the day being far advanced, the Royal Guard was sent to escort us to great houses of entertainment. I left the salon with the sweet strains of *Te Deum laudamus* still ringing in my ears, for it had been chanted by a choir in the royal chapel. I made shift to reach the side of the captain of the guard; and, "My lord," said I, "a word as we go along."

"How, now, fellow," said he; "get thee gone!"

"My Lord Captain," said I, in a low voice, "hadst thou known my true name, and given me fellow in my teeth, by St. James! but some of thy teeth would have paid toll for the word, hadst thou any natural ones wherewith to pay thy debt of insolence!"

"By the blood of St. Januarius!" said he, stopping short in amazement.

"Nay, my Lord Pulgar," I whispered, hastily, "let us on, for I must not be recognized until I have seen the queen."

The old warrior stared at me in glad surprise

and seized my hand. But he knew my danger and locked his lips.

"Dear friend," said I, "I must see the queen. Get me an audience with her when thou canst, and let it be alone."

"But how can this thing be?" said he, in perplexity. (Now all this time we had been going down to our horses.) "And where hast thou been in hiding, Laso? And by the blood of the saint, this coming to court is a fearsome wild deed!"

"Hearken, my Lord Captain; I have been to the New World—ay, to India, with Don Columbus. I have shared his toils, and he knoweth me by another name. Thou, who seest the queen every day, get her ear. Tell her a certain sailor who went upon the great voyage hath made a vow to heaven—ay, made it when shipwreck seemed inevitable. And the vow was that he would throw himself upon her mercy for his past sin. Now, the queen cannot refuse to see me at this word. And tell her not who I am."

"It is well thought out," said he. "I will send thee a courier at the proper time. Farewell."

So at the proper time the courier came. Then Garcilaso de la Vega put aside his poor attire and dressed himself in magnificent robes, which he had bought with gold from the new land, for he had obtained much riches by the exchange of divers glass beads. He did trim his beard, and perfume himself, and set his person in goodly condition, and did bedeck him as became the Lord of Bartras. But he bore a black patch which covered half of his face and one eye, and he wore his bonnet low upon his brow, and went as one who hath made a vow.

Queen Isabella sat alone, save for her maids of honor and for old Hernando Perez del Pulgar. When I was seen drawing near, the maids betook themselves to a remote corner of the vast salon, but my Lord Captain remained beside his queen, fully armed and accoutred. I sank upon my knees before my lady, and waited for her to speak.

Señor Cavalier," said she, "how can I aid thy vow? Speak; permission is given thee."

"My vow is this, O Lady Queen, that I will throw myself upon thy mercy for my past sin."

"Thy Lady Queen," said she, "can forgive

a sin against herself, but no sin against another. Nay, Sir Knight, seek a priest and confess thy wrong."

"Dear my lady, and shall not I keep the vow vowed upon the rolling sea, when death seemed nigh? May it not well be that my vow kept the whole ship's crew from going to the bottom of the sea? I pray thee remember that I am one who went with the admiral when death seemed almost sure, and failure more certain; and how I shared his sufferings, and in a certain degree his glory."

The eyes of my sovereign flashed and she said: "Sir, in what have I been remiss, that thou shouldst remind me of my duty? Where have I forgotten, that a stranger knight must plead with me to show gratitude?"

Now it seemed that my voice failed me.

"Thou deservest honor," said she, "and do I not honor thee by this audience? But do not, I pray thee, tell me what I must remember and what I must forget. If thy sin is against me, it is forgiven already. If against the holy Church, thy vow is all in vain."

"It is against the queen's grace," said I.

"In that case," said she, in a kind voice, "I forgive thee freely. Rise, Sir Knight, and here is my hand."

But I did not rise. "See first whom thou hast forgiven," said I, and I removed the black patch from my face, and I added, "I am Garcilaso."

Then the queen gave a startled cry of "Garcilaso! Garcilaso, the heretic!" And her face was crossed by a look of horror.

"Not Garcilaso the heretic," I cried, rising from my knees and standing upright, "but Garcilaso who saved the king's life!"

"I can do nothing for thee," cried my lady.

"Not a heretic," cried I, "but the knight who met Yarfe the Moor, for the honor of our queen and Blessed Virgin. The queen's grace can do nothing for him who saved the life of Ferdinand the Catholic? The queen's grace can do nothing for him who overthrew the insolent Moor and tore Ave Maria from his capture, and bare it back to her army upon his lance! The queen's grace can do nothing for him who helped to win for her vast domains and unparalleled riches? Indeed, the queen's grace must forgive me if I bring to

her remembrance my former deeds and seek to teach her gratitude. For I am a desperate man and fight for my life and honor. The queen's grace has a many brave cavalier to do her bidding, and it is natural for her to confuse them in her mind and forget them, even if some should die for her. But I have only one queen, and to her I come!"

Queen Isabella's face was white, not from anger, but from fear. She turned to my Lord Captain, and she cried, "Arrest him, Señor Captain, in God's name!"

"Ay," cried Garcilaso, who was quite beside himself, "arrest me, Don Hernando, in God's name. It is for my queen's grace to kiss me one day upon the brow, and upon another day to take my life."

Old Pulgar looked at me, gloomily, but he made not a step. And he said, "Dear my lady, what hath the youth done? Besides, his two months' respite is not sped."

"What hath he done?" cried the queen, as if she sought to be angry, but could not. "Did he not slay Father Pedro?"

"Not so," cried Garcilaso," not so, by St.

James! Let not my queen say it, for never yet hath aught but the sweetest and purest truth passed her lips!"

"I swear he did not kill the holy man," said Pulgar, stoutly, "for although some say otherwise, I know well enough how Father Pedro was found with his own dagger in his heart. For with his own holy hand he took his life, though not purposely. For he stumbled and fell, and the fall drove the blade into his vitals. Yea," cried the old man, warming to his tale, "I was a witness of the whole affair. I saw the thing done! Garcilaso was not within a hundred miles!"

"Is this indeed true?" said the queen, her face still agitated by a troubled doubt.

"I swear by the soul of my mother," cried I, "that I did not slay Father Pedro!" As to Pulgar's tale, I had naught to say, whether it was true or false. But my heart warmed to the old man.

"Garcilaso," said the august lady, in a softer tone, but yet with infinite sadness, "I believe thee. But there is another matter I cannot forget. For I do not forget as thou seemest to think! Didst thou not hide a heretic?"

[&]quot;Never."

- "Didst not connive at the escape of one, Petonilla?"
- "I know the one who got her away," said I;
 "I did help in the rescue."
- "And since then," said she, "didst thou not wed with the heretical maiden?"
 - "Alas! no, never," said I.
- "Then declare unto me the name of the one who hid her away," said she, brightening more and more.

I was very sad at that command, for I could not obey, so I dropped my head. Her eyes grew stern once more. "Garcilaso, said she, "thy queen speaks to thee."

"'Ay," said Garcilaso, in a broken voice, "but my heart tells me not to answer!"

Isabella's face flamed. "Is thy heart a traitor to thy queen?" she cried. "Enough! Let the audience end!"

"May I speak?" said old Pulgar. "Indeed, my Lady Queen, I can tell thee what Garcilaso cannot, for Petonilla is nothing to me, and she is Garcilaso's dream. It was Herbert Klein who carried her away. And to Germany went they, yea, and married."

"What!" cried Garcilaso.

"Ay, married," cried my Lord Captain, "married as snugly as ever man and woman did marry. For they have become man and wife. Yea, they be married, thank God! But being in Germany they are safe from our holy Inquisition, and may live such heretical lives as please them."

"My mind is greatly eased," said Isabella, with a gracious smile. "And I think the more of thee, Garcilaso, that thou didst not declare the name of Herbert Klein, for I remember he was thy friend, though now thou must hate him, seeing what state he hath fallen to. But there is one thing more. How didst thou escape from the Inquisition? Declare the men who rescued thee."

I looked at old Pulgar and he looked at the ceiling. There was a dreary pause.

"Garcilaso!" said the queen, sharply, for though she had the sweetest disposition in the world, for a queen, she was like other women when crossed.

"My Lady Queen," said Pulgar, "thou knowest (and far be it from me to remind thee of what is so clear to thee), the holy Inquisition is a state

institution, not a church institution; the sovereigns appoint all officers, and to the sovereigns alone are they accountable. The blessed Pope, indeed, smileth upon the holy office, but it is none of his creating. Therefore he who offendeth against the Inquisition sinneth against thee. Now, thou hast forgiven Garcilaso all sins against thee. If the petition of a faithful old soldier may avail, I pray thee ask no more."

Now the queen gave him a long, steady look, and Hernando Pulgar met her eye, and suffered a certain ray of light to dance in his orbs, as if it were shot out of a merry recollection. And she looked, and she saw, and in a measure she understood. Then a smile played of a sudden about her mouth, and she turned to me and held forth her hand, and I did kiss it.

"Thou art forgiven," said she; "I will publish the news abroad."

"Ah, my dear queen," said Garcilaso, as suddenly his eyes were dimmed, "I have suffered long and bitterly."

"I will remember it," said the lady. So my first vow was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I FIND MY NORTH

Not many days after my interview with the good queen's grace, my dear sovereign Isabella, I set forth alone to visit Santa Fé. I had been reinstated in church and state, so I cared not how soon the two months were at an end, for my persecution was over. However, that was a righteous persecution, and I had deserved ill in aiding Petonilla. But all had turned out to my comfort, except her marriage with Herbert. It is a strange thing, when now I reflect upon it, that though I no longer loved her, I wished no other man to have her. But they were gone, gone to that land of free thought and wicked liberty, that land of Germany, in whose hotbeds of sacrilege and infidelity were nurtured a many poisonous weed, of whom none more poisonous, none more weed, than Martin Luther. Ay, even while Columbus was snatching from obscurity new worlds to lay at the feet of his sovereigns, Luther, that son of Belial, was waxing strong to bring discomfiture and shame upon the holy Church of Rome.

But enough of that. It was now my purpose to seek out Margaret Guzman and marry her (for this was my second vow) and settle down and try to be happy. I was no longer what you may call, without courtesy, a young man, so I thought it well to become married. I supposed Margaret in Seville, and therein I was right. Then why sally forth to Santa Fé? Ah, it was to think for the last time, the last sweet time, upon Petonilla. Yea, for the last time to give her my sweet, sad thoughts, since, after seeing Margaret, such joy would ill become me. Well, when I came to the oblong city of stone, I tried to picture the city of silk that had once stood here. I knew where certain pavilions had been pitched; that of Cadiz and Ponce and Celi and Pulgar; here the tent where Herbert Klein and I had been happy together, and there the tents of the king. Now I could not get back those days, for upon the spot where Herbert and I had lived in friendship, where I had told him of my love, and where he had lived in his books, behold! a mean butcher shop stood, full of meats. So I went to where Margaret's tent had perched, and here was an inn. I had saved Petonilla's staying-place for the last. Now I went thither, thinking to have deep feelings. It was a bare lot I came upon, a vacant lot between two houses. From the houses came happy laughter, the sound of children at play. The laughter made havoc with my dreams. I stood upon the ground where we had parted, where I had seen her as she dashed away upon Herbert's horse, but the face of Father Pedro rose before me, and the laughter of the children seemed to mock my memory.

Well, there was one spot where she and I had been alone together, and I left Santa Fé and walked to the hamlet of Zubia. And having sought out the ruins of the Moorish tower, I climbed to where we two had rested, one warm, bright evening and I looked over into Granada as on that day we looked. I remembered some of her words, how she wondered if she could trust me with her secret, and how she defended the Vaudois. I remembered how near my hand her little hand lay upon the crumbled stone, and how her dress brushed my knee, and how her fair, pale face looked whiter and sweeter in the gather-

ing twilight. Yes, I remembered all this and more, till it seemed that I could, by the excellency of my memory, reproduce her beside me just as she was a year ago, from head to foot. And yet, though all the thoughts of that day visited me anew, not one emotion of that day was now my guest. For I was changed; for I no longer loved Petonilla; for troubled days and distant lands and hopeless longings had swept her from my soul. Then it seemed a sad thing that the love which had been so sweet and precious to me was gone, ay, gone forever. And I would have given much to have that love and that day back again, though with it all its pain. But the day was gone, and with it its hopes, its longings.

I heard a footstep, and I started up and cried "Petonilla!"

For it would not have been too strange a thing for belief if she and Herbert had appeared there together. I have known a stranger thing, which I will tell you. When the tempest drove the Pinta out of the knowledge of her consorts, as I have related, and when her signal lights were no longer to be seen, we gave her up for lost. Having weathered the storm, we put in at St.

Mary's and there we performed our vow of the shirts and bare feet, as set forth. Leaving that island, other storms smote us, so that it seemed we should never get back to the Old World to tell them of the New. But when we at last, after so many perils, reached Palos, behold! the Pinta, upon that very selfsame day, rode into the same port. And if history did not record the fact in cold and passionless Spanish, I would not venture to tell it, for who would believe such a coincidence? Therefore, I thought it nothing too wonderful that Petonilla and Herbert should suddenly appear before me. However, no such thing happened. For the one who had disturbed me was old Pulgar, and none other.

"How now, Laso," said he, "dreamest?"

"Good Pulgar, forbear," said I, peevishly.
"I have come here for the last time to muse upon Petonilla."

"Then it were well for me to be here," said he, gruffly. "I kept ye twain apart last year, now I shall keep her thought from thee. News, Garcilaso; news, my dear Laso, my young friend!" (For he would never give over calling me young.) "The queen, the gracious queen," said he, "hath kept her promise to remember thee. Behold, I bring thee a commission for to make thee her ambassador to the Papal See at Rome. Ay, Garcilaso, thou art the Spanish legate to the Blessed Court!" It was thus that Isabella proved her confidence in me; it was thus she showed to the world that she held me a true Catholic. She knew, gracious lady, that Spain would not be a pleasant abiding place for me till the holy men of the Inquisition got over my escape. For they even yet looked upon me with watering mouths, for their zeal and piety were beyond belief.*

In joy I cried out, in joy I embraced my Lord Captain, crying him the best friend that ever cavalier had known. When my transports were over, he drew away from me and spoke again, and this time his voice was hard and cold:

^{*}As I am to say no more of this royal commission (since my life at Rome is minutely depicted in my autobiography), it may not be amiss to insert here a little incident, to give you a taste of my adroit and bold behavior. Now one day I went unto the Pope (His Holiness Alexander) and I read unto him a lecture in regard to the scandalous behavior of his son Cæsar Borgia. (This, you will take notice, was when I had gone up to Rome.) His Holiness heard me with an unsteady countenance. At last he made to tear my paper to fragments, at the same time cursing me roundly. Whereupon I drew myself to my full height, and I said to him, "I have uttered no more than becomes a loyal subject of Castile, and I shall never shrink from declaring what I believe to be for the best of Christendom. If your Holiness (said I) like not my words, send me from court, an thou wilt. But while here, my mind shall find my tongue its fearless advocate." Now those are my words. You will find them in history. That is the way I talked to His Holiness. Wherever I have been, before Petonilla, Torquemada, Queen or Pope, I have ever been Garcilaso.

"Further news, young man. Hast heard of Margaret's marriage"

My breath failed, I surely grew white, I stared at him with fearful gaze.

"Ay," said Pulgar, "this three months gone she hath been the wife of thine old enemy, young Ponce de Leon."

I sank heavily upon the ruined wall and grasped its coping with a hand that felt not the cutting of the stone. "It is false!" I murmured.

"It is true as steel," cried he. "Why, what aileth thee, Laso? What carest thou? Where be those pensive thoughts of Petonilla, wherein thou didst dress thy brain but a moment since?"

"Pulgar, thou sayest she is married? Margaret is married?"

"Why, ay, indeed, my lad. What then, what then, Garcias? Why art thou not merry? Think on thy Petonilla."

"By heaven," cried I, "an thou cast that name into my teeth again!—But Pulgar, I cannot comprehend this news. Married, and for three months! For three months the wife of another man! As God lives, I never supposed that Margaret would marry. Pulgar, dear Pulgar, gallant

old man, tell me these be jesting words. Tell me, ay, tell me Margaret is the sweet, simple maiden I left a year ago. Tell me she is the same Margaret!"

"By my troth, she is as sweet and simple, and the same Margaret," said he, "for there is none like her, not one, and her husband thinks as thou. And being so sweet and simple, why should she die a single lady? Is it not to her to marry? And who is above young Ponce in graces and valor?"

"Say not so; I hate him!" cried I, springing up. "He is not above me in aught!"

"Indeed he is above thee in fortune!" cried Pulgar, "seeing that he hath won the daintiest bride in Spain, and seeing that for three months he hath been the happiest man alive in her love!"

"By St. James!" cried I, grasping his arm, for I knew not what I did, "take back those words, take back those words as touching his valor, or I shall fight with thee!"

"Come, then, let us fight; I fear thee not," cried he, and we strove with each other to see who should be thrown down. "Fight for thyself," cried he, "and I will fight for Ponce!" And we battled furiously. I have no heart to

describe what followed. Never before had I been overcome. It must have been that my voyaging had weakened my strength. I think, moreover, that he stood upon higher ground.

Now, when old Pulgar had left the place, I rose up and did seat myself upon the ruins. I was somewhat bruised, but not much the worse for the match, save that my spirit was in a boiling condition. Seeing that to sit there and meditate upon Petonilla was as far from my desire as ice from the tropics, I rose up and fared to Santa Fé, and got my horse and set out furious and disconsolate.

Now, on the next day I had but one thought, which was to go to Margaret Ponce and see her, though the wife of another. And, by my soul! never had I thought to burn with such a flame for Margaret, whom I had known all my life! For I might have seen her a thousand times when I would not!

So I came to the duke's castle, and inquired for her, and was told that she still abode there. So I was shown to her and she saw me entering. I had not sent her my name. But she knew me at once. And she looked me straight in the eyes, and she said, "Thou hast come at last, Garcias."

Her voice was gentle, and I was reminded of what I had lost. "My lady," said I, "thou hast much to forgive me."

"Nay, Garcias," said she, "dost not remember what I said to thee at the very last?"

"I remember well, my lady. For it was this; that whenever I should be ready to take up our former friendship, thou wouldst be ready."

"Well," said she, "and I am ready."

"So thou forgivest me, my lady?"

"There is no such thing, Garcias, for the wound thou gavest has been healed by memories of thee."

"But, alas!" cried I, "I cannot forgive myself. For I have lost the chance of love."

"Say not so, Garcias."

"I know," said I, bitterly, "that such things should not be spoken now; and so, my lady, I go to Rome, where thou canst not forbid my thinking of thee; for thoughts are free," said I, "thoughts are free when they travel far."

"Nay," said she, "but I would rather thy thoughts cost something, and that they were nearer home."

"My lady!" said I, not knowing what to think.

"And why dost thou not call me Margaret, Garcias. Must I call thee "my lord?"

"I tell thee nay," said I, "but I think thy husband would tell thee different."

"Until I get a husband," said she, "I will seek to please thee, Garcias."

Now, that instant (for it taketh Garcias Laso no longer than that to see into a truth) I discovered that old Pulgar had told me a false thing, and that the tale about Ponce de Leon was invented. I knew all this, though there were none to tell me; I divined it, as in a subtle manner, I cannot tell you how. It came quick as the stroke of a Christian. But, as it were to gain time, I said, slowly, "And so thou wilt seek to please me, darling Margaret, until thou hast got a husband?"

"Ay, by Our Lady," said she, with a rosy light upon her face.

"And if thou wilt take me for thy husband," said I, softly, "what then, sweetheart?"

"Then I will please myself," she said.

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